

End Of Me

Miss May I

Living moments all too quickly.
My decisions have always haunted me.
Deep in a dream, I was cut wide open,
to bleed the evil out of me.
Watch the train roll forward,
running over the rails like a beast from hell.
I feel myself tied to the tracks.
Steel and skin, back to back.
Will this be the end of me?
Will this be the last moment I see?
Will this be the end of me?
Will this be the last moment I see?
It's hard to see clear when you can't find where you belong.
So when I lose touch, don't let me forget, I'm still singing the
same song.
Another cycle passes.
Sun rise, sun set, again and again.
No slowing down for me.
Am I living it up, or dying each day?
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