I look back at my life and I wonder, have I done things right? Each day I try, and I try to make a little sense of my life. I kick and I fight and I try but opportunity keeps passing me by.

It seems complication, frustration has overcome my life.

I had control of my life, now I'm gonna get it back.

I used to hold my head up high until you had me in your grasp.

I used to think I'd die without you, it's funny how quick thing s change.

Now I washed my hands of you, you filled my simple life with rage.

I wore my heart on my sleeve, girl. You gave it back when you w ere through.

But it's all bruised and black, consequences of loving you. I've been trying to keep it together, I don't deal well with he artbreak.

You just walked into my simple life, and filled my fucking hear t with rage.

This time is my time to shine.

Now it's time to take back what is mine.

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