

# Blackfield, My Gift Of Silence

If I compiled all my crimes and my lies into amnesty  
Would you come back to me?  
The smile on my lips is a sign that I don't hear you leaving me  
And I don't hear my own soul scream

I'll read your lips, watch your scarf play at your hips  
And I know it's true  
But I don't hear him call to you

Don't blame yourself  
Don't change yourself  
I just wanna be over you, see, if you'll love  
Don't hate yourself

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(don't blame yourself)  
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(don't hate yourself)  
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