

Dead Poetic, Glass In The Trees

I don't want to come back here, to this place.
It's a cold that only comes from blaming yourself for two decades wasted.
And I don't want to come back here, to this place.
When it all just repeats in my head again, and I cannot stop it.

And the glass in the trees, and all you left here,
Reflects everything that I missed.

And the pavement is still warm from the tires.
I can still feel the fright that the night brings.
Every song that you'd sing.
And I won't ever come back here to this place.
All I ever do is picture you smiling, and then picture you leaving.

And the glass in the trees, and all you left here,
Reflects everything that I missed.

Slow down.

I'll try and make it up to you.

They've cut down the trees to try to forget you.
But I took a vow to never forget you.
If you're still here, then we're waiting.

We'll wait for you to come back home to the broken little foes.
Until the guilt grows and grows.
When the time that's wasted comes back to haunt me.
And I'll deserve every bit. because I'm not spiritual yet.
I'm just reading the lines they gave me from the pulpit.
And it's not fading off, we remember the years.
As we sift through the laughter to find all the tears.
And I'm not worthy of grievance, I did nothing to prevent this.
And standing at your grave, I could have caused this.