

Is this what you expected?
All the blame you've deflected.
You've perfected your talent and turned it on me.

I've tried starting over again
With the way I've been treating my friends
And the way they can influence me in the end.
Well, it puts things in perspective.

All of the endings are locked behind doors,
Far beyond borders or miles from the shore.
So I dare still anticipate more
Of your misdeeds?
The way we had it before.

Now when I'm facing temptation
I move without hesitation.
Wanting and acting are one fluid motion for me

Whatever I used to resist
Is now at the top of my list
Along with all the nuances I could've missed
Hanging and taken for granted.

Every love song's a mystery here.
Fables and proverbs just ring in my ear.
But all the endings aren't written in stone,
It's the sweetest dream I've ever known.

I feel my instincts returning to me
Eating the fruit of the poisonous tree.
Pick it dry and return to the sea,
Yearning for
The way we had it before