

System Syn, Through This

dont expect me to cry for you
as if your pain was my pain too
nothing beats beneath my chest
my blood runs cold
and this is getting old
like you
just go

I cant feel but I can fake it
and if it hurts I will still take it
and Ill make it through this like I always do
without you

dont expect me to hold your hand
pull you from your broken land
I much prefer to be
far from what youd ever want from me

the clocks ticking on our lives
and Ive been lying all this time
Ive got something on my mind
but you wont find it in my eyes
Ive never been good at this
if I could feel then I would miss you
more than this existence kills you
more than all the hate that fills you