

Converge, My Unsaid Everything

"i said that name and skipped a heartbeat
i said it with a second chance and a forgetful smile
i said it with the faint glimmer of suicide
i taste my wreckage in our conversations
deep under the faint hums of far gone engines
with all signal flare blazing we lay somewhere in between
the smear of yellow lines and a year of empty promises
i long for the grant of wings
i long for the dead of night when all of this passes
you never meant those three words
now i can't remember how to set my heart alight
you never meant a word, not a fucking word of it
i am so sick of good-byes, so sick of committing suicide
i am so sick of the in between now and then
so sick of swinging the hammer
so sick of my suicide
of burying every hero that i had, every hero that i had"