

Connelly Chris

"Heartburn"

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I stare from behind the mirror
I still can't feel a thing
this house has been dead for years
it doesn't mean anything
the walls are soaked with indifference
the rooms occupied with despair
the bed rocks in its own ignorance
the windows just open and stare
a climate of unhappy families
all covered with dirt and with flies
breeding a hole for our secrets
so we can watch them all grow into lies
at the same time the room seems to mock you
parading your shadow of doubt
they pray for our silent audience
and beg for forgiveness without
I dreamed for years before now
I'd end up in a place like this
too scared in a room I refuse to call home
I knew it would end like this
I walk with a weight on my shoulders

of the promises that I broke
to get rid of my guilty secrets
throw them down that same hole
this house is a house of failure
of bitterness and remorse
of illness betrayal and torture
it means nothing of course
in the corner I swear I can hear
the ghost of you screaming at me
questioning misplaced virtues
and my infidelity
and even though I did not doubt you
no one said that you had to be right
the lights in the air that surround me
could turn my day into night
the company of the corpse here beside me
will haunt me forever like your screams
like everything else never leaves me alone
from my waking house into my dreams

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