

Forsaken

Converge

The cedar doesn't do much for these memories
I am as cold as the monuments you left for me
 And another one passes in the evening
 A knee deep grave and the two that raised
 and a tin box for the two that I loved
 And I carry on
 Please lay out my best suit for me
 and tell me every word you want to hear
Every word you have said to yourself to be perfect in the end
 and I carry on
 A tin box for the two that loved
 Carry on

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