

# Parkway Drive, Dead Dreams

Kill the lights  
I'm so sick of your face  
Another night wasted wishing you away  
Now I'm cut, I'm cut at the wrist  
But I still can't kill the pain  
I'd give anything to rip you from my head  
From my head  
The return of your voice marks another failure  
And I can feel your blades closing on my back  
I'll savour this one last taste, this taste of sanity  
As it clutches, tearing at my heart  
This is my final act of desperation  
One second lost gives way to disease  
I'd give anything to rip you from my head  
Cause I can feel you  
Creeping through me  
Like a sickness  
Your weakness  
Scars your fucking face  
Scars your name  
The return of your voice  
Marks another failure  
And I can feel your blades  
Closing on my back  
As light fades to past  
Darkness wells against me  
But my shattered eyelids  
Refuse to close  
Your breathe is death to me