

The Settlement

Issues

"Until death" used to mean something more,
Than a proverb framed on the walls of a broken home.

Closed doors can only hide so much,
Pacing through this hallway, I listen in disgust.
As you divide my mind and force my years into minutes,
Destroy the hands of time, the hands that made me whole.

What if I become a silhouette of this very same thing,
Then everything you taught me seems to start fading?
Oh, how am I now to survive as a heart divided
Between the very hands that made me whole?

Did you even notice, all I wanted was more of your time?
Wasted on hating, when love's what should've made you blind.
Did you even notice, all I wanted was more of your time?
Wasted on hating, when love's what should've made you blind.

You can only forgive so much,
Before you give up, because there's no trust.
At least you tried and that's just fine, but how the hell do I
know I'm not next in line.
It's not my fault, then why am I in the middle of this burning
bridge.

Tell me, oh, how am I now to survive as a heart divided
Between the very hands that made me whole?
Did you even notice, all I wanted was more of your time?
Wasted on hating, when love's what should've made you blind.
Did you even notice, all I wanted was more of your time?
Wasted on hating, when love's what should've made you blind.

I am the one who suffers from your bullshit.
I'm the one who suffers.
My world divided,
By the hands that made me whole.