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 silenceWhat 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 doneYou 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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