

This is the first time that I've seen
Exactly where I want to be
and how the fuck I'll make it there
And I'm sick of looking back
at all the chances I once had
To see for the first time

They're all crawling away from it slowly, all afraid of the light
But i see colors and I see structures, strictly one of a kind

I think I know which way i'm headed, just need to follow the light
What's the sense in waiting for it to come? If I fail i know i tried.

But every time i turn the page,
i see your god-damn haunting face
It's in my way
Rest assured this will stay the same,
well go ahead and drain my veins
Drain my veins

I'm not looking back, I'm not looking back at all the chances I once had.