## 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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Every little thing's amounted to nothing but here I am