

You have made a habit
Of always digging up old bones
But you don't want to know what happened
Before you moved into this home

There's too much in the attic
That I never could disclose
And I will let it hold me back

We couldn't be more different
You are ripe where I still rot
But we always bridged the distance
Because we come from the same spot
And even though I'm bound to break it
I'd say we've always had a bond
And I will let it hold me back

And I will let it hold me back

Don't really like to see them suffer
At least less than you suppose
But one way or another
I must make myself alone
You could never do the honours
But you could watch them decompose
And I will let it hold me back
From ever holding you as close

And there is too much in the attic
That I never could disclose
And I will let it hold me back
From ever holding you as close