

# Twelve Tribes, Chroma

You only get one chance  
I locked myself away in your hands  
Time and again intoxicated by your scent  
And I lost it, affection was force fed  
Because it wasn't meant for me  
You weren't meant for me  
I keep a piece of your sincerity  
Locked in vials of stress  
Rope off the contempt  
Tap the syringe  
Leave your confession in my skin  
You cried for me inside  
I thought you die for me

I'm giving myself a second chance to explain  
You said all the wrong things as I walked away

Here it comes again  
I've been through the desert  
On a horse with no name  
I sleep in gasoline on a burning floor  
So stop me if you've heard this one before  
The green in complication  
My static situation bends  
To transpose my starving expectations end  
The leeches spill infection  
My reflection shows half a man  
It's not enough you killed what I could have been

I'm giving myself a second chance to explain  
You said all the wrong things as I walked away

Everyone I know seems to know me better than I know myself  
They have no idea  
It makes sense to feel pain  
It makes sense to need pain  
You only get once chance to decide  
I guess I'll make up my mind when the time is right  
You only get one chance to be alive  
If your patience is waning it will only pass you by  
It won't pass me by

And in the heart pounding end  
The sun has not yet set  
There is still a light that shines in the distance

I tried so hard to find the right thing  
When I'm sorry is all I had to say  
Maybe the pain was more than it seemed  
I was awake trying to function in a dream  
I want to walk with your hand in my hand  
To find a place where this dream ends  
And you and I begin