

You fall and you fall, eventually you get up.
It hurts like hell but brings you to life.

I didn't see this coming the end of all that was.
Just lived the lie that what brings you rest cannot
hurt you. It was summer and I hoped for more
than the rut this place brings. All I got was
emptiness that still haunts me. I lost a part of
me and I lost my way but the pictures stayed
to follow me to bed. What I'll see tonight I won't
see ever again.

There is no lighthouse or landmarks to guide me
through. Your stories they are beautiful but they
won't bring me back. There is no route written
that I can take or someone that I can follow. Your
stories they are beautiful but these troubled waters
I have to cross alone.

I try to hang on to the things that I know I used to,
used to care for and the people that I know that I
love. It goes some of the time but sometimes life
just treats you too hard. When they find your body
drifting to land at least you tried to find your way
back home.