

Dead Poetic "Hostages"

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Ten frozen memories lost into your pool of interrupted
thought

I could have reminisced for hours

But right now you are all I get to remember

I'm waiting for something to get through to you

I'm waiting to see a truer side of you, and we're

Let's make this quick

I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away

Let's make this quick

I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away

Cut broken enemies off into your pit of non-valuable
losses

Could have stayed and dreamt for days

But the sight must be far worse than the taste

And I'm waiting for something to get through to you

And I'm waiting to burn compassion into you and we're

We don't even know if we're to blame for all of this

We don't even know if we're in the clear, the clear

We don't even know if we should bank on any of this

And we don't even know if we'll go, if we'll go, if we'll

go

So let's make this quick

I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away

Let's make this quick

I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away

This isn't happening, leave me with myself

Leave me with myself

This isn't happening, leave me with myself

Leave me with myself

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