

The Escape

Killing The Dream

I'm running out of distractions to keep me from the truth, and I'm running out of places I can go to stay away. This broken glass has only sharpened with the years, and I can't remember how it looked before it fell so fast.

What will become of this when I'm gone? It's sad to say, but from here, there's not much left anyways. But tonight I'm staying in, it's warmer than outside. And thoughts can't echo off the walls like through the air. If you can't read this, it's because my hands are shaking from the cold of another night alone. So tell me that to dream about tonight, because I never got that far on my own. And God, hold onto me tonight. Pull me close before I slip away. I've truned from you, but it might not be too late. And maybe this is wrong, but if it all goes as planned, you'll never know I'm gone.

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