

Cynic Ridge, Static

Can you understand?
An emptiness has made me numb
What am I supposed to feel?
Will we rise like the morning sun?
You've found someone to occupy your time
I'm not one to make you choose
So I am the one to lose

When nothing is this real
Nothing hurts this much
These regrets bury me
And all I can't Touch

Is this real to you?
An emptiness has made me numb
What are you supposed to feel?
Will we rise like the morning sun?
Now that you found someone to occupy your time
I'm not the one to make you choose
So I am the one to lose

What's left?
Is it nothing?
Is it anything? Nothing
or is it nothing again?
Am I nothing?
Am I anything? Nothing
Or am I nothing again?

When nothing is this real
Nothing hurts this much
These regrets bury me
And all I can't touch