

London Anderson**"To Write Love On Her Arms"**

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And she has known such great pain
Haunted dreams as a child
The near constant presence of evil ever since

And she has felt the touch of awful naked men
Battled addiction and depression and attempted
suicide

Her arms remember razor blades
Fifty scars that speak of self-inflicted wounds

Six hours after I meet her she's feeling trapped
Two groups of friends offering opposite ideas

Everyone's asleep
The sun is rising
And she drinks long from a bottle of liquor
And takes the razor blade from the table and locks
herself in the bathroom
She cuts herself using the blade to write 'f*ck up'
Large across her left forearm

And to write love on her arms
And to write love on her arms
And to write love on her arms

And this one's for Rene
And this one's for myself

Don't go
Don't go
Don't go
Rescue is possible

And to write love on her arms
And to write love on her arms
And to write love on her arms

We can hold back the darkness
We can prove them wrong
Love can change life

We can hold back the darkness
We can prove them wrong
Love can change life

And to write love on her arms
And to write love on her arms
And to write love on her arms
To write love on her arms

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