

Anberlin

"Alexithymia"

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There's someone inside me that softly kills everyone
around
They don't know they're dead to me 'cause intent never
makes a sound
All along, they found us strangled, lovers have learned
from slower hands
With these eleven minutes, I could teach you what I am

You're sick, sick as all the secrets that you deny
Sins like skeletons are so very hard to hide
You're sick, sick as all the secrets that you deny
Sins like skeletons are so very hard to hide

There's a knot of seclusion, production and depression
If a stranger turns up missing, this song is my
confession
Tell the tales of the trail of dead, lovers learn from
slower hands

Losing self in myself, inner demons make demands

You're sick, sick as all the secrets that you deny
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You're suffocating me, so very hard to breathe
My mask is growing heavy but I've forgotten who's
beneath

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