

The Art of Losing

Like Moths to Flames

If it wasn't for this bad luck that hangs up over my head,
I'd have no luck but maybe once I'd hope for the best.
What would it take to change my expiration date?
Sick of borrowing time I will never repay.
There's an art to losing every single thing you love.
Where do you turn when all you're left with is bad blood?
Is this what it's like, to be put back on the shelf?
Left to collect the dust of someone else.
The light in the back of the tunnel quickly fades to black.
Seasons change as I'm left in the past.
There's no home sweet home when you're sinking underneath like a stone.
Sinking down, sinking down alone.
There's no home sweet home.
Nothing left to believe in.
Everything I know is slipping away.
Right down the drain. Is this all in vain?
Nothing left to fight for.
Every new chance brought another door, slammed in my face.
Yet I still came back for more.
Too stubborn to swallow my pride. Afraid to admit that I've been set aside.
Taken out of the limelight.
What would it take to change my expiration date?
Sick of borrowing time that I will never repay.
There's an art to losing every single thing you love.
Where do you turn when all you're left with is bad blood?
Nothing left to believe in.
Nothing left to fight for

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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