

How can I forgive you when I know you've forgotten,  
What got lost in translation?  
I wonder if you forgive me for every time I fell short,  
All that pride, lost in translation.

Now that we're finally eye-to-eye, I'm starting to realize,  
I would've made the same mistakes if I were in your place.  
But how do I convince my memories of that,  
What can I even say that would restore the love that was lost in translation?

Now that we're finally eye-to-eye, your gaze has softened, humbled with time,  
Filled with relief that we're alright,  
But are we alright?

Everything we could've had, everything we worked to have,  
Was it all in vain for what was lost in translation?

It's too late now, what's the point of dwelling on the past,  
Maybe if I keep tearing off these scabs, I'll find my vengeance,  
My love, my despair, my hard work.  
But is it of any use if I can't see your sacrifice, comprehend the magnitude of your fear, feel  
the way you held me dear?

Is it all just lost in translation?  
Is that all we are, misrepresentation?  
How can we live with these memories, knowing we're wrong, but convinced that we're right,  
stuck in the echo chamber of our own minds, our own lives, our own fights, stuck in a bond  
that we watch wear out with time,  
How do we make up for all those fights,  
Our hearts lost in translation, but you and I,  
We just did our best in that moment, didn't we,  
A moment lost in translation, but a moment seared in our minds.