

Roam

Distinguisher

In the end
We're left to roam

I feel I've found the end
The way our bodies will stray
A feeling I can't push away
Now through this tunnel
We'll travel deeper & deeper
Until we strike that final hour

Now down the path, we'll trail
Taken aback by nothing of avail
Where will we stand at the end of this?
Where will we stand?

'Cause I'm so sick of it all
Sick of me, sick of you
I'm losing it all (Losing it all)
Sick of it all, sick of it all
Hate to say it
But now I'm leaving
Hate to say it
But now I'm done

You gave me the false hope
That this would be my home
Now I know this is the end
I'm left to roam

Roam
My only choice is to go

Where will we stand
Where the fuck will this ever land?
Where will we stand?

'Cause I'm sick of it all
I'm left to cope with the fact that
I've lost it all (All)
Sick of it all
Hate to say it
But now I'm leaving
Hate to say it
But now I'm

Feeling so ripped apart and disconnected
This has never felt like a home
Never have I received
Any true comfort from you
I know where I must go

You gave me the false hope
That this would be my home
Now I know this is the end
I'm left to roam

Roam

I'm left to roam

This is the end of the road
No one but me
I'm left to roam
In the end of it all

I, I'm left to roam
I'm left
I'm left to roam
I am left
Left to roam