

Notaries, The "Bruises And Cuts"

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Maybe tonight,
I'll start a fight,
and maybe I'll hold my tongue before I speak.
Maybe tomorrow I'll wake up,
with these bruises and cuts
left on me.
There's no escape,
from these days,
that just scream in my face,
"Just walk away!"

What, wakes you up,
when you're finally resting,
finally sleeping better than all of us?
I, know you lied,
when you said we'd be alright.

Walking down these hallways again,
passing time, and passing old friends.
I haven't passed a girl,
that doesn't remind me of you.
I saw you that day, a day too soon.

What, wakes you up,
when you're finally resting,
finally sleeping better than all of us?
I, know you lied,
when you said we'd be alright.

You're so close, but so far.
I was your sky, you were my star.
Is this who we are?
Is this who we are to become?
To move on?

What, wakes you up,
when you're finally resting,
finally sleeping better than all of us?
I, know you lied,
when you said we'd be alright.

There is no escape,
the windows are all locked down.
I guess it's my fate,
to be stuck in this place.
Regretting some actions?
Stalling the attractions,
of the former life,
that seems to beckon.

What, wakes you up,
when you're finally resting,
finally sleeping better than all of us?
I, know you lied,
when you said we'd be alright.

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