

Borrowed Time

It Prevails

The answers are right in front of me.
I reach out to them, and they are the very last things that I can bring to me.

The so called open doors in front of me are presenting themselves in closed ways.
I am staying away in its purest form.
This reality is in question let alone the idea of a second chance just given to me.
I will not apologize for the things that I enjoy.

We are all living this life on borrowed time and energy.
We will all have to give it back at some point one day. But for now...

There's a place I can seem to go.
Where this world isn't close.
And there's nobody there but me, and I am happier.
I always go and no one knows where I am.

I haven't given up on you. You have given up on me.

I'm always so far in the distance.
Out of luck. Out of breath.
Searching for a brand new life to live.
If I could start over, all that I would give.
And no one knows where I am.