

# From First To Last, Note To Self

Two roads...Split off from here, and my life goes running in opposite directions.  
Exaggerating the barrier between who I am, and who I want to be.

I wanted to be that breath of fresh air, When everything smelled so insincere.  
But this taste still lingers in my mouth, Deceit has ways of sticking around.  
And I'm ready to disappear, Vacation seems far seems From here.

Note to self: I miss you terribly.  
This is what...We call a tragedy.  
Come back to me, Come back to me, To me.  
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This is what...We call a tragedy.  
Come back to me, Back to me, To me.

I can feel my mind, wandering again.  
Into where I dont know, and will I ever get home?  
Time starts moving, faster than I can.  
And I'm sick of this scene, I need to break from the routine.

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Which part of me is left? I feel so close, and yet I am so far.  
Which part of me is lost? I feel so close, and yet I am so...Far!...