

Callous Heart

Devil Sold His Soul

I will not rest until I find my blackened heart. How can you want to say this is broken? This is over.

I'm so full of love that I just want this out of the way, and your face is not the same. I found out the hard way. Sometimes I wonder if I even know you, you're not the same. I can't pretend that this hasn't changed my mind.

I know that we won't break, but the lives you fought never kept us breathing, and the waters rising so fast, we're together. Breathing in the white noise, I can see the static rise. This is my own fault for taking back the one thing that kept us breathing, or the way that we had to have such cold hearts. This is not the way that it's supposed to be.

I'm so full of love that I just want this out of the way and your face is not the same. I found out the hard way. Sometimes I wonder if I even know you, you're not the same as I once knew you to be. I'm so bored of running and all of these goddamn dead ends, and the hate of what you said. Has your conscience spoken? Have you come to realise the hole you're digging? I can't pretend that this hasn't changed my mind.

And now you see, you're so fucking callous. This isn't the way it was supposed to be. My mind is made up, this is over. This isn't the way it was supposed to be.