

Who Am I?

Rotting Out

So here I am or what's left of me.
And sorries can't redeem what I could be.
Regret? Not yet.
Resent? No, I'm just stuck with my reflection.

Hands too harsh to hold the fragileness of you.
Love and harm, I think we got the both confused.

It was he said, she said.
Please just regress, reassess.
Who have I become?
He said, she said.
Please just regress, reassess.
Who have I become?

Who am I?
Who am I-I-I?

Do you still see any good in all my ugly?
Can I turn it around with their pain on my hands and my guilt wears the crown?
Can I turn it? Can I turn it?

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Who have I become?
He said, she said.
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And now most days I can't look at my own face.
So how do you love when it's YOU you hate?

Who am I?
Who am I-I-I?
Who am I?
Who am I-I-I?