

# Masses Of A Dying Breed

## Miss May I

Some things haven't 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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