

Across Five Aprils, My Sins Stacked To Heaven

BREAK ME.
OVER AND OVER, BREAK ME.
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN,
BREAK ME.
Maybe Im sleeping.
Youre not the only one.
Maybe were dreaming.
Youre not the only one.
Things are strange, I am never broken.
Carried away, will you break it for me?
Buried alive with bricks of sorrow,
My sins stacked to the heavens.
Stacked up to the heavens, yeah.
Stacked up to the heavens.
Stacked up to the heavens, yeah.
Maybe Im sleeping.
OVER AND OVER, BREAK ME.
Maybe were dreaming.
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, BREAK ME.