

What's Left Behind

Fuck the Facts

I used to think. That you were good. That you were passionate. Your life seemed to be. What you wanted the most. You screwed up. All for your dreams. By pushing everyone that was around you. I need to breathe. To keep control. A twisted quest for power has begun. Reverse the time. I want to erase the moment. When you decided to come along. Your mind. Memories. Of what's left behind. Your guts are hungry. And your head crammed with stress. Your mind. Memories. Of what's left behind. Your heart won't follow. You can't stand yourself. Look around. Trying to reach. Everything that you failed. Don't budge. You won't succeed. You're already half a decade too late. When I take my last strength. To water down what's behind. I know you are lost because the fire won't stop. Plunge your eyes. Go straight in mine. The vulture in my heart will hunt you down; the need to scream. To forget about control. A two player challenge for power won't be won. Looking at you. Still and cold I have no regrets. Your tears don't reach my thoughts. Don't look for comfort in my eyes. Grab ahold of yourself. Change the speed of your breath. I want to erase the moment. When you decided to come along. Your guts are hungry. And your head crammed with stress. Your mind. Memories of what's left behind. I won't take any time. Trying to know you better. You strike again. And crash on my world. You make me remember what I can't stand you. Is this even real or just in your built up stories?