

(These dying embers of repressed ambition: I forsake , this crying performance of morality. I leave behind, god may forgive you, but I never will, et in arcadia ego...)

We never really had a chance to build this house  
Even when we tried so hard, stone by stone, piece by piece  
I've built it in my head, I think I started living there  
While what we really had, was turning into dust

It was full of stairs and mirrors and reflections  
Like a castle of wishes adorned with deception

"No one has ever come to my door, but I think I thought I saw you try"

"You must find this place in your heart for the one you love the most"

That is myself

"Why do you say that, you never went this road before"

You made me observe

It was full of stairs and mirrors and reflections  
Like a castle of wishes adorned with deception

(Each word, each cut, open wound. I stitch them up, but my scars, will do a lifetime with me...)

I loathe the faith I had  
I despise this hope forlorn  
Through the ashes of intention  
Life is a one man show

I came to the point where happiness is what is left of the willing  
I throw a match behind my back  
This house took years to build  
And a moment to burn...