

Masses Of A Dying Breed

Miss May I

Somethings haven 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.

Somethings have taken over who I am.

Take it all back from where you came.

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