

Converge, Letterhead

I can tell by the weight of your words, that this is over.
All the "should've but could've" can no longer be.
This is the second death in the exquisite art of forgetting.
And I promise this to you I'll burn this devotion clean, filling every hole in my heart.
All of these melancholy moments can sometimes sink. Everthing you were is fiction.
Everthing you are is fiction and if you see the chin down tongue tied this is all I have to offer.
I thought I'd never be asking. This is my last laugh in this place of dying.
And for you, this is the last goodbye you'll ever hear. It's not suppose to end like this.