

Skin, Trashed

Im like a soldier
With no cause to fight
Playing with bar boys
To test you just right

I watch your features
I check for a sign
Of some kind of failure
Then I feel sublime

Now I know I have to live without you
I can only bend so far
Guess its time to make some moves
without you
Now youve gone and trashed my heart

Solid demeanor
I look good a feat
Still Im too vicious
To take on defeat

Yes I hear
You dont feel this any more
I see
Theres nothing to believe in anymore
Just two snitches on heat
Still avoiding the grief
Because it felt so hard