

Airdate, Enemy

So what do we do now?
You lost me in the crowd..
If i'm not the perfect one,
you strike me down like..
i try, i try to figure out,
where it all began,
but that won't change anything,
so take all of this in.. cause' this is how it ends
you were never there for me back then,
so why should i hold on, try to pretend, everything's alright?
i could be your enemy, and care for what you've done
i can taste this hate,
cutting through the air,
pushing at my lungs,
and breaking me like...
i try, i try to figure out,
are you worth the breath?
i clear, i clear the air,
and you'd rather forget...and this is how it ends
all useless words, and all they say,
is it's staying this way...