

My Unsaid Everything

Converge

I said that name and skipped a heartbeat.
I said it with a second chance and a forgetful smile.
I said it with a faint glimmer of suicide.
I taste my wreckage in our conversations deep under the faint hums
of far gone engines.
With all signal flares blazing we lay somewhere inbetween
the smeale of yellow lines
and a year of empty promises.
I long for the grant of wings.
I long for the dead of night when all of this passes.
You never meant those three words.
Now I can't remember how to set my heart alight.
You never meant a word.
Not a fucking word of it.
I am so sick of goodbyes.
So sick of committing suicide.
I am so sick of the in between, now and then.
So sick of swinging the hammer.
So sick of my suicide, of burying every hero that I had.