There is nothing to me.

There is nothing though there was a time

I had felt elation before all sensation died.

I cannot breathe.
I can't deny that I've been feigning,
for you, every vital sign defied.

This means nothing to me.

This means nothing so spare me the lies.

I deny you sympathy just as I have been denied.

I cannot breathe.

I can't deny that I've been faking,
for you, every sign of life.

I died for the last lie, and the heartbreak for the first time, I could not take til I made you cry.

This is what you taught me.

This is what you taught - and I learned well to recognize that feeling easily can be dispelled.

Show your wounds I'm bored with mine. Nothing is new.
Don't despair I rarely cry.

Oh my dear please dry your eyes. Who could harm you? To hurt you is to be despised, as I'd love to