

# Sever

## Silent Theory

You should be counting your blessings  
From the cradle to the grave  
It's not that I am alone  
It's that there's nothing left to say

Fear and closure  
Can't go hand in hand  
Lust and leisure  
Never have a plan

Time worth saving  
The line we draw is fine  
Free to follow  
But never change your mind

But don't make me act like we've been here before  
There's nothing left of our life  
Pain is my only disguise

Bleed, all alone by yourself  
And in due time  
Does it comfort you yet, to lose your mind?  
Sever the bind that holds you down  
Does it comfort you yet?

Pain and sorrow  
Now that goes hand in hand  
The hate we borrow  
Has stolen from the plan  
Nothing ventured, nothing gained  
Time to let go  
And sever the pain

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