Germany

Errors

There was a wall constructed inside of me,
Ripping through my heart.
And brick by brick,
I'll slave to tear it all down.

Say goodbye to loneliness.
The past is finally dead.
There is no allegiance.
The past is finally dead.

I felt so trapped,
A stranger frozen to these streets.
With broken bones,
Wounds I swore would never heal.

I always hoped for something true,
But my emotions were always conflicted, so conflicted.
Next stop, the Berlin Bridge.
I once gave my heart for black hair, pale skin,

And broken English.
My life was always so confined,
Like being chained against the flow of the gutter.
I had no worth, only a hunger for excess to fill the gaps.

There was no depth to this abyss.
So conflicted from this day forward,
I'll wear my heart on my sleeve.
It's ten below outside,

But it's pale in comparison to how frozen my judgment used to be.
There is no regrets,
The past is finally dead.
The past is finally dead.

I have no regrets.
None.

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