

The Black Dahlia Murder, (And The Chorus Sang)

skyscrapers - are crumbling - mountains move in my path
the streets lights - are twisting - pulling me to the earth
My veins are anchored in this city - I am defeated by this lack of conviction

I am crushed - by 800 miles - eyes widened in self loathing
when the fucking dirt proves stronger
than the most pure emotion that I've ever fucking had
so what is left in life - but my destruction?
why do my lungs still gasp - when I no longer breathe for you?
where is the truth in my existence - when I have been cut off from
your tender fingertips - all that I've known falls down around me
every twisting tree and dead end street reminding me of you
taking me back
a year
my life crawls on without you - amongst the endless snowing sheets
disheartening moments of salvation come to me only when I am asleep
I no longer stomach the denial - hiding the weakness of my being.
the day to day has been a slow blur since you left
only (your) forgiveness sets me free
free
the bridges - collapsing - hillsides are growing fast
the pavement - is shifting - quicksand controls my will
I question life and its true meaning
I am defeated by this feebleness of will
frenzied thoughts arrest my mind
as I descend towards my eminent destruction
the only thing I can rely on - when I lie even to myself
skyscrapers - are crumbling - mountains are closing in my path
the streets lights - are twisting - pulling me to the earth
My veins are anchored in this city
I am defeated by this lack of conviction
am I already dead? I proceed hollow - unloved
I am our burnt out memory - self mutilation is my mainstay
tear me away - from the pictures of your face
pry my eyes from your written word
tear me away - from the bondage of regret
convince me that I am alive
this is the end - the end of everything
all I held dear - has slipped from my grasp
this is the end - the end of everything
all whom I've loved - are fucking memories
this is the end - the end of everything
as I am ripe - for this demise
this is the end - this is the end of everything
I kneel - godless and beaten
I long for moments when my eyes aren't blinded by emptiness.