

# Converge, Forsaken

The cedar doesn't do much for these memories  
I am as cold as the monuments you left for me  
And another one passes in the evening  
A knee deep grave and the two that raised  
and a tin box for the two that I loved  
And I carry on  
Please lay out my best suit for me  
and tell me every word you want to hear  
Every word you have said to yourself to be perfect in the end  
and I carry on  
A tin box for the two that loved  
Carry on