

Halfwayhome, A Pilot And A Bleeding Heart

Tearing At The Night And The Pages That I've Written
Steal Back Time For One More Day
Filtering The Fragments Of An Artificial Promise
That Shattered My Identity
Recapturing The Wonder, Where's The Romance I Denied
Pleading For A Proverb To Cure This Cancerous Mind

I'll Break Away And Learn To Fly
To Pilot Wounded Through The Night
Cant Feel A Thing, Don't Have The Strength
To Pull This Knife Out Of My Side

Fighting For The Words To Portray The Clearest Picture
Trading Diamonds To Convey
Answers To The Questions Of Why They're Vanishing On Radar
Since Dead Men See Suns Without Rays

Complicating The Conviction That The Killer Lives Inside

I've Taken Wounds From The The Lies
I Feel The Coldness In My Hands
Feels Like The Knife That Pierced My Side
Won't Allow This Bleeding Heart To Mend
If It's True The Killer Lives Inside
I Hope The Bleeding Never Ends