

Ween, Alone

When the life inside no doubt has died.
And you've turn your head away.
You tried to pay, but at the end of the day, it 's you again, alone.
Alone, confined. The mess in your mind.
When you can't relate to them.
You've reaped and sown, but little is known by those who aren't alone.
Why should a man learn not again what he has learned before?
He's overcome but must succumb to what he's living for.
He tried and tried. All those survived. He missed. He's fallen short.
The little known, his heart of stone, will make him feel alone