

There's something about a tree I see in me
I don't know why I said that
It just seemed like the thing to do
Since right now I have no clue

I've discovered infatuation again
I didn't even dig, I just lifted the covers
I'm trying to convince myself this feeling is new
When it's really just so familiar

And now I don't know what to choose
Everyone keeps telling me I've got "nothing to lose"
But there's a difference between trying and playing the fool
When you don't know what's a pattern and what's truly new
That's the very definition of confused

When you're in a minefield you don't learn how to juggle
Surviving in itself is the primary struggle
They'll always be time when you're free from the mines
You may miss out on life, but at least you're alive

I doubt I'll say this when I'm about to die
And that's what troubles me
That's what stresses me
And why there's a war inside
Every moment
Every day
The need for constant focus over what I say
Or what actions I take
I'm terrified to make a mistake
Because I don't know what I'll do
I don't know what I'll do

They say if you have to ask yourself if you're having fun, you're not
Well all day I question everything
I cannot stop
Therefore I can't lose myself in being lost
I always need to know where I am
And how to get out
Because if I lose myself...
If I lose myself...

Then who knows what I'll write about