

## Migrate

## Misery Signals

The worst is over  
We went the fast way out  
You can see the marks left on my clothes  
From where she came undone  
You want me to hurt like you, to shadow the pain  
Away with my sympathy  
And the comforts I abused  
Away with dishonesty  
And my manufactured truth  
I don't care, I just don't  
And winter came to hide the sun behind the gray  
And erase her  
What's done is done  
My warmth has gone  
Carried by the birds of fall  
I don't care, I just don't  
It doesn't feel like anything  
And winter came to hide the sun behind the gray  
And devastate her  
What's done is done is done