

Everything we've lost was a sacrifice, an invitation to a dance
on the strings of life

Fucked up a life
Doing my time for this
Going to war with myself
Now I want to resign to the fact you were boarding a train call
ed suicide
I can feel the itch that was screwing your mind
Feeling God damn guilty
Feeling guilty and alone

Coldblooded notion, so sublime
Illuminate the words you could never find
Claustrophobic design, glowing analogue white
There is no occasion or time that's right

Toxic indoctrination to keep my head strong
It took me 8 fucking years to admit I was wrong
I've playing the victim for far too long
It took me 8 fucking years to admit I was wrong

A parting of ways
I'm counting the days

Eight fucking years
Years of disdain

Digging out what's buried deep inside of this hole
Boiling blood, still scared of how deep it goes

I guess you're laughing at me, at least at how I've been
Underlining my life's sarcastic theme
Self-righteous ego laying underneath
Can't imagine the silence that brought you to your knees

Imagine the silence
That brought you to your knees

Sorry for the passing of years and seasons
I didn't want you to die
I'm still here considering all of the reasons
But now I understand why