

Worthless

Charon

No, you don't want me,
I will break you again.
Life don't mean anything.
No you don't call me,
I will hate you again.
Life don't mean everything. Easy, easy as closing eyes wide shut.
Easy, easy as grieving the goodbyes.
Oh led in my heart is,
killing Sunday, Killing Sunday, killing me. Oh, why to spend these,
why to spend my precious moments for this life.
I couldn't hold you so why should I hold now.
I will break down and fall.
You broke me in thousand pieces and threw me all around.
My heart is all that is buried inside of profound pain.

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