

The Despondent Hole

Dawn of Ashes

Bury Me Alive
Buried In My Own Sickness
Corrupting My Only Salvation
Pour The Dirt Over My Body
Depleting My Energy
Scrape At The Chest
To Dig Inside The Soul
Drain Out All Of The Blood
From Each Infected Hole
So Tired From Being Weak
This Depression Is Getting Old
This Disorder Is Taken Over
It's Getting Out Of Control

Falling Down Into A Dark Abyss
Falling Backwards To Obsess Over The Things That We Missed
They Will Never Know What It Feels Like
Until They Live Life With This Disease
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Falling Backwards To Obsess Over The Things That We Missed
They Will Never Know What It Feels Like
Until They Live Life With This Disease

Bury Me Alive
Buried In My Own Sickness
Corrupting My Only Quiet Place
Put The Nails In The Coffin
Deplete My Fucking Energy
Scrape At The Chest
To Dig Inside The Soul
Drain Out All Of The Blood
From Each Infected Hole
So Tired From Being Weak
This Depression Is Getting Old
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