# 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'reLet'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 awayCut 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'reWe 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 goSo 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 awayThis 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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