

## The Lives We Fear

Ruiner

Maybe if I said something a bit more meaningless  
Than possibly I could make my father proud of the things I've done.

Throw blood, reckless, onto paper.

You can't expect me to take the same roads so many have crawled  
down before.

I am fine with dying with regrets

As long as I've never stopped making attempts

At the sky and tearing down the stars.

It never felt right to sit back-letting life pass me by.

Saying I could have, would have but never fucking tried.

I'll take my chances with the late nights, the bitter arguments

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We'll get by on the skin of our teeth I've never needed more

I'll take my chances with the harsh criticism and the failed relationships

We'll get by on the skin of our teeth I've never need more

I have it all, I never needed more than a bag

Full of clothes and a fucked up van.

Just give me 20 minutes to sweat out the feeling

Give me 20 minutes to run myself dead.

This is my outlet, this is my mid life crisis.

Though it started at 16 I don't plan on seeing 30.

I'll stay thankful for the hand outs, thankful for the chance