

There's something different going on out there
A piece of silence within
Helpless stranger looking out to understand
What it means to be real

I am
The life we always dreamed in
The life
Is not what you expect
So tempting
But nothing ever happens
And nothing feels the same
I lucked out again

Screw me I like it...
Screw me I like it...

If nothing's to it then what's happening, unknown
Shape shifted finite ending
Public scratching looking past the wounded trash
Our means to conceal

Or build a life of tired genius
Benigns reverses how it's spent
So empty but something's never simple
The vicious cut remains
All senses and blame

Screw me I like it...
Screw me I like it...