

Dying

Osker

i know myself.
i know i think i'm so sick of people and i don't know why.
see, i just don't have patience for them.
and i really think i can make it on my own... lies...
you hide words to keep from hurting me.
i would rather know the truth then be happy...
while you're smiling.
we're all dying. with every day that we go,
we're just getting old.
while you're dying.
we're all fighting.
with every day that we go...
i know better than to get caught up in words of boredom,
of no importance to me.
so why do these people keep talking?
when all i wanna do is hear myself...
the more i'm awake, the more i wanna sleep.
what a shame to want it that way,
but what a shame to be in this.
"your life is such a bore, and me i feel so fucking alive"
... LIES...
every breath uttered a self re-assurance.
i wouldn't trust me much if i were you,
but you choose...