

# Hostages

## Dead Poetic

Ten frozen memories lost into your pool of interrupted thought  
I could have reminisced for hours  
But right now you are all I get to remember  
I'm waiting for something to get through to you  
I'm waiting to see a truer side of you, and we're Let's make this quick  
I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away  
Let's make this quick  
I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away Cut broken enemies off into your pit of non-valuable losses  
Could have stayed and dreamt for days  
But the sight must be far worse than the taste  
And I'm waiting for something to get through to you  
And I'm waiting to burn compassion into you and we're We don't even know if we're to blame for all of this  
We don't even know if we're in the clear, the clear  
We don't even know if we should bank on any of this  
And we don't even know if we'll go, if we'll go, if we'll go So let's make this quick  
I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away  
Let's make this quick  
I'll bother you, you'll tear it away, tear it away This isn't happening, leave me with myself  
Leave me with myself  
This isn't happening, leave me with myself  
Leave me with myself

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