

My American Heart, Miles Behind Us

How does it feel to be dragged under this pickup
truck where your heart is blank.
I'd love to say that I hate you,
and I can't forget the feeling in my head when

These miles behind us are growing farther,
and I seem to forget I'm still breathing.
Your senses screamed into my head,
and I knew this had to end
Without you, without you.

How does it feel to be dead?
Alone and cold without the one I said I'd die with
I'd love to say that I hate you.
For the pain you passed away,
for the anger caused, I lay myself to sleep.
These miles behind us are growing farther,
and I seem to forget I'm still breathing.
Your senses screamed into my head,
and I knew this had to end
Without you, without you.

I find it in you, it's tearing up my skin,
and finding its way to my heart.
(KILL ME) You should (NEVER) rot like this