

Mark Morton, Cross Off (ft. Chester Bennington)

cross off the days gone
cross off the days gone
gone by

wasting away
a self-inflicted slow decay
what should've been
what never was
becme the end for both of us

heavy is the hand that point the finger
finger
heavy is the hand that point the finger
anger
so lay them all to wast
years you decided to erase
and cross off the days

so black out ad hide behind the lines
keep staring down the Sun and hope the
light will finally blind your eyes from seeing
cross off the days gone
cross off the days gone
cross off the days gone

cutting you free
the phantom limb was part of me
YOU HAVE LIVED, YOU HAVE LOST
THE SEPARATION'S WORTH THE COST

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gone by
making my way back form madness
shifting my thoughts from the blackness
and the sadness, but the fact is
I am swinging through life like a clenched fist
fuck sanity
I wanna bleed
can't kill the pain
it's everything
it's all I feel
it's what I breathe
turn the hate I breed into what I need

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anger

did you survey everything you laid to waste

and across off the days?

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