

Fighting with violence on my mind
Thoughts I can't define
Tell me I'm waiting here to die
Running out of time

I find myself wondering
Why try when every ending is in sight?

Maybe I'm just scared to grow
Too afraid of letting go
And I confess I'm so alone
I'm on a tightrope, scared to die young
Every color fades to gray
As the feeling fades away
And I confess I've dug my grave
I'm on a tightrope, scared to die young

Now I'm ashamed what I gave then was not enough
I'm not the same as the day that I'm talking of
But I'm aware that I'm barely just hanging on
I see my shame in the darkness I'm running from

And I, I find myself wondering
Why try when I'm on the edge of a knife?

Maybe I'm just scared to grow
Too afraid of letting go
And I confess I'm so alone
I'm on a tightrope, scared to die young
Every color fades to gray
As the feeling fades away
And I confess I've dug my grave
I'm on a tightrope, scared to die young

And now it's clear I've come undone
We said that what's done is done
And I'm aware I'm drawing blood
To settle what I've become

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Too afraid of letting go
And I confess I'm so alone
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