

# Your Troubles Will Cease And Fortune Will Smile Upon You

## After the Burial

When I return  
I dream of another life  
Failure transparent in the palm of my hand  
I am the contortionist  
We are the contortionists  
I can feel this distance is further and farther without you  
Contorting to fit somewhere I do not belong  
Brick by brick  
Stone on top of stone  
I create  
From these towers  
Built of nothingness  
I will fall  
And like these wordless feelings  
There is an emptiness we long to feel inside  
Father when will you come home?  
I have been dying inside  
Mother where have you gone?  
Oh so how hard I've been trying  
Hours upon hours  
I am fucking sleepless  
We are wretched, no sleep for the wicked  
And at night we come undone  
This is not who I ever was  
We are anything  
We are the contortionist  
We are the wordless feelings  
We are the great divide  
We are the emptiness we long to feel inside  
We are anything  
We are the contortionist