Why am I so frustrated?
Do we live such fragile lives?
It seems I'm only waiting
For my soul to breath again
It's been so long since I felt this cold
24 years in the making
it makes no sense to suffer
or to find a remedy

only the good die young only the good die young

blinded by my anger, I've been stolen by my pain to justify the reasons and to justify what's been I wondered now live I've wondered then A feeling I've been cheated So then I feel my soul cry out Should I find a remedy?

only the good die young only the good die young

calling out for a life calling out for a better day

calling out for a celebration everything seems good