

Freya, Daisy Cutter

Hard to see when everybody seems to have their someone
Hard for me to be alone among them
It makes me want for it to be the way it was
She lets me starve outside her door
Always seems to haunt what I should leave behind
Always seem to hold on when it's down to a flat line
Just can't touch her heart
No matter how I try I am a ghost
All I wanted was for her to love me
For just a little bit
sometimes