

It's hard to talk about someone I hardly know  
I just want to go back to the same things I always go back to  
I'm to the point of disbelief that I even question what I see  
Second guessing what's right in front of me

I can look at my best friends, and I can see the hope, the strength, it's real  
Leaving me wondering when all that died in me  
The same passion is there, but it's in an opposite vein  
I tried to feel that optimism, but who the fuck am I kidding?  
I've lost so much fucking time to all the lingering  
Too busy hiding from the man I'm becoming

Can't bear this fucking weight, it's much too heavy to take  
I don't know what's heavier, the cloud in my head or the weight  
on my shoulders

I don't see shit in myself, but if you say you see something  
I fucking swear I'll keep trying. I'll fucking try 'til I'm dying  
That's why I cover all my skin, 'cause I'm not happy with the person within  
I use the ink to remind me that forever exists