

A Lesson from Nichole

Emmure

I carve a path in me that's dark and narrow
So you can't follow

Trace your hands
Around my misguided heart
And watch the world fall apart

There's nothing sacred being loved by saints
All my beliefs just fade away

No, nothing matters to me now

I carve a path in me that's dark and narrow
So you can't follow
I dare you to follow

We're all victims to an empty sky
There's nothing sacred being loved by saints

No, nothing matters to me now