

Syre, a beautiful confusion
(I love you...)
The story of a boy who chased the sunset until it chased him
(Where you goin'?)
Never quite sure about his placement
Or where he's been in this pink world
Or why nothing ever made sense
He knew that he had loved and had been loved
But had no chronological order to place it
(So confusing...)
All he knew was that he woke up every day
Bleeding with amnesia and the case of new memories
That he had tendencies to mistake for fiction
(She's so beautiful...)
So every day he journeyed to the mountain to recover his past
In order to understand his future
(I can't remember all this...)
She loved him but she eventually killed him
(Pow, pow, pow, pow...)
Now listen, Syre was a mischief with a vision
But his most poetic trait was his wisdom
(Where you goin'?)
His mind was as bright and as pink as the city that he lived in
And the only kids that could live in this bliss
Were the outcasts, the MSFTS
(Why did you leave?)
Those were his companions
Even though they could never understand his struggles
Through these harsh lands
He gave them the upper hand of his emotional tantrums

Syre—passion, pain and desire
Just like my big bro
What you didn't know is this young kid's been in limbo
Since that gunshot wound on that hidden road
Lost, broken, invisible
But when that light gets low he's invincible
(Time...)
So much so, that he redefines inevitable, so it'll never go
(Brace yourself...)
It seems as though the sun wouldn't set at all
Instead of setting slow
She lies to him and said she'd never let him go
(You're a liar...)
And as the legend goes
Syre lived forever on and never and forever alone
(Syre...)
Syre (We should never end this, I love you...)
(A beautiful confusion, I'm Syre)