

Midnight Fall, The Butterflies Have Flown South For

The night is coming, one year to be exact
from the day we fell off the face of the earth together
the end is coming, and the days we can not count
the earth crumbles, beneath the weight on my shoulders
i know you miss the feelings, but i gave you time for healing
so dont you cry, my sweetheart we've had our last goodnight

the tension between us could break my bones to pieces
and i doubt we'll make it out alright

the only thing thats keeping me together is something thats better then nothing
as pieces of me slip everyday

the storm is coming, sheild your face
the acpolypse thats creeping down your spine
insight its fleeting and all sides point the blame
to a lack of speaking, undo and rewind

i know you miss the feelings, but i gave you time for healing
so dont you cry, my sweetheart we've had our last goodnight

say what you mean, mean what you say
this fake love, is a game we play
stop all these lies, cut all these ties
take this awnser from my awnserless cries
say what you mean, mean what you say
this fake love, is a game we play
stop all these lies, cut all these ties
take this with you till the day you die