

# Seed

## Yellow Second

intent on coming clean  
unfolding with the scene  
and on the paper waded and tossed on the floor  
she idles by and counts  
the days while pressure mounts  
sick with regret and fearing all tomorrow  
doors once open now are shut  
maybe they're not locked yet, but  
do you wonder?  
is it too late?  
was it worth it?  
was it so great?  
do you wonder how different everything might have been?  
and could it be again?  
i can't know how you feel  
no wisdom to reveal  
but it's hard to see you bearing all this by yourself  
won't condescend to you  
there's nothing i can do  
for what it's worth, though, you can make it through this  
broken heart and broken will  
and you're not broken yet, but still  
disappointed, i confess  
but i don't love you any less

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