

Glasseater, Falling Apart

it's not your fault
i dream of days
when i can wake up to you
to be held in your arms
to be carried over the street for what seemed to be eternity
displayed eagerly like a prize
but the times have brought change
i've accepted the fact that you don't understand me
it's not your fault
you were my instructor in life classes
my mentor in street knowledge
now we barely see eye to eye
a faint object in the distance
and you're the car driving towards it through fog
i wish we could talk a lot more
but i know that sometimes
things fall apart
no matter what kinds
of hardships we've been through
i wouldn't trade this for the world
you brought me life
i'm thanking you