

Thrown to the Wind

Like Moths to Flames

I'm counting down until the day
that I can close my eyes
Sick of the lows that come with the highs
I'm counting down until the day
that I can reach past the light
To find there is no other side
Searching for hope becomes a disease
Too sick to live
Too sick to bleed
(Too sick to bleed)
You make things hard on yourself
when you start bleeding out for someone else
These are the numbered days
we can't erase
Don't spend a lifetime making the same mistakes
Over and over again
We cave in
Without thinking
We throw ourselves to the wind
I'm counting down until the day that the sun
swallows the world whole
And all of hell follows
I'm counting down until the day
there's nothing left inside me
And all my bones are hollowed out
Searching for hope becomes a disease
Too sick to live
Too sick to fucking bleed
Too sick to fucking bleed
Too sick to bleed
You make things hard on yourself
when you start bleeding out for someone else
These are the numbered days
we can't erase
Don't spend a lifetime making the same mistakes
Over and over again
We cave in
Without thinking
We throw ourselves to the wind

I'm so sick of all the lows
that come with the highs
I'm so sick of all the lows
that come with the highs

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

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