

Hester Prynne

"Dying Five Miles From Where You Were Born"

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There is no escaping this hell, nothing left to tell
myself. Every night gets
darker, and every morning I wake lifeless. Still
breathing, still grieving,
still able to feel the pain. Still breathing, still
grieving, completely
desolate. My eyes are artifacts watching the world
collapse. So long, good
riddance. In an open grave I await the end, fucking get
it over with now. End
this now. All that's left in me are fading memories.
There is nothing you can
say to try and save me. I'd rather never breathe again
if
it meant I could
forget every passing of love, all the years in disgust,
how could I trust in
anyone? Scars tie me to the past. These open wounds
will
never heal, only bleed
through eternity. There's no room left in heaven for the
undeserving. These
open wounds will never heal, only bleed through
eternity.
There's no room left
in heaven for me. All that's left in me are fading
memories. Who needs friends
with all these demons?

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