

I found a souvenir  
In things I collected  
The effect it had on me  
Turned out distressing.  
Instead of focusing on my past rejoicing  
It just reminded me of awkward emotions.  
Thoughts of my innocence  
Like alienation  
No self identity and massive confusion.  
I wanted desperately to think of the good times  
Guess I remember too much.  
Guess I would rather look at  
The path in front of me that's holding something new.  
Does it really do the trick when you're reunited  
Does it make you stop and think  
Things weren't meant to click.  
Does it really do the trick to be taken back  
Does it make you stop and think  
Of all the things you lacked.  
Time can give and take away at will  
Don't look back and don't stand still  
Cause time will bleed you dry.  
A little sympathy please for the petty bastards  
Who feel their glory days are behind them.  
So far behind them  
The person that they thought made such a difference  
Isn't even who they are now  
And they refuse to see how  
Everyday's another chance to mend a petty life.  
Does it really do the trick when you're reunited  
Does it make you stop and think  
Things weren't meant to click.  
Does it really do the trick to be taken back  
Does it make you stop and think  
Of all the things you lacked.  
Time can give and take away at will  
Don't look back, don't stand still  
Because time will bleed you dry.  
Bled dry  
Bled dry of motivation  
Bled dry of motivation  
Bled dry  
A desert of ambition, a desert of ambition.  
Bled dry  
Discarded by the wayside, discarded by the wayside,  
Bled dry and left for dead