

Atreyu, So Wrong

Use to be, I could make the pieces fit

Break the edges, force fit all of this

How could I ever be so wrong?

At our pace, we are doomed once we begin

Kinda makes you wonder, what's the sense?

How could I ever be so wrong?

And I know

That fate keeps loathing

I can't help but go back to it

Your flame still burns at the back of it

And although there is a lack of air

I won't forget you

Simply put what's done is dead and gone

Can't forget, not for very long

There is no pride involved in love

You can't manufacture happiness

Try forever, you would be re-missed

There is no pride involved in love

No pride involved

And all that I know

Is that I know nothing

I can't help but go back to it

Your flame still burns at the back of it

And although there is a lack of air

I won't forget you

You made me feel alive

But nothing lasts forever

Yeah, something deep inside

It takes me home again

I can't help but go back to it

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