

# Alexithymia

Anberlin

There's someone inside me that softly kills everyone around  
They don't know they're dead to me 'cause intent never makes a  
sound

All along, they found us strangled, lovers have learned from sl  
ower hands

With these eleven minutes, I could teach you what I am

You're sick, sick as all the secrets that you deny  
Sins like skeletons are so very hard to hide  
You're sick, sick as all the secrets that you deny  
Sins like skeletons are so very hard to hide

There's a knot of seclusion, production and depression  
If a stranger turns up missing, this song is my confession  
Tell the tales of the trail of dead, lovers learn from slower h  
ands

Losing self in myself, inner demons make demands

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You're suffocating me, so very hard to breathe  
My mask is growing heavy but I've forgotten who's beneath

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