

Bipolar, Aftermath

Walk away from the aftermath
The residue of raw emotion that you always leave behind
Run away. Leave today. Spare the people in your path
Spare yourself the shame

When the blood that's on your hands becomes the blood that's in them
You're to blame. That's your prerogative.

It doesn't mean he is out to hurt the ones he knows
They're just the box that's built around him not expanding as he grows
He doesn't see that he's the one who is shattered by these broken dreams

Chorus x2