

i used to be like her we were one and the same  
i used to hold her i used to know her name  
out on the water i feel her once again  
i used to be like her i used to call her friend

she was a lost child running way too fast  
no matter where she went she could not get away  
there's a voice reverberating deep inside my head  
telling me i should have made her stay

'cause now there's no one but me  
and i feel the sting

there was a time she was beautiful  
she had so much life to give  
but now all i remember is the broken shell  
i see in my nightmares  
i can hardly recognize her

doesn't it feel good  
doesn't the sting feel good