I was 14, going on 15, the story of a boy, too big for this wor ld. my eyes are open, they're wide open, but peace does not ret urn, it's just broken.

who will pay the forfeit now my dear? who will learn the lesson s here?

i was 18, going on 19

the story of a boy too old for this world. ashes to ashes, they 're just ashes, and to dust we shall return. strike the matches . strike the matches!

who will pay the forfeit now my dear? who will learn the lesson s here?

you're gone you're gone life just goes on

if this is the end, let's walk away and start again