

## Roger's and Holland's Feelings

Chiodos

There is no trace of a healing.  
Your falling tears ignite this selfish feeling.  
It keeps me warm to know you're not content.  
A quick reminder of our winters spent.  
As we consume our last moments together, a lesson learned that  
will haunt us forever.  
It took an ending for me to realize, to face these pacts and re-  
tract our growing lies.  
Don't tell me I was a mistake and you regret every choice we ma-  
de.  
And think of nothing every time you hear my name and if you don-  
't bow your head and feel ashamed.  
When our eyes last met I knew that you were not ok, but nothing  
matters when your surfing on these vibes.  
I have these thoughts of holding hands with you another day.  
There is no cure, there is no cure.  
For the sickness that you bring, with what you bring.