

Bleeding Through, I Dream Of July

Monday morning, a Midwest gloom above
The word on the other end, the news of death to hope
Life slain by love, one last message of the voice of him
Life slain by promise, one last message of the voice of him
The voice of hope
But there was no hope, every second, unfulfilled lifeless reality
For every weakened mind, for every broken heart
His must remain for memories every fucking day

Every word you said came true
With this knife to your throat
Left in this hole, left alone to die
You foresaw the end
Is this what you want from us?
Is this what you wish from us?
I foresaw the end
And I fucking get to the end
Is this what you want from us?
Now we're gonna give it to you
Now we're gonna give it to you
Now we're gonna give it to you