

Everything But Everything

Killing The Dream

Woke up from a nightmare and tried to go back to sleep. These days it's not the nightmares that are killing me, it's what comes next. At least in nightmares, I know what I'm running from. And I'm scared, but fear seems better than the truth. These days, my dreams are all that's real... It's my life that's all just make believe. And I know how it ends, but I can't help but watch.

So caught up, I'm breaking down. It's getting harder to pretend I care where I land. 'Cause I want to feel, I'm just scared of what that means. I remember when I could smile without feeling like such a liar, I just wish I would have wrote it down.

You ask if there's an end in sight... I wish I had an answer. You should have asked me back when I was young. Because I've had everything, and all I want is more. When you're sick of standing, you just fall.