

Wilting flowers equate death
Not what I'm about
This war of wits like Vietnam
Now I'm pulling out
I need a lump of something
So confused what i want
To put it down in layman's terms
I'm basically fucked
Could have given everything
But that's not enough
When i asked for sugar
You substitute salt

I'm trying to think up
Some miraculous strategy
To bust loose from this creeping misery

I won't settle for a gray life
I won't settle for a gray life
I won't settle for a gray life

Sawing on my limbs
In this surrealistic dream
Tie me up, gag my mouth
Now i 'm ready to scream
Sad eyed velvet painting
You don't want to be loved
Titanic front row state room
You've been screwing the crew
I might be an imbecile
But i won't be a fool

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