

The Question Is How

The Action Design

I was blind - blinded by an innocence that vanished along with you.
I won't deny your actions wounded me.
When you were through with me, I couldn't accept the truth.
Feel the salt sting in my open hands.
The burn reminds me what I can withstand.
And I can handle your backhand, though...
I've just got to know how did this happen to me?
I wanted to believe every word you said, but I'll just let it be.
I'll let you go on pretending that you're dead.
So the lesson I've learned - who do we really know?
No one lets the truth be shown - we find out the hard way.
You think a person's changed,
but people don't change - they're always the same.
You never know all along they were that way.
Though my disappointment shows I only wanna know...
you may already be dead.
I needed you...there...you weren't there...
but I have the right to know