

I'm a mess, I guess.
It's what I asked for, it's what I needed.
Well, you know me better than that,
or at least you did and something happened.
But once again something's happened.
The confidence you held in us is the rope we almost hung ourselves with.
At times I wonder if we really took the steps to break through it.
I know that there were better days, but to see the light and to feel the rays.
Life was always back and forth and we were idling or making use less progress.
Waiting for the rain to stop.
Destination: beautiful.
Seems that I'm still waiting for the sun.
Someday will come back to us, if you're willing let it go.
Why won't you just let this be your sun?
It seems like yesterday we had the world our way.
But some say we're heading for destruction.

I'll ask you "What in the world should we do?"
This light is green our break is through.
Are we not trying or are we trying too hard?
Well, you know I never want to miss,
I hold on tight and reminisce.
But it's bittersweet to me.
When time stands still as it's trapped inside
the letterbox you gave back to me.
But I'm the one who keeps on reading.
But I'm the one who wants to let it go.
I'm the first to speak.
You're the last to know.
Another scene that we're creating,
I need to know if we're still making useless progress.