

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