

## Hell to Pay

Converge

Cheap lips, soft eyes, lost in the most blinding lights  
As cold as those first nights alone  
As the second best he'll become  
Sleep deep, girl, dream well  
That night, I think he cried himself to sleep  
Just maybe, he felt more than we could ever know  
And I think he pulled that trigger to empty that memory  
I think he cut the weight to end the floods of you  
Let him soar, let him ride as budding gravestones do  
Just sleep, girl, just dream well