

Long Forgotten

Dead Poetic

Feeling low like I'm ready to crack and
Slowly moving from bending to breaking
I stay diluted to avoid the pain
But I give her more than she can take

I'm only killing the only haven
The still asylum I haven't destroyed yet
And when it's gone, I'm left with nothing

This isn't what we counted on
This isn't what we said it'd be
The fantasy is dead and I cannot feel it
This isn't what we counted on
This isn't what we said it'd be
The fantasy is dead and long forgotten

I told her she was killing me and
She said she was already dead
Every ounce of emotion fades
And I promise you it'll end someday, I hope

I'm only hoping that this is common
She's all I'm left with when all this fades away
And when it's gone, I'm left with nothing

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She doesn't need it, she doesn't need it
My optimism is masking my failure

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