

Death Of An Artist "Abuser"

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Suffering, is it enough to break you down?
Permanent, are you afraid to stick around?

You'll speak when your spoken to.
You'll leave when I tell you to.

So let me talk about this,
the story starts when the silence gets hit.
When its perfectly aligned to a bystanders bliss,
you tell me your the one for me,
and lives come to this,
don't tell me what is good for me,
don't fucking stand and lie to me.

Im done with trying to keep these hands clean,
don't with giving all just to prove what I mean.

You'll speak.

I cant keep holding this in,
when theres nothing to hold on to.
I cant keep pushing you back,
when your nothing to hold on to.

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