

# Stockholm Syndrome

## The String Quartet

This is the first thing I remember  
Now it's the last thing left on my mind  
Afraid of the dark, do you hear me whisper?  
An empty heart replaced with paranoia  
Where do we go? Life's temporary  
After we're gone like new year's resolutions  
Why is this hard? Do you recognize me  
I know I'm wrong but I can't help believing  
I'm so lost, I'm barely here  
I wish I could explain myself but words escape me  
It's too late to save me  
You're too late, you're too late  
You're cold with disappointment while I'm drowning in the next room  
The last contagious victim of this plague between us  
I'm sick with apprehension, I'm crippled from exhaustion  
And I dread the moment when you finally come to kill me  
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