

Bayside, A Synonym For Acquiesce

Empty fields move me so much more than rooms filled up with friends.
The way the trees look dead
reminds me that there's more to life than living.
Maybe giving up's not bad, but part of letting go of you.

If I surrender to this feeling maybe all the aches and pains will go and I can close my eyes,
never again to have them open till I bleed out all I've been.
I don't want to be alone no more, no more

Take this razor, sign your name across my wrists
so everyone will know who left me like this

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So take this razor, sign your name across my wrists
so everyone will know who left me like this.
Sew me up, my scars run deep
A reminder not to forget the times that we've had.

I'll never waste another second. I have wasted so much time
and I have wasted, wasted so much time
so much time

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