

Dispatch

Now for the freakshowdown, an hollow end

Came to see me break down for what it's worth.

Now for the last words we never said, I'm losing my voice in this fearful fight

... and I hope to shape this into a better life.

To feel again, this dreadful pain is wrong.

... yeah I hope, I wrote down the last lines of this life.

Could be wrong, But I guess it's worth a try.

I see it for the first time, (sick mind comes clean) Feel torn by the mess.

Come and break me down now for what it's worth.

Manufactured good times, but I feel like home.

Feel destined for that hysteric last way out.

I'm living by your rules.

(I'd write a thousand pages)

To be free

You were too strong for me

With moral indecision & pure desperation

I wrote an end to a nightfall imagination

I felt the season change the lives of the unwanted

The leaves scattered as my smiling eyes started to bleed in confirmation.

This was the end.

Maybe not the disregard of thousand bleeding memories

Cause this story seems to fade. Too beautiful to be true.

Too beautiful to be true.