

Masses Of A Dying Breed

Miss May I

Some things have taken over who I am.
I went cold finding my way back.
Places only seen by ones will want to be.
Lost consumes masses of a dying breed.
Hammered through life a nail to seal this demise.
This light will show forever and a day.
This is where I want to be.
Where there's comfort in everything.
This is where I want to be.
I have made it here from nothing.
No recognition of who you are.
Don't you see this is where I want to be.
Your only making excuses to hide what the truth is.
Your only making a fool of yourself.
Unthought out excuses.
This is where I want to be.
Where there's comfort in everything.
This is where I want to be.
I have made it here from nothing.
Your only making excuses to hide what the truth is.
I have made it here.
This is where I want to be.
But this is only half way there.
Some things have taken over who I am.
Take it all back from where you came.

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