

The Right Wrong

The Dear Hunter

In the dead of night, I'm held in a gaze
My heart has a habit of shedding light on my numerous mistakes
And they wear me down allied with the ghosts of pain that keep me awake
Oh, the past can paralyze if you ponder the paths you didn't take

With the chance to go back and amend every grievance
How could I resist preventing my demons
From ever existing and making a mess
Of the life that I could have had

Would I return to you
To the love I knew
Or would I have undone
All the good that gives misery meaning
And where could you have gone
The only right I had wronged
Lost in the chapters we changed
Oh despite all my skeletons, I see
All is as all should be

Still it's hard not to imagine
How different our lives would be if given the chance
To fix every failure, to rewrite the canon
What character would I be if my conscience was clean
What would become of me

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