

Five Minute Ride, November In My Soul

This past infliction
this past infliction.
Walking down where we used to share
and every time I pass your street
I die remembering the pain I felt
the tears I shed for what I wished
it's you that I missed
All I wanted was an answer
some reassurance for
All this past infliction
is beating me to the ground.
Was it all worth it
this pain I feel inside
I should have let you go and left you alone
All I wanted was an answer
some reassurance but there was none
Here in my heart I feel you close
Close to me in my dreams
and when I'm not sleeping everything
everything reminds me of you
everything reminds me of you