

Evanescence, Lose Control

You don't remember my name.
I don't really care.
Can we play the game your way?
Can I really lose control?

Just once in my life,
I think it'd be nice,
Just to lose control, just once,
With all the pretty flowers in the dust.

Mary had a lamb.
His eyes black as coals.
If we play very quiet, my lamb,
Mary never has to know.

Just once in my life,
I think it'd be nice,
Just to lose control, just once.

If I cut you down to a thing I can use,
I fear there will be nothing good left of you.