

Good Riddance, Yesterday Died-Tomorrow Won't

there's something lost somewhere inside
another darkened room where dreams all go to die
once more a tear drops slowly to my feet
again I recognize the triumph in defeat

so tell me what can I do when it all falls apart?
torn straight through tell me how to feel
my broken dreams a life in disarray
I shut my eyes my silence is my cell
cold sweats and nightmares keep me awake
the time keeps running down on how much I can take
ripped myself to pieces on the fragments of a dream
grim retrospective of a life torn at the seams

when the emptiness becomes too much
the voices lie I can't trust my touch
the pain of living the fear of death
you choose