

There's so much pressure to just keep breathing
I'm not sure my heart will keep beating
All the things I have labored for they may fall into
nothing if I'm not here to see the end
What will become of me when I become the Autumn leaves?

When all that's left of me is a shell?
And the world moves on without me?
Will I die tonight?
Will I die tonight?

Will I forever sleep?
Will my mother weep?
Will you remember me?
Will you remember me?

I exist in fear
So in a way, I am not alive
This foe I cannot conquer: It is my own demise
I am terrified and I don't want to die

This world is so beautiful
I want to be alive...