Pictures

Count The Stars

Tell me this, could it be suddenly,
I'm not like I once used to be,
and I was all that I had,
which wasn't all much in the end
and this head, this heart,
was breaking apart by the start,
so long, im goneIf this wasn't your plan, what was it then,
to leave me like this, I can't understand
the point of all that you've done with your time,
in pictures your minelift your head, out of bed and realize,
that everything else is a lie,
and when you wake will you say,
"what was i doing that day"did you know when you go,
there is nothing here left of me,
did you know when you go,
you take everything

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