

Overcast

Aesthetic Perfection

Searching for something
Walking endlessly for what seemed like days
And if you wait for me, I'll wait for you
Grasping to hold on to what I can't see
It is coming back
It seems that I've forgotten the way
To continue on this broken down road
Push, carry on
I won't pretend that this is my life
Hollow words make paranoid people back down
This is not, this is not, this is not control

I thought that I had control
I thought I could keep control
I thought I would want control
I thought I'd never lose control

There's no reason for this
Just please forgive me

Hoping for something
Passing time with an endless trail of smoke
Throat burns
Choke on cigarettes
Ashes fall and scatter
That old familiar blue glow
Red eyes gaze
This is not, this is not, this is not control