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The Dying Year "Lucky 22"

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It seems we've got ourselves a little situation. Your life is so layed out with barely time to breathe. A constant reminder with every picture taken down of how much I miss you now. No, no, dont try and change my mind. All I see when I close my eyes (through the winter window) is the life with you that I left behind. I seem to be holding up, well thats an exaggeration. Im doing my best to carry on, lets leave it at that. I hope your doing just fine and I hope your finding the time and a place where you belong. Im sure the weight has lifted and its easier to cope with a soothing state of mind, but dont think for a second that its not killing me to be without you now

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