

Dead Dreams

Parkway Drive

Kill the lights
I'm so sick of your face
Another night wasted wishing you away
Now I'm cut, I'm cut at the wrist
But I still can't kill the pain
I'd give anything to rip you from my head
From my head
The return of your voice marks another failure
And I can feel your blades closing on my back
I'll savour this one last taste, this taste of sanity
As it clutches, tearing at my heart
This is my final act of desperation
One second lost gives way to disease
I'd give anything to rip you from my head
Cause I can feel you
Creeping through me
Like a sickness
Your weakness
Scars your fucking face
Scars your name
The return of your voice
Marks another failure
And I can feel your blades
Closing on my back
As light fades to past
Darkness wells against me
But my shattered eyelids
Refuse to close
Your breathe is death to me