

And Then I Turned Seven, Goodbye (I'm Sorry)

Time has run out, for me.
Everything's distant and I don't know what to believe.
It's so hard, lost in the world confusion.
And I need to leave, for a while.
Life is so meaningless, there is nothing worth a smile.
So goodbye, I'll miss you.

And I'm sorry, but this is my fate.
Everything is worthless, no one who wants me to stay.
And I'm sorry, but I've waited too long.
So here's my goodbye, no one will cry over me.
I'm not worth any tears.

It's been the years, of abuse.
Neglected to treat the disorder,
That controls my youth, for so long.
I'm in a fleshy tomb, buried up above the ground.
It's no use, why should I hold on?
It's been five years, don't need one more.

So goodbye, life's abuse.

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Everything is worthless, no one who wants me to stay.
And I'm sorry, but I've waited too long.
So here's my goodbye, no one will cry over me.
I'm not worth any tears.

(Everyone 18 minutes, somebody dies from a suicide.
Every 43 seconds, somebody attempts one.
If you, or anybody you know, is suicidal,
Call 1-800-784-2433.)

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