

## What Became Of Me

## Roses Are Red

If I rise, and we fall  
Will we find ourselves remembering at all?  
You're never coming back  
It never hurt like this  
Are we understanding or withstanding?

I told you it'd never be this way  
It means the world to me  
I told you it'd never be this way, again

What fools, we've made  
Now we find ourselves imagining a way  
I'm never coming back  
It never hurt like this  
Are we understanding or withstanding?

I told you it'd never be this way  
It means the world to me  
I told you it'd never be this way, again

I'm building daydreams carefully  
If only you could see, what became of me  
I'm building daydreams carefully  
If only you could see, what became of me  
What became of me

I'm building daydreams carefully  
If only you could see, you wouldn't be ashamed of me  
I built this daydream carefully  
For only you to see  
Are you ever coming back?  
Have you ever hurt like this?  
Break from it, you're what became of me