

At 17

Figured my whole God damn slate would be clean
No big mistakes
Love turned to hate
Time gone to waste
Or insecurity
How wrong a girl can be

Teenage backstabs for no reason
Don't quite pierce enough to kill
Love goes and turns into betrayal
A lot can happen in a year

Flash back to 16
Helpless in my room
Staring in the mirror
Begging for anything new
Gone is innocence
And ignorance
Gone is any trace
Of the girl I used to be

Rest in pieces
Rest in hate
Despite the madness
Found reason in each wound

Life is to experience
But it's left me black and blue

At 17

Figured my whole damn slate would be clean
No big mistakes
Love turned to hate
Time gone to waste
Or insecurity
How wrong a girl can be
How wrong a girl can be

I'm right one every hundred times
Can't help myself from asking why
They disregard how hard I try
That's something I can't justify

My life is changing
Grew up racing
And losing every time
Stuck in false optimistic dreams
Real life is catching up with me
My heart is tearing at its seams
Hope's just a fucking smokescreen

But effort's passion
And satisfaction
Just want to feel like me

At 18

I'll know the ups and downs - just life's routine
Some big mistakes
Love turned to hate
Time gone to waste and insecurity

Here's to 18