

Staple, Haunted

Alas my friend I have been blind.
But count on this, friend, I won't let go again.

It is a pain to see the plague produced by apathy.
To see you locked and bound, you plead. To see me grasp the key.
Compassion is foreign while the tears of the broken lavish me.
Souls in anguish die, and only hell they find.

The truth to bring the peace they seek is haunting me.

I'm haunted by the fact that I neglected every time you cried
I'm haunted by the fact I concealed the truth you need inside.
I'm the one to blame.

Will I grasp the reality that my comfort has blessed the killing?
My own eyes agree of my numbing to society around me.
I can't take this; you're dying. While I watch you trying.
Every breath you heave proclaims the rejection I've conceived.

I'd hate to be the one that's not there when you cry in sorrow.
I'd hate to be the one to watch you die tomorrow.
I doubt that you are strong enough to survive forever, inside forever.
I'd hate to be the one to watch you die.