

Obsolete

In Dying Arms

I was raised to be strong
Yet, I stand here a man;
Alone on knees

When did I find the will to disclose these wounds?
Another burnt display of affection, dead to the grave;
You were the only one I had;
Now who am I to confide in?

With these tears I will wash away my frustration
I will wash away my memories;
But you refuse to be let a stray

Who the fuck are you supposed to be to me?

Vividly I remember how things used to be
You said this would never change;
I am nothing but feeling, but I will not beg;
Every thought of you is another regret to be had;

And every thought is another feeling
But do I have what it takes to erase the past?

You said things would never change