

# Dead To You

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chances...we had when we were young  
held as ransom...by Future's setting sun

there's no use fighting a faceless tyrant,  
voices inside of my head...  
with their subtle wishes and coldest kisses  
they'll climb up inside of my bed

what's the use...in pushin through...when i'm already dead to y  
ou

sirens...screaming in my ear  
like the silence...that only i can hear

now we're stocking our empty pockets,  
with remnants of we had said...  
just like tears of daughters for sleeping fathers,  
my heart was too much for your head.

what's the use...in pushin through...when i'm already dead to y  
ou

Well all this mystery and all this silence  
We don't know what we have become  
Oh we lit this match and we hit the gas  
Now we're holding our ears and our tongues  
And our tongues

There's no use fighting a faceless tyrant  
Voices inside of my head  
With their subtle wishes and coldest kisses  
They'll climb up inside of my bed

what's the use... in pushin through... when I'm already dead to yo  
u