

Sleeping With Sirens, The Bomb Dot Com

I hate the way that this feels, the taste,
it's nothing new Your words they overtake me here
I am, I'm yours I feel it deep in my skin
Your grace is poisonous Your eyes they focus in on mine
Hold me close we're sinking fast

When all we know is falling I'll save something for you
You, who are all alone (all alone)
When everything is beautiful, when everything's Ok
Or even if it's not Ok I'll say:
it's all for you, for you, for you...
For you, for you, for you and only you!

How can I convince myself that I,
I haven't been myself in a long time
There's blood on my hands and the killer's not my enemy
It's all for the sake of love
There's blood on my hands...
(No No No No No)
There's blood on my hands...
(No No No No No)

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I can feel it in my fingertips, and I can taste this in the air
I know somehow there is something new, I see it so clearly
I can feel your hand on my fingertips I see it oh, so clear
I know it's for you, I see so clear

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Or even if it's not Ok I'll say:
it's all for you, for you, for you...