

Withered

Bloom

Eight years of my life
Dedicated (Dedicated)
Eight years of my life
Desolated (Desolated)

Where dreams are buried and hope goes to die
You'll find me trying to bring this dead horse back to life
If I give up on all I wanted
Will you still look me in the eye?
It's not worth the risk

Was my dream worthless?
Did I not hope hard enough?
Cause this life's not the one I conjured up
Grieve my former self and the years I lost
Try to dig myself out, the fallacy of sunken cost

Eight years of my life
Eight years of my life

Your belief, my youth
Your vision, my truth
Your belief, my youth
I can't undo

Was my dream worthless?
Did I not hope hard enough?
Cause this life's not the one I conjured up
Grieve my former self and the years I lost
Try to dig myself out, the fallacy of sunken cost

It's not worth it
Didn't hope hard enough
Cause this life's not the one I conjured up
Grieve my former self and the years I lost
Try to dig myself out, the fallacy of sunken cost

Eight years of my life
Eight years of my life
Dedicated
Desolated

Withered me
Never bloomed
Withered life
Dead for

Withered me
Never bloomed
Withered life
Dead for you

Dead for you
Never bloomed