

Jamestown Story, Forget

Wasted time.

Wasted breath.

And for what? There's nothing left.

My pillows crisp, the tears have dried.

Her selfish ways-my bloodshot eyes.

I used to wake up everyday and hear her voice.

But now waking up isn't the preferred choice.

Holding back the anger, and giving up my pride.

I wish I could have seen what she would do with her lies.

Clinging onto sanity but crossing the lines,

A new day awaits, for my fake smile.

A whole new day.

A fresh new start.

Forget it ever happened for good things fell apart.

But now that she's not in my life,

every little thing I see has lost it's shine.

The countless hours I spent trying to please her.

Would the time have been wasted had this not occurred?

Holding back the anger and giving up my pride.

Staring at her picture with a tear in my eye.

It's difficult to hold back all these feelings I hide.

Taking in deep breaths, I'm to numb inside.

Holding back the anger, and giving up my pride.

Staring at her picture with a tear in my eye.

It's difficult to hold back all these feelings I hide.

Taking in deep breaths, I'm to numb inside.