

I refuse to relive my past
live with no discretion in my head
all the hours I was living
inside I was dead
I refuse to reflect upon a past that I now regret
because living with the past is harder than it is to forget
its your choice
discard your final chance
destined to die by your own hand
I'll bleed for my faults and I'll die for my cause
true in every breath to myself til my death
for all of the time that you wasted away
a year of life for every wasted day
a constant reminder of what I used to be
but you will never blind me with your negativity