

If I fall again, will it be the end?  
I know it's wrong  
You think I'm strong but I just pretend  
Is it taking over?  
Will it bury me?  
Or will clarity become the cure for my disease?

Stuck at the surface  
Not making progress  
Falling apart  
Well I'm trying my hardest  
Looking for answers  
Finding a woe  
Is their noose getting tighter?  
I'm losing control

Will the end make me whole again?

It's like holding on  
When my grip is lost  
I still feed my insecurity when I know the cost  
Is it taking over?  
Will it bury me?  
Or will clarity become the cure for my disease?

I'm getting older  
Still lost as ever  
Thinking a smile while I bury the pressure  
Why does this happen?  
I should be fine  
But I can't shake the feeling I'm living a lie

Will the end make me whole again?

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(Become the cure for my disease)