

My Sins Stacked To Heaven

Across Five Aprils

Break me.
Over and over, break me.
Over and over and over again,
Break me.

Maybe I'm sleeping.
You're not the only one.
Maybe we're dreaming.
You're not the only one.

Things are strange, I am never broken.
Carried away, will you break it for me?
Buried alive with bricks of sorrow,
My sins stacked to the heavens.
Stacked up to the heavens, yeah.
Stacked up to the heavens.
Stacked up to the heavens, yeah.

Maybe I'm sleeping.
Over and over, break me.
Maybe we're dreaming.
Over and over and over again, break me.