

More Than A Thousand, None Of Us Will See He

MY DREAMS INK PRINTED ON WHITE PAPER, NO ONE WANTS TO HEAR, READ, SING.
BESIDE THESE BURIED COFFINS I'M ALONE, ALONE LIKE ALL OF THEM AND I'M RUNNING
AND I'M KEEPING A SECRET THEY ALL WANT TO KNOW, BESIDE THESE BURIED COFFINS
ALONE LIKE ALL OF THEM, AND I'M RUNNING SOMEWHERE I'M LEAVING THIS HELL,
I CAN'T BE STUCK IN HERE ANY LONGER, SOMEONE BETTER PULL ME OUT
I THINK I COMMITTED A CRIME, FOR A DAY OR TWO AND I THANK GOD I COMMITTED A CR