

Picking Up The Pieces

Killing The Dream

And now you've come so far and climbed so high, and all it cost
were the words we built ourselves up on. Another step. Just on
e more time. Why turn back now? As you're starting to forget so
mething we lost so long ago. But we remember the taste of our b
lood, you taught us all so well. Exhale. It's gone. One breath
and four years lost. Did you miss us as we fell through the cra
cks of your lies? But we found a home in the lowercase letters
of words you'll never read and songs you'll never hear. And you
'd remember, but we've bit our tongues for so long now that we
forgot what we had to say. We're spitting blood and you can't s
ee. But now we know tomorrow means nothing if we all die today.
But we won't die today. This doesn't die today.