

As Forever Fades "The Voice To Reason With"

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Once my half dead corpse collides with the earth,
How much tissue will be split?
(Don't jump, don't jump, don't you fucking dare)

The already anemic quality of trust dissipates into a
mirage

Free-fall makes the mind wander: Six others on the
back-burner
Sometimes the pan that heats the fastest
Sometimes the pan heats faster
It hits the hardest of all

Six years, five deaths, and four fucks later here I am

Inform me, once again why I am here with a voice
To reason with.
This life has become a montage.
Believe me the truth speaks louder than words (louder
than words)

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