

Enter the Unapproachables

Good Riddance

You don't speak not a single word
Can't correlate a single thing you've heard
You just erase all the things we've said
With a mask of disapproval
And it's always about you
Convinced yourself there's better things to do
Like building a wall
You double up at the thought of fun
You're not concerned about anyone
You're alone when the sun goes down
Like a cold, forsaken shadow
And you're trapped inside yourself
Nothing can reach you
Nobody matters anyway
You're looking outside
For purpose and piece of mind
And you may never find
You'll never find freedom