

Are You Calling Me a Sinner

Captain, We're Sinking

My lungs feel like a fish out of water. I'm not going to explain myself again. Now they all resent me for taking what don't belong to me I f**ked up before but this time I think their on to me. Can't say that I'd rather have a friend then an enemy if this is all we now. So hide under your bed and make sure your not seen by the ones that will judge you say what you really mean. I'm loosing all my friends from how I change today. Are you calling em a sinner for the choices I made? In anger hate or jealousy things could have stayed the same we could have buried our loses and gone on alone. But instead you broke down. Your hanging on to every word or flattery that helps you sleep at night but I don't know I guess this miss means war. When we wake up will we make the same mistakes again? I don't know.