

Matthew Mayfield "Dead To You"

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chances...we had when we were young
held as ransom...by Future's setting sun

there's no use fighting a faceless tyrant,
voices inside of my head...
with their subtle wishes and coldest kisses
they'll climb up inside of my bed

what's the use...in pushin through...when i'm already
dead to you

sirens...screaming in my ear
like the silence...that only i can hear

now we're stocking our empty pockets,
with remnants of we had said...
just like tears of daughters for sleeping fathers,
my heart was too much for your head.

what's the use...in pushin through...when i'm already
dead to you

Well all this mystery and all this silence
We don't know what we have become
Oh we lit this match and we hit the gas
Now we're holding our ears and our tongues
And our tongues

There's no use fighting a faceless tyrant
Voices inside of my head
With their subtle wishes and coldest kisses
They'll climb up inside of my bed

what's the use... in pushin through... when I'm
already dead to you

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