

I am a writer
And I'm gonna write
Gonna make myself
A spirit of the night
I am a loser
I've already lost
So which thought is the truth and which is false?

You think that I was born to be
A tender rose beneath an oak tree
But I never loved roses

I think I should let myself breathe
I think I should leave myself be
To sleep and dream at the end of the day

I was talking in my sleep
I was talking to me
I said, "You're a coward."
She said, "Cowards are we"
There was blood between my eyes
I did not know
You wiped it away I said, "Let my wounds show"

You think that I was born to be
A gentle breeze above the dead sea
But I wanna be oceans

I think I should let myself breathe
I think I should leave myself be
To sleep in peace at the end of the day