

Silence, The "Amalie The Dead Boy"

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Here I am left alone inside myself
A wishing well, paradox of emotion
The Seed that made me grow into this lonely boy
It spits and calls you depression's toy
And she knows me by name

Sometimes even angels do bleed
(this is how it feels)
But do they pretend its okay?

Stay a while and watch me bleed memories
Trapped inside this house with me
It's haunting
The day I grew into this ugly boy
This place to call my home is dead to me
And she knows me by name

Sometimes even angels do bleed
(this is how it feels)
But do they pretend its okay?
(this is how it feels to choke)

So Amalie I have to let you go
This dead boy must hide all alone
Amalie you killed the shadows outside this dark
wishing well

It's not about the things you say
It's the emotion and the look on your face
All the things I used to know and used to feel

Sometimes even angels do bleed
(this is how it feels)
But do they pretend its okay?
(this is how it feels to choke)

So Amalie I have to let you go this dead boy must hide
all alone
Amalie you killed the shadows inside this dark cell
So I wish you well and I know it hurts, Amalie
Your friend, the ghost

The dead boy

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