

Dead Poetic, Motorcycle (Left With Nothing/Long

Feeling low, like Im ready crack and slowly moving from bending to breaking.
I stay diluted to avoid the pain, but I give her more than she can take.
Im only killing the only haven, the still asylum I havent destroyed yet.
And when its gone, Im left with nothing.

This isnt what we counted on. This isnt what we said itd be.
The fantasy is dead, and I cannot feel it.
This isnt what we counted on. This isnt what we said itd be.
The fantasy is dead, and long forgotten.

I told her she was killing me and she said she was already dead.
Every ounce of emotion fades, and I promise you itll end someday. I hope.
Im only hoping that this is common. Shes all Im left with when all this fades away.
And when its gone Im left with nothing.

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She doesnt need it. She doesnt need it.
My optimism is masking my failure.

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