

Small Brown Bike, Scream In The Silence

This is not my fault.
I tell myself that so I don't go.
It's not like you didn't know.
I just put myself down from so far away.
I'm fading out.
My time is counting down.
There's nothing for me here.
There's nothing in this cold heart.
There's something to die for and it's tearing me apart.
There's a scream in the distance.
There's a deafening silence.
You can't just know what I'm feeling.
I have to take you there and I can't stop myself.
I don't want to see.
I don't want to hear.
There's nothing for me here.
There's nothing in this cold heart.
There's something to die for and it's tearing us apart.
There's a long-winded answer.
There's a long, endless battle.
You can't just know what I'm feeling.
I have to take you there and I can't stop myself.
If I don't quit this now, we'll all be lost or dead,
but that takes too long when your best guess is wrong.
You want to see this through?
I don't want anything,
but a bit of comfort to make these times worth something.
I don't want know. I don't want anything