

Ours, Murder

Tied down to the things that we can't let go of
Realized too many dreams we can't recover
We layed down in our sleep and began to choke
Life doesn't have any meaning everything's a joke
Been eating out of your hands, with never anything to show
We tried to get off clean, but we would never grow
Prison can't be worse than living with the pain of knowing
Murder, murder, murder, murder
We fight about the things we never even had control of
In and out of thoughts so many different people bought
Self serving ramblings in your favorite journal
Won't bring you peace until you learn to read yourself
Murder, murder, murder, murder, murder
Bow down to the things you can't let go of
Eating out of dog's hands with never anything to show
Even if it hurt to love you couldn't leave it slowly
Slipping from you core as you're waiting for your dream to come
Murder, murder
Give in the things you bought with x4
Murder
Give in the things you bought with x4