

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

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a memory that abandoned me
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