

A Life Once Lost, A Rush & Siege

I can't understand what I do wrong half the time
My judgement is blurred from this last year of defeat
I never once acted like this before I met you
Now I'm a simplified sensation
I'm nothing; a laughing stock to some
I'm sorry for my vicious decline into this bedlam you see before your eyes
I adhere to the progress of my helpless desire to live
My innards are freezing inherently, like winter rain
I'm over infectious regret