

Parabelle

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The pieces are shattering,
They left a hole where your heart should have been,
Breathless and smothering,
I'm told you wear it well, you told me that you lived,
You were wrong, blessed with your face in my hands,
One merely suffocates alone,
Innocent when we began,
Why don't I feel?

Why won't I listen?
What makes this fate so surreal?
And why can't I stay away,
Rough start, rough stay till it's real
But it will never be

Unless there's a miracle, my faults aside,
It'd take a miracle,
It took some time for you to wonder what you've done,
Anyone can see that you're haunted by the kill,
Broke with my faith in your hands,
Why can't I breathe?

Why won't you listen?
What makes this fate so surreal?
And why can't I stay away,
Rough start, rough stay till it's real
But it will never be

You said whatever was before
Won't ever stop till you're alone,
And we were walking when we're wounded,
And we were walking when we're wounded
Cursed with your blood on my hands,
Why can't we believe?

Why won't we listen?
What makes this fate so surreal?
And why can't I stay away,
Rough start, rough stay till it's real
But it will never be

You said whatever was before
Won't ever stop till you're alone
And you said whatever was before
Won't ever stop till you're alone,
Till you're alone

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