When I have nothing left to feel. When I have nothing left to say I'll just let this slip away.

I feel these engines power down. I feel this heart begin to bleed as I turn this burning page.

Please forgive me if I bleed. Please forgive me if I breathe. I have words I need to say. Oh so very much to say.

And whose life do I lead? And whose blood do I bleed? Whose air do I breathe? With whose skin now do I feel?

I'm supposed to walk away from here.
I'm supposed to walk away from here.

And whose life do I lead?
Whose blood do I bleed?
Whose air do I now breathe?
I'm convinced there's nothing more.

The day you died I lost my way. The day you died I lost my mind.

What am I supposed to do? Is there something more?

The engines power down.

Like a soldier to his end I go.

Because I'm convinced

that there is nothing more.

and whose life do I lead
and whose air do I breathe?
With whose skin and whose blood do I feel?

What happens now? Have I done something wrong?

Forgive my need to bleed right now.
Please forgive my need to breathe
But I've so much to say
and it wouldn't matter anyway.
You're not here to hear these words that I must say
and I'm convinced inside
that there is nothing more.

Whose life do I lead?
Whose air do I breathe.
Whose blood do I now bleed?
With whose skin now do I feel?

I have nothing left to say.
I have nothing left to feel.
Am I supposed to let this go now,
let darkness come and take you away?