

I wish I had more time to sort out all of this inside my mind  
I only have one day  
it's given at dawn and at dusk it gets taken away  
I can't control what I think  
so how can I control what I say  
I don't know who I am at the moment and I can't pray  
I can't pray for the answers anymore  
I only have myself to blame for losing control  
I've always needed something maybe I needed to be alone  
and I don't need to be saved  
I'm not saying that it's too late  
but way too much has changed  
you call it savior  
and I call it a learned behavior  
you call it the light I refuse to see  
and I call it the mask I've seen underneath  
just do and say the same thing  
no opinion preserved in stained glass holds more moral truth to  
me  
I only have myself to blame for losing control  
I still need to be saved just not by you  
I just need to be safe  
but not by you