

Dry Kill Logic, With Deepest Regrets...

Let's call this everything what it seems
A violent distortion of all my dreams
And still it burns inside of me
Just to spite the cold that seems to feed
When everything and nothing become the same
And everyone's at fault but no one's to blame
Question is
Will you remain the same?
Or will you half step you life away?

Now I'm lost in this without all the rest
It seems so close but so far away
Fall in line or be what's forgotten
Never nothing
Hurts as much to say
And though I try
so why do you give this away?
So you will know
This love I call a life
Then you will say
So why do you give this away?
So you will know this love I call a life

Defining definitions of what should be
One part honest and two parts mean
Believing nothing
Seeing is all I need
Judging for myself what will come for me
When all of it is here it moves so slow
Planting all the seeds of doubt that grow
But I wonder will I know
When these fields of hate take hold

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But with all things involving the dream
The push
Pull is not what it seems
The love
Hate of what it all means
Has taken the life out of me
And I know that it's so hard to find
And then even harder to hide
But it's yours to decide