

practicing the silence muting all the sounds you hear somones g
etting violent
cutting off all the ends you steal signs of forward progress st
ill wrapped
tight inside and sealed free me from this madness and ill never
look back to
heal silence in your sleep and people they are weak im cutting
all
connections that led u two to speak

death is a disease and people they believe almost out of time i
said your
underlined

practicing the silence underlined from all your pain slowly sli
pping backwards
calling out gods name in vain signs of forward progress chantin
g that youre
almost free you whispered to me and told me that your life wasn
t me

another day and another weak which type of death is a disease y
our so damn
blind and so am i your underlined turn away.....