

Killing The Dream "Part II"

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This isn't what I hoped I'd have to say.
It's nothing that you want to hear.
To say that nothing's changed would be understating
understatement.
Things change, times change- I remain the same,
but (only) distantly familiar.
Is this the way it is or just the way I've let it be?
I lie, I cheat, I steal, I kill.
If I could sleep, I dream of having reasons to wake up.
They lie, they cheat, they steal, they kill;
And every night they fall asleep content.
It's not depression for depression's sake,
or desperation for a song.
This is every day.
This is all I know.
So sick of days , dreading the nights.
So tired of fighting to keep off the lights.
So sick of searching for what's going to make it right.
And now you're sick of the same song?
I'm sick of writing it.
Falling apart when nothing's wrong.
I wish I could could write a line, a sentence, or a word
that could pretend for long enough to give you what
you want.
I wish I could write a line, a sentence, or a word that
could
pretend for long enough to tell me what I want.
But there's no resolution here,
I've learned better than to wish.
There's no resolution here.
There is only this.

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