

History

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"All the "no, I'm fines" and the fighting and the crying and the
3ams staying up all night with your lies.

Between these walls you and me have said it all and when silence
falls all our frozen words keep the score.

History it teaches nothing, pain is the only sound. It's cold where
the fires burning and we crave what brings us down But we
don't know how to let it go.

It's a battlefield of scars outnumbering the stars, weighing heavy
on my heart just a ghost of who we are.

The walls were tied, we feel in love and love for us was just enough!

x2

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