It's the search.

The search to find something we can call our own.

I'm afraid I've stayed in this place for too long without a pur pose

and it's the light I can't see anymore.

We're all sinners, we're all sinners. It's just so hard to see you like this.

My focus is strong.

Let's find some beautiful place to get lost. There's no room for error when we keep to ourselves, when we keep to ourselves.

I'm afraid I've stayed in this place for too long without a pur pose

And I feel I was put here to fight for you, but it's the light, it's the light I can't see anymore.

We're all sinners, we're all sinners, it's just so hard to see you like this.

I've been tearing everything in this room apart, telling everyone that you're something to me but what's done is done.

This abandonment can't be held against me. But what's done is done. We're all sinners.