

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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