

# Restless & Cold

## Bury Tomorrow

I am broken and cold.  
Restless and low.  
I am a child alone, lost in the road.  
I am a body without a soul.  
Broken, I feel like my soul has been lifted.  
For twenty-five years I've been drifting.  
A shade so cold.  
A heart of stone.  
To the darkness I call my own.  
I am screaming:  
"Am I more than just flesh and bone?"  
You don't want me to say what I've wanted to say.  
It would unleash a hell, worst than you've ever known.  
It wasn't ever meant to end in this way.  
We kept our heads below.  
The art of letting go.  
It wasn't even meant to feel like this.  
No  
We kept our heads below.  
The art of letting go.  
I am knotted, I am twisted.  
Silence, not a whisper.  
Mouth sewn shut, you never know who is listening.  
Haunted  
So many things I could never say.  
For fear of destroying all the progress we've made.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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