

I found a souvenir
In things I collected
The effect it had on me
Turned out distressing.
Instead of focusing on my past rejoicing
It just reminded me of awkward emotions.
Thoughts of my innocence
Like alienation
No self identity and massive confusion.
I wanted desperately to think of the good times
Guess I remember too much.
Guess I would rather look at
The path in front of me that's holding something new.
Does it really do the trick when you're reunited
Does it make you stop and think
Things weren't meant to click.
Does it really do the trick to be taken back
Does it make you stop and think
Of all the things you lacked.
Time can give and take away at will
Don't look back and don't stand still
Cause time will bleed you dry.
A little sympathy please for the petty bastards
Who feel their glory days are behind them.
So far behind them
The person that they thought made such a difference
Isn't even who they are now
And they refuse to see how
Everyday's another chance to mend a petty life.
Does it really do the trick when you're reunited
Does it make you stop and think
Things weren't meant to click.
Does it really do the trick to be taken back
Does it make you stop and think
Of all the things you lacked.
Time can give and take away at will
Don't look back, don't stand still
Because time will bleed you dry.
Bled dry
Bled dry of motivation
Bled dry of motivation
Bled dry
A desert of ambition, a desert of ambition.
Bled dry
Discarded by the wayside, discarded by the wayside,
Bled dry and left for dead