

Murder

Ours

Tied down to the things we can't let go of
Realized too many dreams we can't recover
We lied down in our sleep and began to choke
We lied down in a dream and we never woke
Life doesn't have any meaning, everything is a joke
Then eating out of your hands would never anything to show
We tried to get off clean but we would never grow
Prison can't be worse than living with the pain of no
Murder, murder, murder, murder
We fight about the things
we never even had control of
In and out of thoughts, so many different people bought
Self-serving ramblings in your favorite journal
Won't bring you peace until you learn to read yourself
Murder, murder, murder, murder
La, la, la, la, la, la
Bow down to the things that you let go of
Eating out of thought seems to never have anything to show
Even if it hurts, with love you couldn't leave it slower
Slipping from your cause, your waiting for your dream to come
Murder, murder
Given the things you bought with murder

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