

Drowningman

"Last Weeks Minutes..."

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say something and let it go. more lines for crossing
over everyday. it feels so good to let it go. saves me
from those thoughts inside my head. feels like the
things we say. gives them the words to choke on. the
things we say, will never make them love you. like heat
I rise. softest words ever spoke aimed like a gun at the
back of my throat. you said it anyway. I can hear them
in the back. I can hear them in the hall. I can hear them
when they say anything at all. it sounds like tiny
records trapped insides the grooves. when I try to turn
it over I can feel the whole place move. it's what I did,
it's what I said. it just a way for us to all wind up dead.
don't have to try to hard at all to make me hate you.
does it feel good? I've got friends that would die for
me. some might just kill who's next? my guess is you.
you fucking se ll out.

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