

Forsaken

Converge

The cedar doesn't do much for these memories. I am as cold as the monuments you left for me, and another one passes in the evening. A knee deep grave and the two that raised, and a tin box for the two that I loved. And I carry on. Please, lay out my best suit for me, and tell me every word you want to hear. Every word you have said to yourself to be perfect in the end. And I carry on. A tin box for the two that love. Carry on.