

your face comes back  
through cracks in usual days  
I understand  
walk on and look away  
I'm killing time  
I know there's nothing to wait for  
rewriting my lines  
I'll make my decisions tomorrow  
there's so much to think about

I'll close my eyes just like the doll-house windows  
I'll stop that image from coming back to life  
a bare tree in love with the winter  
I'll make my mind up another time

I turn my back  
on hope, whatever it is  
I won't lose track  
of just how I got to be here  
I will renounce  
my faith in reunion  
I'll relearn how  
to embrace things like before  
I'll learn how to part with doubts

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I'll make my mind up another time

and what if there is no oneness  
it can't give your existence meaning  
another empty concept  
the end's etched into the beginning

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