

Play The Tune Or Die

Killing The Dream

It all breaks down. I'm not giving up tonight. Let's call this giving in. I'm going down and I'm so sick of fighting. So tired from another dreamless sleep. Afraid to try again. Afraid I'll see the truth, a half-hearted war for nothing. I've got nothing to gain. Four walls crack as blood runs down broken hands. Another broken thought goes unsaid as I lay still. I'm still the only one who sees. Indifference is a gift from time, slowly taking over. This bottle's almost dry. The car is skidding and I can't feel the wheel. So we'll just wait, and we'll scream. We'll scream but no one will hear. So save your breath. Just save your breath. My words come out twisted, mangled, and coated in broken glass. It hurts as much to say as I know it does to hear, but I don't think I care anymore.