# My Unsaid Everything

## Converge

I said that name and skipped a heartbeat. I said it with a second chance and a forgetful smile. I said it with the faint glimmer of suicide. I tashe my wreckage in our conversations deep under the faint hums of far gone engines. With all signal flares blazing we lay somewhere inbetween the smeale of yellow lines and a yar of empty promises. I long for the grant of wings. I long for the dead of night when all of this passes. You never meant those three words. Now I can't remember how to set my heart alight you never meant a word. No a fucking word of it. Iam so sick of goodbyes. So sick of committing suicide. I am so sick of the inbetween, now and then. So sick of swinging the hammer. So sick of my suicide, of burying every hero that I had every hero that I had.

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/