

Where do we begin to tell you it's all wrong
To break your spirit and kill your soul
It's so unclear If I try to heal it or stay away

Where do we even begin
To show you it's all a myth
And burn the pages in this
Facsimile that we live

I've never been one to digress
Never been one that they'd miss
If this is death, I want to be released in it

Tell me it's not the truth
I mean nothing to you
I've been watching as
You waltzed with wounds that ensued

But you won't stay the fuck away
Now I can't distinguish this from anything relinquishing
The pain, it's keeping me
I'm tempted to dilute the seas with crimson haze
The waves like blades will sway into the face of all the ones t
hat stay around me

Even when I finally think I've come to the point of self growth
and perseverance
I let all the hard work accomplished fall right through the ver
y hands that labored for the cause
I don't think I can do it anymore

Where do we even begin? (I don't think I can be this person)
Where do we even begin? (That paints a happy face every agonizi
ngly miserable day)
Where do we even begin? (Just a puppet to be pulled through dir
t and hardship with nothing to be earned in return but dismay a
nd angst)
Where do we even begin? (Asphyxiating every day under reminders
of the way I used to behave)
Where do we even begin? (The way I used to be brave)
(I often wonder what things would have possibly been like)
Where do we even begin? (What could have been the right decisio
ns?)
(I should know this and I should have listened to the warnings)
Where do we even begin? (You've given me but I just couldn't he
lp it)
(And you...)
Where do we even begin to bring realization to the eyeless roam

er? (Couldn't help yourself)