

Vela Whisper "The Rift"

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I swear I can't stand the thought
Of watching you while you tare me apart.
One interruption after another, after another.
I'm finding my center.
Building a resentment.
You are a wolf in sheep's clothing.
I don't have the patience to listen to your complaining.
Every noise you make is like I'm coloring outside the
lines.
And encounters like this are so far from rare.
I never thought that you would end up like this now I
see,
You always had an excuse...
Were always trying to leave me to fend for myself.
I never needed your help.
You are a wolf in sheep's clothing.
Dead set on taking everything from me.
Lining the back of my throat Is a dried up pool of blood
From repeating myself over and over and over again,
But you never heard a f*cking word I said.
You are dead to me, dead to the world.
You gave me all the hope I had.
While stealing from my outstretched hands.
Sad to see a good thing end.
I'm leaving you behind again.

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