

The Zero

Suicide Silence

I can't wait to know how I die
I can't even think to listen
Everything expires sometimes before it's time
Now drift away

It makes no sense until it happens
Paint thrown on a masterpiece
Creates new canvas to mold
Creates new canvas to mold
Let it go is all you know

I am the yearning purging itself

I am in love with the emptiness
The zero brings us back to none
Need to exist to sell you pain
The zero brings us back to none

Hell is too good for us
Heaven is the electric chair
Balance the spectrums
Now drift away

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So how do you hold on
When your hands are tied?
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