

# Bury Your Dead, Twelfth Stroke Of Midnight

I can't read between the lines  
Of a letter  
That you've never written  
I can't begin to compromise  
On a problem  
That you have invented

Dead stares cut a paper heart  
And beats ink in these pages  
Letters written in regret  
To many lifeless faces  
This is the end of me  
I am running on empty

Hours spent pouring over these words  
With nothing gained  
All that was lost with nothing learned  
I'm just feeling drained

This is taking so much out of me  
I am doubting my place as of late

I wish I could make this  
Paper heart come alive  
All my time spent on  
Writing this living lie  
All my time spent on this lie