Twist the Knife

Chunk! No, Captain Chunk!

Like fading pictures, I'm starting to lose hope
Of anything to show right now
I'm waiting out the cold
If I scream my lungs out, would you be listening
You'll be sorry when you see the hell I bring

You said it all (you said it all)
Yeah you're running ...
It's impossible for things to not get better

What kills me the most when the knife gets twisted
With all the freight, that's how it begins
I'm about to burn these bridges
Cross you out and cut you off again

Like shadow dreams, this routine's getting old
I'm losing grip of everyone, I just do what I'm told
When the curtain closes, all I am is me
That's my only way out of this tragedy

You showed me no reason
Forever faking tries
Weaving seems like the only real good advice

Don't test my patience
Who's knows when I might implode
No more variation of the truth
I'm ready to take on

What kills me the most when the knife gets twisted
What kills me the most when the knife gets twisted

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