

Widow

Sienna Skies

I've seen you walk this way
For the past ten years and never got the chance to ask you, I'm
calling out
And each and every day
I'm reminded you're the fucking disease

I'm always full, of good intentions
But bad with first impressions
The crying out is deafening, and it's starting to get to me

Every time I run
Every time I stumble
Not wonder
If I had defined the fire inside
Only to find out I'm not worth saving

I know it hurts
And those ten years haunts the hell inside my head
And when I try to find the peace inside and write it all down t
he words are the fucking same
I'm always full of what I thought was something good
But my first impressions lasted longer than any sickness ever s
hould

Every time I run
Every time I stumble
Not wonder
If I had defined the fire inside
Only to find out I'm not worth saving
Every time I stumble, I wonder
If I had defined the fire inside
Dead or alive, I'm my own worst critic

Call me a coward
Call me ignorant
A piece of shit as if I'd somehow forgotten
Give it a shot, my heart said softly
Or Push it away and leave it behind me