

Dead Routine

Like Moths to Flames

I faced your world,
I tore you down to believe,
that I did nothing for you,
and you mean nothing to me,
This is all too familiar,
and I am to blame for the waste you call life.

So now that I'm nothing,
What made you believe that you meant something to me?
When will you let this go?
We're not the same that we were before,
but after all this time,
I was the one that you relied on

I am the end of you

Where are you now?
and what have you accomplished?
Where are you now?
Oh God, I swear I mean this,
I'll be the one that will bring you down,
I was the one there to break you down,

Drag me through your dead mind,
I'm nothing,
but I gave you everything,
The time that I wasted on you,
Drag me down to nothing,
Oh what a dead routine I'm in,
I was the end of your life,
before your life began,

Tell me that I failed,
and all the things I'll never be,
Tell me that I failed,
just enough to make me believe

So now that I'm nothing,
What made you believe that you meant something to me?
When will you let this go?
We're not the same that we were before,
You're nothing.