

Crossroads

Strung Out

I find myself here once again under clouds of indecision
Reflections looking right through me; I can't believe the lies
we tell ourselves
The music used to be everything and the music used to heal
But business soon becomes reality and nothing left inside is real

Dysfunction's all that we see true
Allow my best to see this through; got nothing left to give to
you
Now I gotta find a better way

See your anger shining through at the crossroads in our way
Turning against each other with the games that we all like to play
Looking straight ahead, it's hard to see things eye to eye
It's not at all what it used to be; something that I can't deny

And now I leave it up to you
Allow my best to see this through; got nothing left to give to
you
Now I gotta find a better way
Before I lose another part of me

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