

Latley, I've been focused so plainly on  
The process of moving forward.  
How life was never easy.  
How we're alone through it just like how we're alone  
And this time we spend retreating back to our heads.  
For the greater good we were broken down,  
if you only have a few words make them count.  
I know that it's hard to grasp, but I won't let go.  
We've learned our role in the earth's tilt,  
we try to find some meaning left in sound.

They say that home is where you make it,  
But home's a sad story when you're always alone.  
I'm not your fucking shoulder to cry on.  
I'm not the one you fucking rely on.  
It's so sad you'll die alone.  
I can see how the past holds meaning  
but it's still out of reach and that's a simple fact.

Second guessing yourself has never come so easily.  
It's not worth it.  
Move forward this time.  
it's not worth it.  
Latley, I've found my lungs to be heavy,  
stopping me from moving forward.  
They never said it was easy, I hear them now.  
It's like we're all alone in this time we spend retreating back  
to our heads.  
It's all useless if we can't make you see some sort of meaning.

This was always our intent.

Can you hear us now?  
This was always our intention.  
For the greater good we're all broken down,  
in one way or another.  
(Can you hear us now?)  
And to those who weren't... well  
I'll wish you were.  
It's so hard yet so important not to live so securely.  
Loss finds nothing but meaning.  
Latley, I've been focused so plainly.  
Latley, it's hard to keep believing but maybe we're not alone i  
n it  
and maybe we weren't broken down in the first place.