

Laid To Rest

Light This City

You attempt to find what you're looking for in vacant
corpses
never understanding that you have to bury the things you
love when they are dead
you've cut too deep
let the dead lie asleep
refuse to grasp the hand that breaks the ground
from this shallow grave that you have built
don't pull him through
he's no who he was
you're bleeding cuts are only keeping your betrayers
alive
why do you tear at your broken flesh and feed this hungry
hell?
how can they redeem themselves for all the blood they've
split
and when will you let the scars they've left heal?