

Litany

Fucked Up

this morning i was born and this evening i will die.
tomorrow i will stumble through without eyes living
and surviving simply means that i keep dying a litany
of desperation and depression a repetition of boredom
and confusion piece by piece i'll play the the same old
song all day long it feels like i've done this before and
i don't want to do it anymore running on the spot stuck
in the first shot these walls of time i fear there is no way
out of here but if i can just make it through the day i think
i've finally found a way out head down work hard forget
that it is happening fall asleep and end the day the memory
fades away.