

How can I just break it off,
to leave for good and never talk?
I'm about to write it out for you to mock.
Clear my mind for the thousandth time.
I've been too involved to call it off.
I've been away for so long all I've got are
weak foundations, wishful thoughts,
and all around a greater view.

How do you think that that's okay?
To still like all the things I play?
To still try not to walk my way?
I taught you all those things I say.
It's nothing like it used to be.
There's no more of what I used to see.
But you help me with my honesty
while I'm yelling at your ghost.

Make things worse. I always seem to make things worse,
cause I can't seem to shake this curse,
I can't seem to put you first.
And I spend all my time with you in my hindsight,
got so many questions that I'll ask when the times right.

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And when you finally see the scope,
feel the ghost grip of my choke.
I won't know you, or love you less
and it'll be effortless

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