

Roger's and Holland's Feelings

Chiodos

There is no trace of a healing.
Your falling tears ignite this selfish feeling.
It keeps me warm to know you're not content.
A quick reminder of our winters spent.
As we consume our last moments together, a lesson learned that
will haunt us forever.
It took an ending for me to realize, to face these pacts and re
tract our growing lies.
Don't tell me I was a mistake and you regret every choice we ma
de.
And think of nothing every time you hear my name and if you don
't bow your head and feel ashamed.
When our eyes last met I knew that you were not ok, but nothing
matters when your surfing on these vibes.
I have these thoughts of holding hands with you another day.
There is no cure, there is no cure.
For the sickness that you bring, with what you bring.