

# Every Day, The Same

## Hotel Books

Walking down aisles of vintage stores and peacefully window shopping

Stalking the nightmare that cuts your core and keeps you sobbing

He could be anywhere around you and you just don't know it

The person who ended your greatest joy and truest friendship

It's common courtesy to stay at the scene of the crash but he drove away

And left your heart to reflect upon a peaceful past

Every day, the same tortured silence What if the future's just to remind me

That my past was my only blessing? You said, "What if the man who killed my wife sleeps in the house next door to mine?

That's the reality with unsolved crimes

He lives with a burden but she only lives in your mind

What if the hollowed out feeling is a memory that I can barely find?"

Where does faith come in when it's already been confirmed that she has died?

What if the future's just to remind me

That my past was my only blessing?

Where is the sense of thriving?

We're all so sick of dying

I've seen this eat you alive

I've seen that death can be done You beg for silence but you're a constant echo

A voice buried from a past

(We're all so sick of dying)

Survivor's guilt because you didn't want to let go

And now it's buried in your flesh

(We're all so sick of dying)

There is faith but then there is fact

You're still here and she's not coming back

You're still here and she's not coming back

What if the future's just to remind me

That my past was my only blessing?

Where is the sense of thriving?

We're all so sick of dying

I've seen this eat you alive

I've seen that death can be done

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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