

Converge, Hell To Pay

Cheap lips, soft eyes, lost in the most blinding lights
As cold as those first nights alone
As the second best he'll become
Sleep deep, girl, dream well
That night, I think he cried himself to sleep
Just maybe, he felt more than we could ever know
And I think he pulled that trigger to empty that memory
I think he cut the weight to end the floods of you
Let him soar, let him ride as budding gravestones do
Just sleep, girl, just dream well