

## Are You Playing Dead?

### I Killed the Prom Queen

Erasing every memory I have of you  
I hide the pictures away from me  
Are you happy with what you have done  
Throw away the future that you have created

I cannot erase you

A vision of  
Of perfection  
Pull out my eyes  
Cut through my heart

As these hearts are the  
difference between me and you

Out of the darkness you  
became the lowest immortal  
The ash felt is my bed,  
these broken foundations in my head

Free yourself, Free your mind. Free yourself  
As you are captured, sold for spare parts

A vision of  
Of perfection  
Pull out my eyes  
Cut through my heart

Burn out my eyes