

Break The Silence, Oceans Away

In this life, I breathe for you and me, for ourselves.
We tire endlessly in the way of when we disagree.
End the day again and I feel the disheartening,
but I still go on in a destructive vow.
For you, it takes so long just to take back things you didn't mean
and I will do the same and it seems too late now.
It seems to be so innocent, just like a dream.
To get out of this tired scene,
and fuck up yet another day and fade away all that I say.
Will me and you go on again, knowing this pain that it's been?
My invitation to keep killing me.
For all of what we have destroying this.
Indirect: a trait I'll never miss
and I feel it surrounding me while you take the fall.
To get out of this tired scene,
and fuck up yet another day and fade away all that I say.
Will me and you go on again, knowing this pain that it's been?
My invitation to keep killing me.
We don't survive so well here, in our living hell.
Our life, our agony.
Please stop forgiving me.
When all is lost, lost is all I am.