

Resentment

Salem

Wrath, aches
Are all that's left
Mistakes I made up to now
Are the reason I hate myself

I can't tell if the world is losing me
Or if the world has made me lose it

(Will I outlive the coming sunrise?
Was this the last of my tomorrows?
Do you think I had it coming?
I'm dead to pain I'm numb to sorrows)

I can't decide when I died

Proud, march
Towards the dark horizon
No company to comfort me
My game is over

It's time I brought the curtains down
My play is done my crowd's all gone

I can't decide when I died

It's time I brought the curtains down
My play is done my crowd's all gone

I can't tell if the world is losing me
Or if the world has made me lose it