

Rotting Out "Two Worlds"

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I walk with dark circles underneath my eyes,
My fingers crossed and a thorn stuck in my side.
Forever believe in what you want to hear,
Not knowing the truth may just seem easier.
The tipping point where the rocks hit the road,
It was over when I signed my name or so I was told.
My youth has become just blurry memories,
My alarm clock is set on repeat.
Everyday seems longer (stay out of my way)
These best years are slowing me down.
I lie to myself (to myself)
These friends are my only saving grace
When death stares me straight in the face.
Fix my tears and don't look back,
The present (?) it's more than I can take.
They wanted to be free, seems like a waste of time.
Because I'm always left behind.

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