

## Mess We Made

### The Methadones

We were so caught up in being afraid  
We lost control and slipped away  
But was it worth lashing out?  
Did it comfort you with overwhelming doubt?

Look at the mess we made

I know its hard to not know answers  
But I know nobody does  
We took our chance/ made our beds  
Lets put it to rest before it kills us now

Look at the mess we made

Almost at the point of no return  
Is this the path we meant to take?  
Swallow your pride or say goodbye  
Apologies before its too late (now)

Look at the mess made

We're falling down  
There's no one else around  
To pick up the pieces  
And put us back where we belong

Now's it up to me and you  
There's still a chance to start anew  
Who cares who was right or wrong  
If in the end we were so far gone?

Look at the mess we made