

# Evergreen Terrace, Taking Care Of The Dead Fish

Looking back, no regrets, just lies.  
Only pain in descriptions of despite.  
This will never be, you will never listen.  
Emotions break like glass when memories brush back.  
This will never be, breaking from this cycle, falls from the outside.  
I can't sleep with your dreams.  
I can sleep with my dreams.  
Looking back, no regrets, just lies.  
Only pain in descriptions of despite.  
While you're awake with nightmares of haunting.  
Did you forget something?  
You forgot to say "goodbye";  
This will never be, you will never listen.  
Emotions break like glass when memories brush back.  
This will never be, breaking from this cycle, falls from the outside.