

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 slower 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 hands
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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