

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)