

She spent most her life on the floor with her heart  
To this she's condemned and can never be part  
She tries by herself on a debt to pay  
I don't think today's gonna be her day

Those cuts on her arm didn't come from shame  
This past in denial and accusation  
Those thoughts in her head will soon come true  
A tragic display of dreamers consumed

The hand cannot reach to the phone of her soul  
Perhaps that's the lesson I've got to know  
Her body was found on a Sunday morn  
Her spirit found rest her heartbeat unturned

And I will sleep to get there  
And I will sleep together  
And I will sleep to get there  
And I will sleep together

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