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 occured?
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.