

Majestic

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Twenty-nine years into life. Some things, I still can get right.
Priorities may never be straight. That's always a topic for debate.
I've made up my mind. I shouldn't be loved.
I play in a band, I work when I'm home.
Why do I feel guilty for the shit that I have done?
I've opened some doors. Slammed just as many.
Opportunity's knocked. How can you blame me?
I'm trapped in a life that I have chosen.
My heart's growing colder yet harder to be broken.
Again and again. I'm chipping away at nothing.

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