

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 called 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