

Picking Up The Pieces

Killing The Dream

And now you've come so far and climbed so high, and all it cost were the words we built ourselves up on. Another step. Just one more time. Why turn back now? As you're starting to forget something we lost so long ago. But we remember the taste of our blood, you taught us all so well. Exhale. It's gone. One breath and four years lost. Did you miss us as we fell through the cracks of your lies? But we found a home in the lowercase letters of words you'll never read and songs you'll never hear. And you'd remember, but we've bit our tongues for so long now that we forgot what we had to say. We're spitting blood and you can't see. But now we know tomorrow means nothing if we all die today. But we won't die today. This doesn't die today.