

There's a hollow at the end of the road,
A place where we used to meet up,
I've forgotten, I've forgiven us both,
For thinking it wasn't enough,

Lighting matches, hiding scratches,
Finding out what was underneath all of this noise,
There's a ferrous sun,
That shines on the living,

Days crawl, nights fall, it's all the same,
One week, two weeks down the drain,
I know, you know we are bound together.
Too sad, too slow, nothing changes,
I come, you go, who's to blame,
And why don't you see we will always be bound together.

Tell a story, one that's never been told
Remembering how did it feel,
I've got letters, I've got songs that I wrote,
And a heart lined with chromium steel,
Artifacts of darker passions,
I took the fragments and buried them under my bed
And still that ferrous sun,
It shines down on the living.

Days crawl, nights fall, it's all the same
One week, two weeks, down the drain,
I know, you know we are bound together.
Too sad, too slow, nothing changes,
I come, you go, who's to blame,
And why don't you see we will always be bound together,
Cause I don't I believe there is any way we could be severed.