

Pulley, Endless Journey

i am tired and confused, i don't know what to do.
i can't stomach this pain any longer, life is at a crossroad.
which way do i go? i can't make a decision for the life of me.
losing my bout with this life, no doubt.
or am i really...just succeeding?
i'm a afraid of getting older,
i feel it getting colder just please don't give me eternity.
follow me on my wasted journey,
i got two ways i can bring you down.
one's for leaving, two's for staying, either way.
don't you ever learn from your own interpreter,
that a lifestyle is begging for mercy.
i can't understand when it's all in my hands.
i don't see it, i don't feel it. as long as i remember,
i will always treasure those times that i actually felt happy.
but for now i stand proud and never speak loud.
and hide all my insecure feelings.
falling prey to your own bad habit,
you realize it's time to get out, happy now, but not quite,
i'm just a little too tired right now.
falling prey, falling prey, don't follow me.
frozen feelings have always been your being.
but the guilt always finds a way in.
not a tear flows through, not a thought,
not a sound. and numbness overwhelms me solo
now i can only reach out for a stray flyer
on my high wire and from the ground to the air
it goes totally unnoticed,
isn't it just like that.....so typical.