

Thirty Four Seconds

Killing The Dream

I should have fucking known, you are who you fuck. And they called me a thief. They called me a thief. Nothing more than a thief, open hands stretched out, begging you to take. But all you did was steal. All you did was steal.

See, we're all thieves. We all stole. But only one gave it back. And this is how it ends, this epic tale. This sad story. This tragedy. Such a fucking waste of time that's never coming back. But thieves don't take, they only steal.

He never wrote a song for you. Every word I wrote for you... But now, this is all you get. The music's getting louder, the feeling more familiar. And you can look a thousand times, but it will never change.

I never thought this would be your song. Fuck, I never thought this would be my song. But thieves don't write songs, their victims write for them. I've never fucking said it before. I've never fucking meant it more. Fuck you! Fuck all of you! Fuck!