

Losing Grip

Area 54

Sometimes I wonder if you ever think of me and how it
used to be
And I wonder if you ever miss those days, they seem so
far away
But me, I'm dwelling on the past
If I am losing grip, then who will save me?
I don't know why I thought that we could last
When everything must end

Sometimes I wonder why my friends were quick to say
"it'll be OK"
When only I know how torn apart I feel inside, but
there's still foolish pride
And when the light that hits my eyes wakes me
I know that just for a moment
I'll have you back with me and I'll be fine, but
everything must end

Now it's all gone

Everything must end