From a Crowded Wound

Killer Be Killed

Travel alone and not coming home
Back to nowhere
Trying to die and not far to go
Never come here

You try to feel like a god
Inside your place
That nobody reaches

Carry along, you're fine without me
You should know this
Bury the lie that you still believe
Never mind me

The dream of your life is not meant to know
It gets so cold like falling snow
The blink of an eye
The feeling of trapped and fallen souls
The source of your pain's not from below
We climb so high but we're still low
You look 'til you find
Your chosen design
And then you'll know
There's nowhere to go

Calling
Nobody left, but I keep
Calling to be saved

I hear the truth, but it won't stop
Putting me to sleep
Fearing there's nothing left, but I keep
Fearing for the end

I'm on my own, but I can't stop bleeding
From a crowded wound

I'm convinced all the roads lead back to you
I'm convinced all the roads lead back to you
I'm convinced all the roads lead back to you
I'm convinced all the roads lead back

Leave your mark on the land driven from your blood
Loving cancer, I ripped you from me
In the dead of the night, I am left to be
Final form that I am becoming
In the dead of the night, I am left to be
Final form that I am becoming

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