

Tabula Rasa, Dead Air

Give me the reason I can't see ahead
What's stopping me, who's stopping me?
When is the next time my one chance will pass me by again?

Repetition's killing me (like this city)

I tried believing this would make more sense
So I won't cut myself short
I've crossed this dead end one too many times before to see it end

Burning out this phrase again
Replaying over time in my head

Can't hold my breath and hope the air will clear
Can't rely on time if that window shuts
I've crossed this dead end one too many times before to see an end

Save me
My ending is far too clear
This doesn't stop here
This doesn't change anything

Burning out this phrase again
Replaying over time in my head