

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