

Fix Me

10 Years

It's taken a lifetime to lose my way
A lifetime of yesterdays
All the wasted time on my hands turns to sand
And fades in the wind

Crossing lines, small crimes
Taking back what is mine

I'm fine in the fire
I feed on the friction
I'm right where I should be
Don't try and fix me
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I feed on the friction
I'm right where I should be
Don't try and fix me

So lost for so long to find to my way
I failed to follow, I'm out of place

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