

I know what it says about me, that I hate myself less for what  
I did to you and more  
For what has become of us  
Naturally I'm anxious and unstable knowing I'm lost to my best  
friend though I see  
You almost every day

In my cracked kingdom in my terror hive of brutal nostalgia  
On some self imposed house arrest of the mind that's useless  
Trying to numb the fear, the fear, that deforms the negatives a  
nd makes all  
Memories pathetic, so pathetic

I have no charm to win you back, the anthers drained, the feria  
is over  
Of what sweetness still remains, I can't trust myself  
Oh the complex codes, the polymorphic addled fuhrer of our arra  
ngement  
I'm lost to my best friend though I see you almost every day