

## **Chris Connelly**

### **"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 it's 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

