

Part One

Ruiner

Is this the beginning?
I always look towards the end.

It starts as a pleasant drive and ends in a fiery car crash.

Hope isn't in question it's a question of how many times
You can repeat the same fucking feelings.
Before you go numb you always roll the dice.
We always try, try again.
It's our natural instinct or maybe it's just boredom
But no one ever thinks they can live being just one.
One time it will be the real thing,
Next time it will be the real thing,
Condition ourselves to think there is a real thing.

The excitement is shared as the feeling is mutual.
The attraction is real and not just for the flesh.
Simple excuses just to hear someone's voice
That feeling of sickness when you are too far to touch.
It's hopeless now, no turning back,
You're in over your head with no want for air.
You say the things you thought you'd never say again
And in the back of your mind you wish you never could.

This time around you won't fuck it up you won't get tongue tied
You won't trip over your feet you'll be attentive
You won't be selfish you learned your lesson you won't fuck it
up