

2 Cents

"The Mark Of My Pen"

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The mark of my pen, where should I begin
Well I am the ink and the ink is running thin
There's a weight on my chest, not atop but within
Begging me each day to stop and give in
Like an ocean of water, cold, black and dim
I am the ink and the ink is running thin
It's running thin, it's running thin

I am the glue that holds this house together
Cracked and faded through all the years I've measured
My success as a man on my every endeavor
Falling short once again, comfort no pleasure
Alone in the dark, I wait out the weather
'Cause I am the glue but this house is not together
It's not together, it's falling down

I am the sun as the last light hits the sea
I shine for a moment before night consumes me
I search for salvation, but they won't let me be
I'm nothing to no one try to set these thoughts free
My mind a dead forest, my heart a hollow tree
I am the sun and the last lights hit the sea
And that is where I'll live, and will forever be
Held by night's captivity
So when that sunbeam shines for your eyes to see
Know that I am the sun and the last lights hit the sea
It's hit the sea

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