

My head is empty but it's full with useless things
It feels like it's someone else who's pulling on my strings
How can I fight this war when I'm about to lose control?
Despair and anguish are the struggles of my soul

So insecurity is all that I am
Oh God what's the point of this? I'll never understand

My mind is raging
But my heart is beating calmly like before
And now I hear the voices call my name
I'm slowly fading
You can see my heart right through the skin and all my bones
I am trapped in a puppet show, so I'm still on my own

(So I'm still on my own)

I am so curious what my life could have been
I need a helping hand before I cave in
It feels like a curse and it will break all my bones
But I'll survive somehow 'cause my heart is made of stone

Everything is different to what it used to be
I suffer every day and wish to break free

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(So I'm still on my own)

But inside of my heart there survives a spark
Enlightening my sight and clearing my thoughts

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