

Endure

Nonpoint

Even with a diagram of
My DNA I leave scientists baffled 'till the end of the day they
try to pick apart
My life-style and how I survive making money for the boss
while I make nickel and dime, and being on time takin' a punch
and doin'
My best, not ever hearing good job
and staying upset it doesn't take to much to find the sediments
they left behind.
Put down the book put up the walls I'm never givin' up at all
what's yours is yours, what's
Mine is yours and I'll mature.
Endure.
Not even with ten men holding
Me back not even with a devious planned attack contemplating
every move that I play willing the bad things all away keeping
the worry-free happiness philosophy that's what I let them see
when they try to look at Me.
Don't want out.
These issues arise everyday,
though you try to turn your head and walk away,
though it leaves you feeling insecure you're gonna feel your li
fe mature.
Endure