The Juliana Theory, As It Stands

Everything I have in my head, it begins to fade away. I search for it and I long for it. Now I know it's gone. Everything has slipped away.

And I'm so overwhelmed. Everything that rests upon my shoulders fell. I would like to tell anyone who has depended on me for themselves, I'm sorry.

Everyone I've held in my arms, I believe I've pushed away. I would be there if I could be there, but as it stands I'm gone. Everyone has slipped away.

And don't be overwhelmed: Everyone that loved me more than I could tell, I'm sorry. There's a private hell for anyone who lives to only love themselves.

Everyone has slipped away. Everything has slipped away.