

Hollowed Heart

Make Them Suffer

Another demon for you to hide
To make you cry yourself to sleep
But you're a star, you're a vision, you're a hero to me
But you're a mess, you're a mess
But you hold yourself so well
There's such a weight upon your chest
Yet you still keep it to yourself

Bang bang bang
That's the sound of your bedroom door
That's the sound of the bathroom stalls
They make you cry yourself to sleep

Bang bang bang
That's the sound of your bedroom door
That's the sound of the bathroom stalls
They make you cry yourself to sleep

So now those tears stream down your cheeks
Those demons haunt your every dream
Still, you keep it to yourself
But you hold yourself so well
To some a victim, but you're a hero to me

"Fucking coward, that's somebody's daughter"

"Another milestone, you've found a new low buried under their clothes"

Living life by the numbers
Your conventional routine
So pour yourself another drink
Living in fear of others
Biting nails between your teeth
Long nights, bad dreams, no sleep

And why you'd felt compelled
To somehow blame yourself
That's way too far, way too far beyond me

Bang bang bang
That's the sound of your bedroom door
That's the sound of the bathroom stalls
They make you cry yourself to sleep

Bang bang bang
That's the sound of your bedroom door
That's the sound of the bathroom stalls

I penned a note on your behalf
A poem for the host of a hollowed heart
They're fucking cowards
They make you cry yourself to sleep
They're all fucking cowards
They make you cry yourself to sleep