

## What I Have To Do

Flaw

Well it seems as though everyone's been led astray far away from.

From what we know, still can't find a reason or the right words to say. It'll be OK.

Wrapped up in all the things that are wrong.

It's the only trial so far, as the verdict falls down you still break away.

Caught up in a social degradation, you can't even see the truth .

We're only half as good at personal relations, look around and see the proof.

Only a few of us go in the right direction, even though we're singled out.

It's the only thing that keeps me alive, I do what I have to do.

How was I to know, force fed corporate trials each day, every single day.

But we must grow, echoing the single most important thing in the way.

Not slipping, still drifting, falling one step further from the norm.

What is the norm? Not living, longing, trying so much harder than before. What if I, what if I run far away? Would I still be seen the same? Break away.

It's what I want.