

Questions

Daysend

For every word I write
There's a thousand more.
(I need to get it working again)

And these callouses on my tongue
Keep bleeding.

I've got a million memories and
No way to release them.
It's a disgraceful live this time

I have the answer to your questions

It's just you don't understand,
That these answers aren't what you want.

I keep waiting for someone to
Tell me that it's a dream
(All I want to do is wake up)

A forced meaning to something
That I know is a lie

So save your lies, for someone who doesn't
Know the truth of your actions.