

Miles Behind Us

My American Heart

How does it feel to be dragged
under this pickup truck where your heart is blank?
I'd love to say that I hate you,
and I can't forget the feeling in my head when

These miles behind us are going farther,
and I seem to forget I'm still breathing.
Your sins they scream into my head,
and I know this had to end
Without you, without you.

How does it feel to be dead?
Alone and cold without the one I said I'd die with.
I'd love to say that I hate you.
For the pain you passed away,
For the anger cuddling myself to sleep.

These miles behind us are going farther,
and I seem to forget I'm still breathing.
Your sins they scream into my head,
and I know this had to end
Without you, without you.

I find it in you, it's tearing up my skin,
and finding its way to my heart.
(Kill me!) You should (Never!) rot like this.
(Kill me!) You should (Never!) rot like this.