

I have a message to send, to a world that doesn't want to hear  
it  
Stop walking backwards into the dark  
"Who's on my side?"  
I find myself asking this question far too often when I  
I see a depiction of myself, but is this who I'm supposed to be  
?  
I'm not answering questions anymore  
If I had a voice, I'd use to fill the void  
If I had a cure, I swear to God I never tell the world  
The hands of time, the grains of life  
The hands of time, the grains of life  
It hurts to know they work side by side  
And when my life comes to an end, it's up to you to never forge  
t  
In a life I never asked for, I can see the ancestry in me  
I still have this message to send, the family tree is dead to m  
e  
I felt love for the first time when I stopped expecting it from  
the ones I held so high  
I felt hope in my bones for the first time when I walked in my  
own direction  
Return to sender  
Return to sender