

# My Instincts Are the Enemy

American Football

My instincts are the enemy  
I warned you  
I've damaged good inside of me  
I need you

Translate all the colors that I can't see  
I think I'm in trouble  
Can you explain why all the reds look green to me?  
With my nerves exposed, I can't say no

My instincts are the enemy  
I warned you  
I've malevolence inside of me  
I need you

I wanna taste a little bit of everything  
But it gets me in trouble  
To fill my plate with the vacant and obscene  
With my nerves exposed, I can't say no

I'm paralyzed, engaged in a civil war  
What can I do?  
Either way, I lose  
You lose, too  
Days are nights and nights are unbearable  
What can I do?  
Chained to this mood  
You're chained to me

Keep asking different questions  
The same answer I receive  
I need you more than ever to tell me what you see