

We never know what's gonna make us,
Into the people that we are.
Can't tell the toll that it will take on us,
Until the wounds have turned to scars.
We never know what's gonna break us,
When will it finally go too far?

Now would you be kind to me
If you knew my memories?
They helped you understand
Why this means everything
Why it's so hard and why I am the way I am.

'Cause there's a chance, there's a shot,
It may be small, but it's all I got.
I know it's hard now to see, but you have to believe,
That there is hope to be healed, to be whole,
To be finally free. So don't give up on me.
Please, please, don't give up on me.

Now I am aware of where I'm broken,
And I can see it breaks us down.
I'm overcome with my emotions,
I can't lift my heart up off the ground.

And so you trigger me
The bullets of memories
They pierce me once again.
But I don't want to be wounded forever,
I just want to understand.