

I was lied to when I was told life was fair
And that someone would always be there
I hated myself more than anyone else
I was so unhappy with the cards I was dealt
When I was a child
My castle was my home
Now I walk down empty streets
Memories and me alone
It's easier to burn a bridge
Than to cross it
To slip, give in, give up, move on, and try to forget
More's been said in silence than could ever be spoken in words
Secrets shared
And promises kept
And feelings that will never be cured