There come situations when thoughts don’t get appropriate words. But then, we find a piece of music that says very much the same story. And then it becomes our favorite, at least for a few months.

There are some lyrics that just seem to fit you. For me it could be

He's a stranger to some  
And a vision to none  
He can never get enough,  
Get enough of the one  
  
For a fortune he'd quit  
But it's hard to admit  
How it ends and begins  
On his face is a map of the world  
(A map of the world)  
On his face is a map of the world  
(A map of the world)  
  
From yesterday, it's coming!  
From yesterday, the fear!  
From yesterday, it calls him  
But he doesn't want to read the message here  
  
On a mountain he sits, not of gold but of shit  
through the blood he can look, see the life that he took  
From council of one  
He'll decide when he's done with the innocent