Zoom the lens right in, dissect your best friend.

You know that you were born for me and I was born for you.

Your soul is old.

Mine is so cold and I know what I right but sometimes itæ \square so hard to do.

How many chances I get?

How many crimes you forget?

How many times before you just walk away?

Salty knife in my heart, nothing tears us apart.

How many time before you just walk away?

What can I say?

You feel betrayed.

How may time before you just walk?

You were born to give,

and I pray $læ<math>\square$ £l live up to what I want to become and what you need from me.

Layers of mistakes, give the heart a break again.

All you ask me for is some security.