

# My Former Self, I'll Be Careful, You'll Be Dead

And this will be  
Relatively painless  
With an impact like a train wreck  
And you believe  
There is no escape yet  
You will find it through your headset

Sorry this machine is speeding  
So fast that I threw you off  
Words you spread in privacy are killing me  
I know I hurt you  
But I'll hurt you more if I don't let you go

My bags are packed  
Train ride to a guilt trip  
Recited, like words you memorized from movie scripts  
But the scene we cannot edit  
And when the credits end  
No one knows where happy endings just might end up next

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So fast that I threw you off  
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Every little thing's amounted to nothing but here I am