Reveille, Dark Horizons

I've lost my footing
I'm hanging by the brink
I'm stranded in a sea of hope
with not a drop to drink
so I stand alone when I think
because conformity can't be the solution
because some scars can never heal
and now my dreams lay in silent ruins
there's blood on the horizons
and still not a word is spoken
I've lost my footing
I'm hanging from a very thin thread
now the shadow falls as the reaper calls
and the dark comes rolling in overhead
something wicked comes this way
and still not a fucking word is spoken
strike me down
release my handjust let me fall
I'll never understand
I'm not living up to their expectations
I'm not living up to their dreams of success
they say I'm not living up to a simple standard
they say I'm not living up to the skill I posess
I think I was born without a soul (pray for me)
I think I was born without a voice (cry for me)
I think I was born without a pulse (love for me)
god, why was I born without the choice (die for me)
not a word, not a word is spoken
not a word is spoken- and that's why I'm broken
not a word, not a word spoken
and still not a fucking word...
I'll never understand
I'll never understand you