

A Dead Giveaway, Tragic Timing

When I see, that you've gone too far
And I know that the pain will scar
Times you wish you would've known
Words you hear make you feel alone
When our frigid hearts, burn a bitter cold
When our lungs would choke on the words we told
I'm waiting for a sign to see
If you'll save me from misery
As we come close to standing still
Everyday gives us more time to kill
When our frigid hearts, burn a bitter cold
And our lungs would choke on the words we told