

3000 100 Points 100pts Gummy Octopi

Heavy Heavy Low Low

Always. Always, always, always,
We breathe in sighs and breaths of desperation.
Something always seems to make it's way in.
And I end up looking paranoid,
I call 'em out, you can call 'em out,
See if they listen.
They never do.
Something always seems to make it's way in,
Bad case of day dreams.
I do not mind,
I will pick from the tree of life all day,
Everyday,
I just need to take a breath and realize
That I have got a very big problem,
Chapped lips unhinge,
I'm losin' my friends,
I need a break from living older