

The Real Mcquade

Kenotia

Bound in flesh where blood runs deep,
and underneath are 1000 years tied to stones thrown in,
not deep enough for me...

Who cares about these ties,
they bound me by my neck and they choke me,
Who cares about lost time,
Because you threw the clock away.

I'll cut the pieces of you away,
a monument to pain,
but cuts turn to scars and they don't fade,
it's all the same,
you never asked me what I thought of you,
it doesn't matter, who cares?

Who cares about these ties,
they bound me by my neck and they choke me,
Who cares about lost time,
Because you threw the clock away.
Why do I find its not so hard to say we're over and done with?
it's over.
Why do I find its not so hard for me to go,
Why do I find it's not so hard to say we're over and done with?
we're over. Why do I find it's not so hard for me to go?

Why do I find, it's not so hard to go?
Why do I find it's not so hard to leave?

Who cares about these ties,
they bound me by my neck and they choke me,
Who cares about lost time,
Because you threw the clock away.
Why do I find its not so hard to say we're over and done with?
its over.
Why do I find its not so hard to go?
Why do I find its not so hard to say we're over and done with?
It's over.
Why do I find its not so hard for me to leave.
Just go.