

One Dead Three Wounded "Blackholes"

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Hey kid listen, I'm trying to tell you about the human condition

You are your own black hole.

Hey kid listen, I'm giving depth to your flat world vision.

You are your own black hole.

Disown what you can't control

You are your own black hole

Silence, can you hear it?

It's the sound of a man without spirit.

And the walls keep crumbling down around a self made victim.

I got this rope to pull you up but I can't save you if you wont grab a hold.

I can't save you if you wont save yourself.

I tried to heal your heart.

I tried to sail your shipwreck in the dark

This is the fine art of swinging and missing.

This is the fine art of sinking and swimming.

You see, it takes time to find a balance in such things.

You'll learn the fine art of crossing burnt bridges.

Old friend, fight physics.

Forget the cynicism in my lyrics.

You and I will laugh one day at our foolish mistakes.

With my bare hands, I will dig you out.

But I can't save you if you wont grab a hold.

I can't love you if you wont love yourself.

Hey kid, listen. Just don't suck me in.

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