

These Arms Are Snakes

"Crimson"

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This time I thought things might be different
But once again
You have me wishing that we'd never met
And I know knowing's never good enough
Enough to keep me from coming back for more

And then we fold our arms
And close our hearts
Before we have our chance
We always fall apart.

The situation's getting desperate
And once again
It's hard to keep my feelings separate
I know it's wrong but I can't help myself
You make it easy to come back for more

And then we fold our arms
And close our hearts
Before we have our chance
We always fall apart.

You think that we should reconsider this,
And be a little more compassionate?
So we don't always have to suffer this?
So we don't always leave here hating this?

And then we fold our arms
And close our hearts
Before we have our chance
We always fall apart.

Fall apart
To open up

The scars won't fade before the bruises
The scars won't fade until the bruises do.

