

Atreyu, Demonology And Heartache

So unaffectionate, so insecure
You claim to know a thing or two about
heartache
And what it's like to have your insides torn out
And I believe
you
I see it every time your pallbearer's palor is obscured by the
darkness
Dancing across your face, and when the blackness veils your eyes in
pain
I know what it's like when memories make you wince
And love letters
read like obituaries
And photo albums are the books of the dead
I need no
reminders, no more reminders
I'll forget the past and lay it to
rest