

Held back by walls of security, that  
I just could never see, held people at arms length  
devoid of human contact  
Cannot express emotion  
I try with all my strength  
What is the matter with me?  
It seems that no one even cares  
I'm blinded by my innocence  
will no one be there for me?  
When I dont understand.  
Covered in blankets of Imagination  
Where I can talk to people without a  
second thought  
What if they're laughing at me  
I know I'm not good enough  
so I won't even try.....  
God only knows what'll keep us from dying  
because eveytime I look around I see Life as a big lie  
Yeah everybody's saying "yeah I'm the one" yeah  
"everybody came running to me"  
But thats not how it works and it never did  
you know I'm sorry it had to be this way  
things got fucked up but thats okay....  
I'm sorry  
I'm sorry