

East Coast Standards Time

"Sledgehammer"

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Oh, the agony. She wears it well,
just like the smell. It fits her perfectly.
She's dressed for success but beneath she seems,
there's nothing but failure and shattered dreams.

Wake up, open your eyes. We're still caught in the
same old situation.
And I'm tired of playing all of your fucking games.
We are still dying here.
We are still dying here.

Pushing your head down deeper, let the water fill your
lungs.

I won't breathe again. I won't breathe for you.

They say that all the new beginnings has,
has an end and this is where we fall short.

I feel the sweat running down my fingertips.
All I taste is the poison from your lips.
This is for all the tears that I've shed, for all the months
I've bled.

I won't rest until you're dead.

This is for all the tears that I've shed,
this is for all the months that I've bled for you.
And I won't rest. 'Cause this is for all the tears that I've
shed.

I won't breathe again, I won't breathe for you.

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