

Thursday "Concealer"

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With fists raised high in tightened knots
The room explodes and now this blood is on your
hands
And there is no time for a second chance

To paint my face with blood and tears and cover up
In an open book that no one reads
A misspelled word that no one know

You stole the rain
Then you turned around and tore my life in two
Just like the picture that once hung on the wall
In the room that we used to share

So fold me up and put me back in the place where
You used to keep your heart
You think its getting smaller?
It's been that way for quite some time now

The cadence beats down on the tar
It sounds the same as your fists raining down
We've got to leave before the sun sets
(If you wanted to change the way I look at you)

Or maybe we don't have time, time to waste
It won't be long, it won't be long before you're gone into
the night
(It won't be long before you're)
(You won't have time to look at you)
To paint my face with cover

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