

Rusted Over Wet Dreams

Emmure

No words could ever describe the feeling.
The feeling of holding onto your ghost.
But if there's just one more thing I could ask of you. Just one
more request.
Please don't ever forget me. No, don't you ever forget.
Everyday it's getting harder just to turn the page.
I keep replaying and reciting those mistakes you made.

And I'm trying to take my own advice.
That things will change. That things will change.
But whom am I kidding? I'm so afraid.
That things will change. That things will change.

I want you to know how it feels to be in love with the ghost that
bears your name.
Know that my love was not in vain.

But if there's one regret we can share, what shall we name him?
What shall we name our dead son.