

## The Question Is How

### The Action Design

I was blind - blinded by an innocence that vanished along with you.  
I won't deny your actions wounded me.  
When you were through with me, I couldn't accept the truth.  
Feel the salt sting in my open hands.  
The burn reminds me what I can withstand.  
And I can handle your backhand, though...  
I've just got to know how did this happen to me?  
I wanted to believe every word you said, but I'll just let it be.  
I'll let you go on pretending that you're dead.  
So the lesson I've learned - who do we really know?  
No one lets the truth be shown - we find out the hard way.  
You think a person's changed,  
but people don't change - they're always the same.  
You never know all along they were that way.  
Though my disappointment shows I only wanna know...  
you may already be dead.  
I needed you...there...you weren't there...  
but I have the right to know