

Keep focused on your footwork; your feet won't leave the ground
.
but your head will hit the concrete to make a sick sad song.

Even sadder then writing this all down to a ghost
that doesn't care enough to haunt you, to want you.
It just keeps you around.

I always thought it was me.
I always thought I would be the one to come and fix your life.
I really thought you would see
but all I turned out to be was just a fragment of a lie.

Are you just keeping me around as a reminder?
of before the world took it's toll and left you full of cracks
and holes.
your body's shaking in the cold, have you always been this cold
?

I always thought it was me.
I always thought I would be the one to come and fix your life.
I really thought you would see
but all I turned out to be was just a fragment of a lie.

My bleeding heart has filled my chest and overflowed into my head.

You can paint a wall but you can't cover up the cracks
and things will never change, until you change the way you look
at it.
Have you always been this cold. I hope I'll never be that cold.