War

The Devil Wears Prada

Will I ever forgive myself?
The same question, it's never fading.
I watch her wings eclipse the light of day.
It keeps coming back. Right now

I'm fighting the war rather than war itself.
I'm caught in the midst of no redemption.
I'm fighting the war rather than war itself.
The same dream over and over, over and over.

I thought I could be more
Than simply a victim.
I fight through sleepless nights
Without an answer. Somehow

I'm fighting the war rather than war itself.
I'm caught in the midst of no redemption.
I'm fighting the war rather than war itself.

Some say there's hope in this, there is love.
Show me her eyes, I'll feel her hair.
I'll be back to déjà vu. Over and over.
The same dream. The same question.

Will I ever forgive myself?
Will I ever forgive myself?
Will I ever forgive myself?
Will I ever forgive myself?