Sometimes I wonder who am I The world seeming to pass me by A younger man now getting old I have to wonder what the rest of life will hold I hold a mirror to my face There are some lines that I could trace To memories of loving you A passion that breaks reason in two I - I - I have to think and - I have to think and stop me now If reminices make you frown One thinks of what one hoped to be And then faces reality I wonder who started all this Was God in love and gave a kiss To someone who later betrayed And God less love sent us away? Sometimes I wonder who am I Who made the trees - who made the sky Who made the storms - who made heartbreak? I wonder how much life I can take I see at last a future self Were you alive I'd ask your help But thinking puts me in a daze And thinking never helped me anyway You always were so negative You never saw the positive You always stand upon the edge And dream of what it must be to be dead I know I like to dream a lot And think of other worlds that are not I hate that I need air to breathe I'd like to leave this body - and be free You'd like to float like a mystic child You'd like to kiss an angel on the brow You'd love to solve the mistery of live By cutting someone's throat or removing their heart You'd like to see it beat You'd like to hold your eyes And though you know I'm dead You'd like to hold my thighs If it's wrong to think on this To hold the dead past - to hold the dead past in your fist Why were we - why were we given memories? Let's lose our minds Be set free!

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