

Paradise

Darkest Hour

After midnight's glow and morning's gloom has settled in its self-inflicted sense of self-loathing
waking up from the longest dream
where we're all running away
it's a sobering experience
still sinking still spinning still hanging by a thread
I've been thinking I'll stop wasting the days away and make life worth living
controlling these demons and stopping sirens from screaming
lapsing in and out of this great escape
a love-hate relationship
we're all stuck in our ways
and as we drown everyday we revel in our self-indulgence
and wonder why we feel so trapped, in our bodies
in out rooms, in out cities, with our words, with our words

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start thinking, stop wasting, start make life worth living