

I can tell by the weight of your words, that this is over.
All the "should"'ve but could"ves" can no longer be.
This is the second death in the exquisite art of forgetting.
And I promise this to you I'll burn this devotion clean, fillin
g every hole in my heart.
All of these melancholy moments can sometimes sink. Everthing y
ou were is fiction.
Everthing you are is fiction and if you see the chin down tongu
e tied this is all I have to offer.
I thought I'd never be asking. This is my last laugh in this pl
ace of dying.
And for you, this is the last goodbye you'll ever hear. It's no
t suppose to end like this.