

The Wicked Will Rot

A Life Once Lost

When did this all start anyway?
We have all the time in the world to kill
So lets converse over my imperfections
You did it all the time even when I was standing next to you Why should now be any different?
You already shattered my self image
With your self righteous fist of disapproval
I guess when I wasn't there, I wasn't there, period Was I?
No Trust is not an option with me anymore
My secrets are my secrets
I've been pushed into this state of discomfort once before
I cannot act like it doesn't bother me

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