

It Works Itself Out

Half Moon Run

Is it all that you need to get by to feel good?
Satisfied that you did what you could
It works itself out, works itself out

Just, is it time to take a look at what happened?
Oh, bound by your shame
When you made the mistake of reacting to reaction

You put your thoughts into the shape of a weapon
And all you did was learn a terrible lesson
That you can sell me out again
Sell me out again

There is a thought that drifts away
It's an echo
A memory replaced by distractions
It's a distraction

Your suicidal regrets and all
(My love, it has died)
I guess that you should know
(The dream is still alive)

You can sell me out again
Sell me out again