

# By A Thread, A Stale Goodbye

Sunny days are gone,  
Holding tight to what I've left for so long,  
I can't hide away from the pain,  
I carry on...

Will you take my hand?  
Or will you turn away?  
Will you take my hand?  
Or will you turn away?

I tuck myself in,  
Wishing to dream of you,  
With no energy to live,  
Under my covers,  
Is where I stay,  
And I reach for you,  
But I can't crawl,  
Beneath my...(Silence, Silence)  
And I can depend on myself,  
To let me down,  
We design your words, your...(Silence, Silence) (?)

As I grab ahold,  
I feel it slipping away, again...

Will you take my hand?  
Or will you turn away?  
Will you take my hand?  
Or will you turn?