

I cannot ignore their eyes or the fatalist inside of me
that tells me that the future seems so bleak.
I know it's wrong, but every single time we play that song,
you would cry if you missed your chance to sing along.
And after all the choruses have ended incomplete,
would someone please risk it all to come and rescue me?

I'll wait here, I'll be here,
I'll always understand
that things might deconstruct,
but piece by piece life is rebuilt.