

Burdened

Devil Sold His Soul

Will we make it out alive?
I'm holding on to all that's left
At what cost will we survive?
We'll have to face this now, we've drowned ourselves
I can't surface yet to breathe
But it takes its toll
To keep my chest from bursting
Of course, it never would
And if we make it out alive
I'm holding on to all that's left
At what cost have we survived?
This burden takes its toll
The pain of always caring
This burden takes its toll
I never want to feel this all
You've only taken, you never put in
Yet surprised there's no time left
Leave it all to be alone
One last time to hope
Well, it takes its toll to read the end of this one

Well, it takes its toll to hope anymore
This burden takes its toll
The pain of always caring
This burden takes its toll
I never want to feel this
How can you stand there so mute?
All that's left are embers and regret
Frozen, not able to move
I hold you close, take one last breath
Drown it all and start this all again
It's down to us, it's ours to hold
I believe that nothing will prevail
And we can wake the waves and permeate
I'd drown it all just to ask
And I believe this isn't over
And I believe this isn't over
I'll try to feel the same
And I believe this isn't over
And I believe this isn't over