

I swear this isn't what it looks like  
This is not the end we'll meet again just when the time's right  
I fell short upon my insight  
Direction so different but we're both cut from the same knife  
I admit I've fallen behind  
The only thing that's clear in this frail mind  
Is that her pocket's where my demons lie

She controls the nightmares in my head  
She's the monster by my window ledge  
Awakening the dead  
Inform me what my loved ones said  
She's here to remind me of the heights I fell from  
She'll give me the sign and I'll be there with bells on  
I just need some time so I can clean up my act  
I've got a pocket full of regrets and I thank you for that

Still can't look myself in the mirror  
Still kick myself for thinking we were better off alone  
Didn't return my calls what's the matter?  
You washed your hands of me and I get it

I'll wait on my own until she decides  
Should I rot or compose or leave me to die?  
Wrote down all the times I burned  
Won't forget that you washed your hands of me and I get it

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