

## (And the Chorus Sang) A Dead Refrain

### The Black Dahlia Murder

Skyscrapers - are crumbling - mountains move in my path  
the streets lights - are twisting - pulling me to the earth  
My veins are anchored in this city - I am defeated by this lack  
of conviction

I am crushed - by 800 miles - eyes widened in self loathing  
when the fucking dirt proves stronger  
than the most pure emotion that I've ever fucking had  
so what is left in life - but my destruction?  
why do my lungs still gasp - when I no longer breathe for you?  
where is the truth in my existence - when I have been cut off f  
rom  
your tender fingertips - all that I've known falls down around  
me  
every twisting tree and dead end street reminding me of you  
taking me back a year  
my life crawls on without you - amongst the endless snowing she  
ets  
disheartening moments of salvation come to me only when I am as  
leep  
I no longer stomach the denial - hiding the weakness of my bein  
g.  
the day to day has been a slow blur since you left  
only (your) forgiveness sets me free free  
the bridges - collapsing - hillsides are growing fast  
the pavement - is shifting - quicksand controls my will  
I question life and its true meaning  
I am defeated by this feebleness of will  
frenzied thoughts arrest my mind  
as I descend towards my eminent destruction  
the only thing I can rely on - when I lie even to myself  
skyscrapers - are crumbling - mountains are closing in my path  
the streets lights - are twisting - pulling me to the earth  
My veins are anchored in this city  
I am defeated by this lack of conviction  
am i already dead? I proceed hollow - unloved  
I am our burnt out memory - self mutilation is my mainstay  
tear me away - from the pictures of your face  
pry my eyes from your written word  
tear me away - from the bondage of regret  
convince me that I am alive  
this is the end - the end of everything  
all I held dear - has slipped from my grasp  
this is the end - the end of everything  
all whom I've loved - are fucking memories  
this is the end - the end of everything  
as I am ripe - for this demise  
this is the end - this is the end of everything

I kneel - godless and beaten

I long for moments when my eyes aren't blinded by emptiness.