

"You'll get it right sometime. You will."  
I tell myself that everyday.  
"You don't need to latch on to anything.  
You'll just end up back here  
In your little limbo scene."  
It's repetitious and exhausting.  
I might need some therapy;  
Anything to keep me in check through the day.

Don't think about your lover.  
You're already steady shaking."  
I might need a sedative,  
But I hate the taste of medicine.  
"You just need to let her go."  
These pills shaking in my hand  
Just make me feel defeated,  
Like I'm not able to just let her go away.

I hate this place but I love these chords.  
"An empty fate just means an even score."  
And the pain this morning...  
It filled my head.  
It's Jameson.  
It means that I'm not dead.

And I just can't seem to get away  
There's no such thing as escape,  
Even with the sedaives  
You're always in the same state,  
Clutching to a limbo scene.  
You're never changing anything,  
You just stop the shaking.  
And it's constantly repeated through the days.