

Too Little, Too Late

Throwdown

I pulled the knife from your back. Back stabbed through my chest. My hands are in the air... The tears you cried die. Quick with selfishness. Too little, too late. Learn from and grow. I'm sorry I let you go, but now you're gone, learn from and grow. We've seen so much, you and I. We've erased the darkest time. I'm sorry... learn from and grow.