

Three Years

[Dmitri Hvorostovsky](#)

The writing on the wall
The words that I can't read
Three years, is a long, long time
Your heart beats close to mine
There's no wrong or right
When it breaks
It breaks so miserably
I'm leaving constantly
You always said that
"I feel dead, nothing left for me"
The writing on the wall
The words that I can't read
I refuse to let this bury me
Three years, were the best of times
A time of sacrifice
There's no wrong or right
When it breaks
It breaks so miserably
My world got in the way
I've paid the price
The constant lies, opened up my eyes
The writing on the wall
The words that I can't read
I refuse to let this bury me
The writing on the wall
The words that I can't read
I think about you constantly
All the obstacles in my head now
I feel nothing, what was said
I hear nothing, and I feel no pain
All the obstacles in my head
I look at life through
Black eyes now
My mind, it screams to slow down
I hit a wall every single day
My worst fears, staring back at me
When it breaks, it breaks so miserably
I'm leaving constantly
You always said
"I feel dead, nothing left for me"
The writing on the wall
The words that I can't read
I refuse to let this bury me

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