

Consequence (what Comes Next)

Killing The Dream

Days change, they're getting longer. Passing so much faster. Reminding me of what I've done.

I'm hearing whispers. Seeing pictures of what could have, should have, never been. Places we should never go, we swore we'd never go again. „This is where we kill for love”, it's what we have to say. „This is where I killed for love”, just to get away.

I lie to anyone who'll listen, but I know I'm only killing for myself. And I'll try to convince myself, but maybe I should just learn to wear it well.

I try to remember that I don't want to forget. These aren't memories... Just long, bad, dreams. The worst kind of nightmare, and I made it for myself. Just a stupid kid desperate to love... And he becomes a killer. But I am not a killer.

And so this time, there won't be a next time. So good at taking everything, I've got to give it back. This time, I am ready. I am waiting.