

No one ever makes a sound
The lights are turned off in my house
No one ever comes around
I like it that way
Even though sometimes I wish
The opportunities I've missed
Come back to me and just insist
I'd still say no again

And late at night is when I feel it the most
I know it's bad to just rot and decompose till I
Feel alright inside my head, inside my soul
And I wish it wasn't like this but it's the constant push and pull

And I just push away everyone that ever loved me
And I pull away from all the ones that want to help
I'm not okay inside my head, inside my soul
I wish it wasn't like this but it's the constant push and pull

Comfortable in my own space
Finding comfort in the pain
Being lonely at my pace
I like it that way
This is my private exile
This is my writing style
I'm still a fragile child
And I write songs about me

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But I'll still turn all of my lights off
Fall asleep in my own bed
I'll still dream and sleep
And sleep and dream some more
Until I'm dead
I'll still say I'm sorry
Even if it's not my fault
I'm never gonna change
And wonder why they
Still like me at all