

Dead Swans "The Hanging Sun"

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Fuck!

Glass eyes... staring at uncaring hands,
Your sitting alone in the dark again.
With empty bottles by your side and blood stained
sheets,
Your still trying to hide.

Living alone in your personal hell,
Reciting lies until they're safe to tell.
Your precious act made me think I care,
Fuck those nights I'm never coming back!

Those fucking nights some slept in chains, hardly ever
breaking,
Others mourning to ears that were never listening.
We stayed up all night twisting old memories,
All pieced together and incomplete.
The hanging sun!

It watches me as I fall...
As we fall...
Fall...
As we fall.

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