

Like a fault line, unpredictable  
Like the worst case that is fictional  
I see the pattern so intricate  
Is that the pattern that I've stitched?  
Is it all mine? And has it been earned?  
I can't deny its pretty colors  
When everything is blue and grey  
It's taking over everything

It's what happens on an empty stomach  
It's what happens when I'm all alone  
It's what happens when I'm triple guessing  
Every choice I made on my own

It's all over (It's all over)  
We're overcompensating  
Start over (Start over)  
It's all so devastating

A second thought, an accessory  
The convenience of selective memory  
What I would give to pick and choose  
To understand and not confuse  
Is it all mine? And has it been earned?  
I gotta say, I'm a bit concerned  
When everyone sees something else  
We all want something we've never felt

It's what happens on an empty stomach  
It's what happens when I'm all alone  
It's what happens when I'm triple guessing  
Every choice I made on my own

It's all over (It's all over)  
We're overcompensating  
Start over (Start over)  
It's all so devastating

It's a steep slope, a nervous laugh  
A contributing factor to an avalanche  
It's a fallout from a meltdown  
This alarm is so much more than a sound  
It's a flash flood, no clear path  
It's torrential downpour on a rough patch

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Start over (Start over)  
It's all so devastating