

Deliver Me

This Is Hell

Crashing down
As I reflect on the stories of my youth
I dig deep for a kernel or truth
These are the kind of things
That keep us up at night
I've yet to find those fairy tale endings
Save for the times I was just pretending
These are the kind of things
That keep us up at night
What does it mean
When we mean what we say
But we keep losing faith every day
Deliver me from this wasteland
Deliver me from feeling alone
These days, at best are a shadow
Of what they should have been
Deliver me from this wasteland
Deliver me from feeling alone