

I used to feel safe,
oblivious to the mess I left in my wake.
Now I try to give more than I take.

But there's more at stake
than the nights I spent awake.
It turns out I've got a selfish streak,
and I repeat the same mistakes.

Seconds, hours, minutes, days.
I feel it slip, slipping away.

Did I mention that I'm fucking scared?
I can feel the decay,
but I can't say it caught me unawares.
New bruises, new pills.
Fate will not fight fair;
the clock will not stand still.
"Ask me why & I'll spit in your eye."
We're all still ill.

Today I felt the time slipping away.