

Much The Same, Miss the Pain

It's so easy to look outside myself and point out all the blame
I'm saddened when I see a friend no longer acting the same
I wonder how each one of them so easily falls away
But the answer is identical to how I got this way
No longer am I looking to you
In darkness I have remained
The struggling's a thing of the past
And sometimes I miss the pain
That pain is the evidence I'm fighting for a cause
Every temptation a hurdle I know we can cross
But then I let my guard down and the battle is gone
Complacency takes over so I know something's wrong
Help me, help me find my way
I'm tired, I'm tired of living this way
I need you to bring me back home
Because I, because I hate being alone, all alone