

## Strung Out

### "Dead Spaces"

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These lines on my face give up the time.  
This blood withering through my veins is life like wine.  
Drink to our last kiss and write a book about the mess.  
A life in vulgar poetry, a testament in rhyme.  
Incinerate while we can.

So now I sit alone in the dark in the house we used to  
play the part.  
Empty rooms and photographs shout back in silence.  
Dead spaces echo an attack for the love of what we  
used to both call home.

Wave a white flag and count me out.  
Recognize how sanity would feel.  
The space between these lines that I could never quite  
reveal.  
In the blink of an eye that's just too short to suffocate  
and kill.

So now I sit alone in the dark in the house we used to  
play the part.  
Empty rooms and photographs shout back in silence.  
Dead spaces echo an attack for the love of what we  
used to both call home.

It's been two weeks without a sign of anyone.  
I left the world behind cuz I don't wanna believe in love.  
Anxiety of a future we cannot command  
too broken for the test, too toxic for a stand.

So I laid down and lost myself to the things I could not  
live down.  
We are the wings of doves too broke to fly, to carry on.  
So I laid down and lost myself to the things I could not  
live down.  
We are the wings of doves too broke to fly, to carry on.  
TO CARRY ON!

So now I sit alone in the dark in the house we used to  
play.  
Empty rooms and photographs in silence.

As the memories come rushing back dead spaces echo  
an attack.  
All for the love we left in silence.

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