

Bleeding Through, Confession

Yesterday I reached my end.
Now I'm watching you leave me.
And today I feel sick.
I hear voices now.
This girl is killing.
Her face was pale.
She couldn't even shed a single tear
over my lifeless body.
She doesn't realize because she never loved me.
Today I hate myself.
Look at what I've done to you.
See what you've done to me.
You sent me straight to hell.
Now is this confession pointless?
Was my love entirely useless?
She'll never know because I'm face down in the ground.
Underground.
Face down underground.
Tonight I killed myself.
They said a prayer standing over my body.
Rusty casket, empty funeral.
Is this confession pointless?
Was her love completely truth-less?
She doesn't care even now that I'm gone.
That night you left.
That night I died.
The air was cold, fit for a brilliant suicide.
The night was still.
The night you left was the night I died