

Slit The Tear Ducts

The Amity Affliction

burn these bodies,
discard these broken hearts
tomorrow lets make an oath
to never be rid of this austerity.
slit the tear ducts and bleed them dry.
there was a call for you
to approach the end,
embrace the sadness..
so start the car but don't go anywhere,
you'll hate
wherever you end up.
believe me,
these wounds won't heal,
take thoughts from within your mind,
these wounds won't,
they wont heal at all..
burn these bodies,
discard these broken hearts tomorrow
lets make an oath to never be rid of austerity,
so slit the tear ducts and
bleed them dry.
kill the pulse doctor,
electrocute the patient,
his actions rendered me mute.
believe me, these wounds won't heal..
now I can see photographs departing
in smoke stacks sending signs of relief,
now departing,
in smoke stacks sending signs of relief, burn
these bodies, slit the tear ducts, bleed them dry..