Freelancer

Sonic Syndicate

Here I am, licking my wounds once again
Why am I, trapped in a replay of yesterday
The imprints of you will all be burned
And I cross my heart in hope you'll never return

I love myself for hating you
And I can't remember what meant so much to me

IF YOU GAVE ME THE POWER TO TURN BACK TIME
TO SAVE MY CORRUPTED HEART
I WOULD SHAPE IT THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE
I WOULD NEVER KNOW YOU AND YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW ME

I'll forever be what I am
A freelancer, never be duped by your scam
Have fun extracting any love from my heart
And Godspeed passenger, on my train of pain which will soon dep
art

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