

As I Lay Dying, Undefined

What is this world, what is it we've created
in the burdens of this life, I cannot rest
this world means nothing
everything we hold will pass away

with a void of completion comfort will ever fade
i long for this wind to cease

everything we hold will pass away (2x)
i long for this wind to cease

we once held undying devotion;
dead to our thoughts, undefined like our love

everything we hold will pass away (2x)