

waking up every day in the same bed for nine long years and it  
all goes by.  
i'm glad with what i got so you won't hear one word of regret c  
oming out of my mouth.  
i've wasted so much goddamn precious time worrying and complain  
ing.  
i'm so spoiled my eyes sewn shut.  
i thought i was caught in a rut,  
but i'm in no danger.  
yeah, i'm lucky.  
some people are more dull than me.  
i'm so afraid of turning into a blank face.  
did you get lost on the drive?  
how does it feel to be completely unnerved by the repetitive po  
unding of every day?  
and every fucking day you're doing something,  
how does it feel to go nowhere?  
where will you be 15 years from now?  
because accomplishments are nothing but instant gratification.  
and were all gonna rot...