Sever

Silent Theory

You should be counting your blessings,
From the cradle to the grave,
Itâ€™s not that I am alone,
Itâ€™s that thereâ€™s nothing left to say.
Fear and closure,
Canâ€™t go hand in hand,
Lust and leisure,
Never have a plan.
Time worth saving,
The line we draw is fine,
Free to follow,
But never change your mind.
But donâ€™t make me act like weâ€™ve been here before,
Thereâ€™s nothing left of our life,
Pain is my only disguise.

Chorus:
Bleed, all alone by yourself,
And in due time,
Does it comfort you yet, to lose your mind?
Sever the bind that holds you down,
Does it comfort you yet?

Pain and sorrow,
Now that goes hand in hand,
The hate we borrow,
Has stolen from the plan.
Nothing ventured, nothing gained,
Time to let go,
And sever the pain.

Chorus

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Itâ€™s not that I am alone,
Itâ€™s that thereâ€™s nothing to say.

Chorus

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