

Converge

"Hell To Pay"

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Cheap lips, soft eyes, lost in the most blinding lights

As cold as those first nights alone

As the second best he'll become

Sleep deep, girl, dream well

That night, I think he cried himself to sleep

Just maybe, he felt more than we could ever know

And I think he pulled that trigger to empty that memory

I think he cut the weight to end the floods of you

Let him soar, let him ride as budding gravestones do

Just sleep, girl, just dream well

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