

I'd like to think of pain as a drug  
Unlike what you're addicted to  
You appreciate first  
And see heaven later  
Your life will continue on much like the sun  
So instead of forcing a sunrise  
Why not embrace the night?  
come morning you'll love the real light  
It seems to me that the best things come after  
And you should be weary of an eager stranger  
Cause there's a price to pay for everything  
And forced happiness means pain later