

# The Zero

## Suicide Silence

I can't wait to know how I die  
I can't even think to listen  
Everything expires sometimes before it's time  
Now drift away

It makes no sense until it happens  
Paint thrown on a masterpiece  
Creates new canvas to mold  
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Let it go is all you know

I am the yearning purging itself

I am in love with the emptiness  
The zero brings us back to none  
Need to exist to sell you pain  
The zero brings us back to none

Hell is too good for us  
Heaven is the electric chair  
Balance the spectrums  
Now drift away

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So how do you hold on  
When your hands are tied?  
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