

This Is Hell, Remnants

While some of us mourn, others fool themselves
yet i find myself drifting
from honest dedication to vile desecration
bitterness from an anonymous voice, my back has still not turned
but im so sick of fucking facing forward
the air between us will never clear
because these lungs have nothing left
each failure hurts more than the last
and although im ready to be let down i cant help but live in the past
im prepared for the worst, i know this feeling well it wont be the first
but each failure still hurts, it still hurts
i have always kept the truth hidden
beneath angst ridden anguish
but your presence only brings waves of depression
the only way is to remove myself
im stepping out of this picture, my final frame
each failure hurts more than the last
and although im ready to be let down, i cant help but live in the past
i just want to live again, but its way passed the point of hope
i close my eyes but sleep never comes
i just want to get through the night without seeing the rising sun
this feeling will forever haunt me
despite how late after dark i leave the lights on
i close my eyes but sleep never comes
i just want to get through the night without seeing the rising sun
faced without closure, its only just begun
i just want to live again
im stepping out of this picture, my final frame