

A Rush & Siege

A Life Once Lost

I can't understand what I do wrong half the time.
My judgement is blurred half the time.
I never once acted like this before I met you.
Now I'm a simplicated sensation.
I'm nothing; A laughing stock to some.
I'm sorry for my vicious decline into this bedlam you see before your eyes.
I adhere to the progress of my helpless desire to live.
My innards are freezing inherently, like winter rain.
I'm over infectious regret.