

a damage past is haunting me  
creeps in won't let me breathe  
i can't quite grasp psychotic thoughts (and me) the troubles lie  
beneath  
we won't back down its far too late  
paying the price of endless pain our love, our hate  
which one will you embrace

now i can't pretend  
to live this life of plastic happiness  
this plastic happiness

because one chance is all we get to kill the questions in our minds  
just one more chance to turn around this life

break through the structure that we see  
reach true surroundings that we seek  
and force the path we know is right  
this won't conquer quietly  
we won't back down its far too late  
paying the price of endless pain our love, our hate

which one will you embrace

i'm so sad to say i've watched this tragedy take everything away from me  
i write words for my own survival  
if you don't hear them then they mean nothing at all

i won't live like this  
in plastic happiness