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I think I'm losing. Is it too late for me?
I thought, I always thought I'd make it through.
I'm asking you, why?
Is it too late for me?
Your answers never clear or maybe it's just me.
I never took the time.
It's something that I see now.
And I know that you tried but something always held me back.
Every time, something always held me back.
I can't say I'm proud.
You always seem to know.
Some how I know you understand everything about me.
How could it even matter?
I wish I could say the same thing for myself.
The day is almost over, and I'm lost.
I lost another day.
Make a way.
I won't fade. I'll never fade.
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