

## The Sickness of Your Memory

As Cities Burn

how can I stop this stubborn heart  
from pumping blood to what's left of you in me  
can't you see that I'm growing weak  
and your memory's a leech  
the temperature of your voice  
fires my fever to keep me from the cold  
of losing you...I'm losing you  
but you look so beautiful in this hospital bed  
of what we said would never end  
and I know it's pitiful but this medicine  
says I'll never feel again  
but I'll still monitor your heart rate  
to calculate your health  
even when it's keeping me from sleeping  
because it's beating for someone else  
well, if bitter is all I can be, I'd rather not be at all