

## With A Voice

### "Sincerity"

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I can't begin to describe the feeling of causing your life  
to run out.  
But I'll try my best to forget.  
But every time I've tried to fix what I wronged, I know I  
put myself in hell.  
This is where I belong.  
I can't shake the thought of your blood.  
It haunts my thoughts to no end.  
I tied the rope around your neck like a noose made of  
apathy.  
What's the use in finding tomorrow if you don't get a  
second chance?  
I find comfort in blaming myself for this.  
I feel you closer now.  
I just wish that you could feel something.  
Am I as wicked as they come?  
My unfilled void came at your cost.  
That's just the price that you pay.  
Cut me up, let me feel his pain.  
Are my words reaching your ears?  
I need you to know I'll take this to the grave.  
The three bullets that entered your chest were meant  
for me, and I pulled the trigger.  
This can't be.  
I've let go of ever feeling okay.  
I only hope that you can forgive me.  
Because in the end my apology is as sincere as me  
damning myself.  
I carry the heaviest of hearts.  
My chest is filled with lead just as yours was.

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