

The miles I've traveled now seem like withered time; fixated on
the rear view when I can't see ahead
For me to view a reflection without corruption so a past won't
dictate a present
Months pass, sitting still, thinking in this box where my thoughts
are not friendly, nor hopeful
This weak mind and body crumble

Who we were will never be the same
We'll never relive the feeling
Love we made, we let it slip away, and I just can't face it

I can feel it coming on, living inside, calling me right back to
you
My regret meets no resistance, and I endorse this torment to feel
If you exhaust a heart of love, is the pumping of blood still enough
Do the limbs go numb

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My fictional friend, conducting me piece by piece, I feel your
cold
Blank stare cast on me
I don't ask to be mended, just understand my words and hear me
out:
All the passion has faded; all the fire has burned out

How could I see it coming; this electrifying high that we would
grow to resent

I can feel it coming on, living inside, calling me right back to
You