

# 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