Northlane, Plenty

I'll never be ready to meet a memory I'll never be ready to meet a memory a memory that abandoned me

Falling silent, going mad I've gone walkabout with the parasites in my head far too quiet, it's deafening as I pick away at the surface the itch burns through my skin

when the dirt crushes my bones and the worms call me their home if I'm asked to start again I can't pretend I'm ready I can't pretend, I've had plenty

Drown this broken dream a taste was quiet enough for me my mind's too unsteady stay away from me please

I'll never be ready to meet a memory that abandoned me I'll never be ready to meet a memory that abandoned me

when the dirt crushes my bones (I'll never be ready to meet a memory) and the worms call me their home (a memory that abandoned me) if I'm asked to start again I can't pretend I'm ready I can't pretend, I've had plenty

I'll never be ready to meet a memory a memory that abandoned me I'll never be ready to meet a memory a memory that abandoned me