

# 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