

Silent And Completely Overcome

Loss

I do not remember a depression such as this
How many clocks has it been since we have last spoken?
Forgive me as I pass my soul from one dark evening unto the next
How is it that I cannot find a guide, or a light?
I am already broken
If I never wake up
I only pray that my silence will be put to rest

Silent overcome and empty
Bled out numb and cold
Clenched fists red and filthy
With nothing left to hold

Let those stars fall that shine
Let those stars fall and this moment pass away
Like 100 tears on your coldest, saddest day
With bleeding wrists and dying eyes
We should be grateful for pain
For it means we have at least one feeling left
But such things happen
Such things happen

Silent... overcome
Bled out... numb
Silent... overcome
Bled out... numb