

I resent the flowers that your mom brought  
For the kitchen counter  
I resent the version of myself  
You couldn't love forever

I regret the sculptures that I shaped  
For you to think that I was great  
Were you my syndicate  
Or were we bound to separate? Mmm

Somethin' in the pink storm of the apartment  
In the college dorm  
Shaved my skin right from the muscle  
Bled me dry then poured me a double

Asked if I could take it that much longer  
Set your keys down on the counter  
Did not impart much wisdom  
The liquor dripped down in my system

Twenty-one, in the corner of my mind  
Would've died for the antonym of blind  
Would've, would've died  
Twenty-one, what a stupid reckless age  
All the happiness that you had waged  
The happiness that you have had to wage  
And everything that I now hate  
Including what your eyes create

Do you think that you'd ever shell out  
The benefit of the doubt?  
If I'm the monster lurkin'  
You're the one behind me smirkin'

Asked if you could take it that much longer  
You left me with a silent offer  
If you could leave unscathed  
I'd bear the cost to separate

Twenty-one, in the corner of my mind  
Wasn't old enough to see the signs  
I couldn't if I tried  
Twenty-one, were you waitin' to be saved?  
All the peace you would procrastinate  
All the peace that you would procrastinate

Tomorrow you'll clean the graveyard on the bedside space  
And you'll go to bed real early  
And you'll meditate  
And you'll leave the party late  
And you'll separate  
And you'll think yourself deserving  
And you'll liberate  
And you'll get closer to thirty  
And you'll resign your hate