

There's no looking back and don't ever look down
Is the only advice that I ever have found
That's justified each day with each breath that we take
While we're dying each day from decisions we make
Angels brave the dying years lost can't be retrieved
Regret, a constant, mourning
For those surrounding me you're not getting older
You're just getting old. My youth is wearing off.
Better to have loved and lost
Praying hands are tied
I look up to an angel's cry, if the roses don't bloom
this time
I'm bleeding their red petals dew off the dead
My pulse beats the blood of the undead.