

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, M

If i could make a list
I'd put your name on top
Of my mistakes and regrets
and every line after it
Because every inch of hope

Becomes a world of shame
I've had to walk through
Each and every day

At the top of my lungs
It would never return
And if i screamed, "you were wrong"
All the faith that i've lost

And there is nothing left to say
That has not been said
If i shout, you wouldn't listen
I don't think it'd even sink in
If i could make a list

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I'd put your name on top
And every line after it

Becomes a world of shame
Because every inch of hope
I've had to walk through
Each and every day

And there is nothing left to say
If i shout, you wouldn't listen
That has not been said

I don't think it'd even sink in
If you forget how to feel
Reach inside your chest
Is there a heart beating?
Is it just emptiness? (repeat)