

Bleed The Dream, Solace

Solace redefined,
And I can't even bring myself to try and figure,
(Who I am)
Rosaries and wine,
Trying not to see exactly when and where you failed.

Stare into the eyes of blood,
They say that we chase dreams that don't exist,
But you have tried so hard to find what's better than this.

Running from myself,
I'm running from the maladjusted boy I used to be,
In sickness and in health,
I would even be here if the walls were caving in.

Stare into the eyes of blood,
They say that we chase dreams that don't exist,
But you have tried so hard to find what's better than this.