

Words fall short to make blood run red
The blank page and the heart that beats dead
Resuscitating useless dead ends
Letters from a prison cell bleed black
Darkness illustrated, empty inside

Could I have stretched my hand to pull you back?
Could I have spoken a word to dry your tears at last?
Slip through my fingers, orphaned from home
I am truly alone

Are there ears to hear me
Crying out in the dark?
Is there a hand to pull me
Out of the sea, the sea of sorrow?

Flatlines draw an attempt to color us right back together
Nooses tying up loose ends like stories that were never penned
Resuscitating useless dead ends
Bleed Black

My heart has hardened to stone
I believe I am truly alone

Could I have stretched my hand to pull you back?
Could I have spoken a word to dry your tears at last?
Slip through my fingers, orphaned from home
I am truly alone

Are there ears to hear me
Crying out in the dark?
Is there a hand to pull me
Out of the sea, the sea of sorrow?
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