

.stage 4 fear of trying.

Frank Iero

If I face my fear
Would my skies be all but clear?
Probably not, then again
I've always held my doubts so close to my heart
That these frames trapped all my better days
There they stay frozen and unscathed

Though I've traveled far
I've been back to the start
And I found some scars in places I have never shown to anyone
I don't know why it took so long to get back home

"If you could hear the dreams I've had, my dear..."
Yea I know, you've heard that line before
But if I had the chance to scream all the things I've underlined
Yea you'd find I'm a thief
But my taste is so refined

And I traveled far, I reached for the stars
But those stars don't reach back
They're better left alone
Everyone will tell you
I never felt more alone than when I fell
I don't know why it took so long to get back home

All these miles just to get back home
Travelled all these miles just to get back home [x2]