

TOLA, Recycled/Fragile

I lose my temper form time to time
My veins cut open and i bleed inside
My arms are lifted up there high in the sky
I walk on broken glass and you wonder why

Froget about yout morals
Tehre;s no such thing
I revealed myslef to you
And you walked away form me

Forget about what i said
I doesn't mean a thing
I gave myslef to you
And you walked away form me