

Bury Your Dead **"Sympathy Orchestra"**

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This is a letter I started and
I'll ever get the chance to finish it.
I left the spaces here for you to fill in.
Cross them out, cross me out of the picture.
We've been living a weeks worth of truth in a years
worth of lies.
Now I feel so damaged.
So broken
So hollow
Now Reach out for me,
Touch these cracking ribs.

Sometimes I think you forgot my name
Sometimes I feel you forget my face

The way you lick your lips
Your body temperature climbs
You look at me
Like you were looking at
Last night
The way you lick your lips
Your body temperature climbs

Sometimes I think you forgot my name
Sometimes I feel you forget my face

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