

## **Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Truest Shade Of Crimson"**

Visit "[Truest Shade Of Crimson](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Around your neck is where my hands are headed to  
prove my point that love is what you make it  
A rose petal for every time you scream  
Sometimes I like to pretend you smile  
My days consist of thinking of ways to bring you pain  
My days consist of thinking of ways to hurt you to bring  
you pain to hurt you  
Lying in her bed of roses waiting for some dream  
Posing in some dead illusion  
Waiting but not for me  
Around your neck is where my hands are headed to  
prove

To prove my point that love is what you make it  
It's not that I hate you  
It's just that I love to hurt you  
Posing with my halo on covered in her blood  
Her screams are so lovely like the heavens singing to  
me  
I told you I loved you and I'm sorry I lied to you  
But I needed to see your pain and see your weakened  
cries  
I don't hate you I just love to hurt you

Visit [Through The Eyes Of The Dead](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.