

The Helpless Dreams Of An Assassin

Across Five Aprils

So sure of what i wanted.
But what wanted me?
Money speaks louder than my dreams.
Normal life was something I'd seen as tragedy.
The future is never what it seems.
Common life has come so easily.
Money adds so much to normalcy.
Better years turned bitter.
Why can't I do what's right for me?
Turning the page means burning the versus
of the ones I wrote this with.
Certainty has come at such a high price
but it's the price I pay for peace of mind
but do I mind the peace that comes along and all things aside,
understand these are my dreams
we lived them together for a moment in time.
Is this the beginning of the end?
Or the end of the beginning?
Watch it fade away.
Watching this thing change.
Common life has come so easily.
Money adds so much to normalcy.
Better years turned bitter.
Why can't I do what's right for me?