

Abstraction, This World

I'm picking up these pieces that I have left around,
I'm only still here cos my world is up side down,
This way of life is not for the likes of me,
So just be honest, and tell me, who the hell is he?

Cos I feel life taking over,
And it's taken me down way too far,
I have no energy to go through this world anymore.

Cos I feel like taking over,
And begin to run all by myself,
Cos I have no energy to go through this world anymore.

I don't see myself as the same I used to be,
I'm not the same person that could stand up on his feet,
Which is why I feel so guilty using you as my support,
So I'm on a battlefield, waiting for a battle to be fought.

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