

Dreams

Gideon

I am weak from the weight I carry
I am sick from the poison I've been fed

Go ahead judge my ways
You don't know right from wrong
I will over power this doubt
That you've lodged into my soul

I will be myself
When everyone
Tells me to be someone else

Save your words
They fall on deaf ears
Save your words
For the weak

Go ahead and keep pouring this doubt
Into my mind Into my soul

Your words are nothing more
Than the dreams you've left unfollowed

Judge my ways

I am sick
I am weak

Save your words
They fall on deaf ears
Save your words
For the weak