

The Exies, Better Now

And the funeral screams
The song that it sings
The memories feel
What was everything
The sound rings loud
From a sick shotgun
What can never be fought
Can never be won

So sooner or later
I gotta believe

That she's getting
That she's getting better
While my heart bleeds
While i can't forget her
That she's getting
That she's getting better
While i'm running away
In my burden of shame

When my injuries are still
Like the eye of the storm
Then the feeling creeps in
Like a wave to the shore
Will i ever be whole
In the half where i'm not
What can never be found
Can never be lost

So sooner or later
I gotta believe

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That she's getting better
While my heart bleeds
While i can't forget her
That she's getting
That she's getting better
While i'm running away
In my burden of shame