

Dead Poetic, Hostages

Ten frozen memories lost into your pool of interrupted thought.
I could have reminisced for hours.
But right now you are all I get to remember.
I'm waiting for something to get through to you.
I'm waiting to see a truer side of you, and we're...

Let's make this quick. I'll bother you, you'll tear it away.

Cut broken enemies off, into your pit of non-valuable losses.
Could have stayed and dreamt for days,
But the sight must be far worse than the taste.
And I'm waiting for something to get through to you.
And I'm waiting to burn compassion into you. and we're..

We don't even know if we're to blame for all of this,
We don't even know if we're in the clear, the clear.
We don't even know if we should bank on any of this
And we don't even know if we'll go,

So let's make this quick. I'll bother you, you'll tear it away.

This isn't happening, leave me with myself.