

Over It, Far From What We Know

here i can't find my place and liberation may not equal change
i'm not remembering my name, four years gone and im still waiting
time wasted hesitating
all those endless nights we never kissed
can i ever learn to walk away?
hesitatin makes it easier to stay, broken heart and all
these days i've spent lamenting apathy defines my everything
we could run so far from what we know