

Wasted Words

As I Lay Dying

There are days when sorrow seems never-ending,
Like the countless roads upon which I've driven
The price of attachment in pursuit of dreams
That I so often can't seem to remember
Yet there are days when beauty cannot be contained
It even crawls out from under ordinary things

A foreigner,
No place to go
Holding on,
Making the most,
Of what little time I have

All the wasted words I said,
In all the cities that I left,
The last act of our precious play,
Must not close with regret

I will not leave wishing I had done things differently

The moments I treasure are seldom the ones
That I planned for
And if I knew where pain hid,
I might still let it go,
So when the audience has run toward the latest drift,
It will be my time to face the life that I have set,

A foreigner in my own home,
Holding on,
No place to go

All the wasted words I said,
In all the cities that I left,
The last act of our precious play,
Must not close with regret (regret)
All the wasted words

Some days the line between peace and pain
Seems more like a blur,
But I know with certainty,
I can't leave wishing,
I cannot leave
I can't leave wishing,
I'd done things differently

All the wasted words I said,
In all the cities that I left,
The last act of our precious play,
Must not close with regret (regret)
All the wasted,
Wasted words