

# Bleeding Through, She's Gone

We are nothing.  
A lost cause for a lost cause.  
The hourglass is a loaded gun.  
Running short of sand.  
Breaking every single mirror.  
I'm burning every single letter.  
You're fading with a hundred pictures on my walls.  
We are nothing.  
We're fading faster.  
We're fighting for another lost cause.  
And you're fading fast.  
Now you're fading out with the pictures of.  
Were fading faster.  
Were fighting for another lost cause.  
And you're fading faster now.  
You're fading out like the pictures on my walls