

Transitions

Silence The Messenger

A long hard road lies before me, but I can't see the end.
The road to recovery is paved with broken glass but I must walk
it home.
The footprints that I've left lead to a broken past.
I'm at the end of the rope been given but it is all that I have
.

This is the face you forgot to remember.
A lesson learned in carelessness.
And as a result, we must live with the choices you made.
Now I'm buried in shades of grey.

Now I have been leaving a blood trail,
And I'll let the dogs hunt me down.
So this is it, I stand here with nothing left to lose.

Who would've thought this ran so deep?
This web I weave is filled with contradiction.
I'm buried in shades of grey. Shades of grey...

This is a lesson that we've learned from being careless.
So won't you riddle me this: Oh, God, God when does it end?
When?

How does it feel to be a piece in my puzzle that should not even
exist?
I still reach out for an answer, any sign of hope.
I know that I'm coming back empty-handed.
I know that I'm coming back empty-handed.

Now you will see everything I've done is for nothing, but I will
leave a blood trail.
Let the dogs hunt me down... hunt me down...

This isn't dead. This isn't over yet. No...