

# Bury Tomorrow, DEATH (Ever Colder)

Where do I belong if pressure takes over?  
This weight I can shoulder.  
Where did we go wrong?

Heavy head without a crown.  
A heartbeat without a sound.  
A snapped neck without a noose.  
A torturous game, we always lose.

Way beyond. Way beyond the feelings I can't control.  
I'm just a bastard trying to save my soul.

Death comes easy for me.  
Finish me off because I'm trying to leave.  
Nothing left to give, no one left to serve.  
Forget heaven I'll go somewhere I deserve.

We do not belong where pressure takes over.  
This weight I can shoulder but where did we go wrong?  
The void where this has gone, growing ever colder.  
This wound remains open. Are we close to the end now?

We've been lost in oceans, drowning.  
So breathe in, hold it.  
Sinking, darkness.  
We are surrendered to the deep.

We do not belong.

Did you really think I gave up on life?