

# Alexithymia

## Anberlin

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  
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  
You're suffocating me, so very hard to breathe  
My mask is growing heavy but I've forgotten who's beneath  
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

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