

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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