

History is Silent

Whitechapel

The noise of a memory will fade and the silence of history will
stay

Another day wishing to find myself with both feet in my grave

My darker thoughts are born again

It's not OK to have a knife in your chest and still be able to
breathe

When will the air not feel so cold

And I dread December

I crave the summer days when we were young

But summer came with more of the same

The same old song that cuts so deep

It's sad to say, I crave my grave

Dead and gone

But my wounds still bleed the same

And I just won't die

I've tried everything but I feel no pain

As my body swings

I still feel the cold air rushing through my lungs

History is a silence that's so deafening

Misery how beautiful you look tonight in this shallow grave

It's not deep enough

What's it like to be where the grass is always green

Remind me, I can't remember

The noise will fade and the history will stay forever

And I dread December

I crave the summer days when we were young

But summer came with more of the same

The same old song that cuts so deep

It's sad to say, I crave my grave

Put me in my grave

Put me in my grave

My grave

Dead and gone

But my wounds still bleed the same

And I just won't die

I've tried everything but I feel no pain

As my body swings

I still feel the cold air rushing through my lungs

History is a silence that's so deafening