

Someday

Osker

i shout so listen.
actions always ineffective.
one last try before giving up.
this cycle i'm caught in fucks me up,
why does this happen?
when i reached up for air,
i felt nothing, so i sank...
someday i will be just fine.
so if it's all in my mind,
why can't i ignore it?
the things they say can be fixed are fucked up things that just
exist.
you can't control the things out of your hands,
so don't even try...
nothing ever turns out right...
to trust i guess i learned the hard way.
don't believe anything they say to me.
don't forget what you've done to me,
i won't let it get to me.