

## Hell Can Wait

## Killing The Dream

Still, they ask me where I've been.  
Pretend to care, nod their head.  
Never thought they'd have to ask.  
Never thought it would end like this.

But there's so much more.  
That I should say...I hate you.  
As you walk away  
Could you not feel my anger?  
Can you not see why I'm this way?  
And all the things I should have said  
I'm Screaming  
No one will ever know  
but these walls

I'm Dying  
with nothing left to spill  
Broken, with nothing left  
To spill onto.

I wonder  
Why did it end so early?  
Why did it end at all?  
When they tell you you're a legend  
And you're just a myth  
So what's the point  
Of Covering your eyes anymore?

If only someone had said to her  
"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you"  
But there was only the dark  
Gaping at her, Silent  
But it would always be too late  
And it would always be too much to ask  
Those things she culled  
From that savage day  
And Braced for a night  
That won't grant her tomorrow

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO END LIKE THIS  
IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO END THIS WAY