Crime in Stereo, Terribly Softly

This is the start of the second part of a song that youll never hear.

This is how it felt stealing pieces of hell to adorn the walls of your apartment with.

This is me with the ink dried on the page, taking into account that feelings change.

You think were better off friends

I got a million ways to make sure were strangers again.

The perfect end to a train wreck of a weekend.

Weve bandaged scars with stolen cars and bottled pride.

And if this song was to be about you,

it would have something to do with whos the ruin of who.

But then it couldnt be more about me too.

This is the heart of crashing cars, breaking down doors and falling in love

its not caring at all

and taking whatever you can get whenever it comes.

I know if I take my time

I swear to God I burn a bridge with every line.

Steal a piece of hell and blend it in so well

with this train wreck of a life.

The failing health, the stories

I tell all seem to blend in so damn well

with this train wreck of a life.