

Kenotia

"Love The Look, Hate The Lifestyle"

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It wasn't time for this,
It never is,
The minutes, they hide from me,
And it's the cruelest game of hide and seek,
Where all I want is slipping through my fingers,
And I'm crumbling, it all falls apart everytime.

This break forms on a fault,
Everything's fragile now,
And hanging by my last heartstring,
These eyes glaze over,
These feet stumble forth,
And everything is ignored,
These feet stumble forth,
These eyes glaze over,
There's nothing to see here anymore.

And it's something I've always wanted,
Something I'm always chasing,
But I followed it down too far,
Into the trenches,
Down where this belongs now.

This break forms on a fault,
Everything's fragile now,
And hanging by my last heartstring,
These eyes glaze over,
These feet stumble forth,
And everything is ignored,
These feet stumble forth,
These eyes glaze over,
There's nothing to see here anymore.

And I'll say goodbye to the thing I've always wanted,
Let it go.

This break forms on a fault,
Everything's fragile now,
And hanging by my last heartstring,
These eyes glaze over,
These feet stumble forth,
And everything is ignored,

These feet stumble forth,
These eyes glaze over,
There's nothing to see here anymore.

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