

The Sickness of Your Memory

As Cities Burn

how can I stop this stubborn heart
from pumping blood to what's left of you in me
can't you see that I'm growing weak
and your memory's a leech
the temperature of your voice
fires my fever to keep me from the cold
of losing you...I'm losing you
but you look so beautiful in this hospital bed
of what we said would never end
and I know it's pitiful but this medicine
says I'll never feel again
but I'll still monitor your heart rate
to calculate your health
even when it's keeping me from sleeping
because it's beating for someone else
well, if bitter is all I can be, I'd rather not be at all