

Such minimal and worthless things I get myself into
I get myself in two
And paragraphs rest angry words onto a landscape
That sinks me down to a level much lower than that
Of an angry kid with loaded words and too many silences
And I am looking back on these past few years
I've led myself on to think I'm better than this
I can't be better than this

Say what you wanted to say
The glory days have worn away
Stranded, we aren't the hopeless
Stranded, we aren't the hopeless
We've got it figured out or so it may seem
Maybe I just need some sleep