

Miss The Pain

Much The Same

It's so easy to look outside myself
And point out all the blame
I'm saddened when I see a friend
No longer acting the same
I wonder how each one of them
So easily falls away
But the answer is identical
To how I got this way

No longer am I looking to you
In darkness I have remained
The struggling's a thing of the past
And sometimes I miss the pain

That pain is the evidence
I'm fighting for a cause
Every temptation a hurdle
I know we can cross
But then I let my guard down
And the battle is gone
Complacency takes over so
I know something's wrong

Help me, help me find my way
I'm tired, I'm tired
Of living this way
I need you to bring me back home
Because I, because I hate
Being alone, all alone