

I always heard rumors about "behind the scenes"
I found out that they're true, though vicious and obscene
I'm giving out false handshakes until my wrists break
Each interaction lacks any bit of passion what a shame
I've been deceived by the ones that I held in such high acclaim
"It is what it is" I'm told
It's par for the course to fit their mold
Blend in, blend in to the mess it's better to fit in
They scream give in, give in, give up what's left of your innocence

Ring me out to dry
Nothing left inside cause my passion left me half alive
Have I lost the fight?
Was it meant to be or should I let this die
I'm barely hanging on
With every twist this rings me out to dry
Should I let this die?

I'm lost again
Should I blame my self?
What once was mine belongs to someone else
It's fine, it's fine
I think I'll be alright
Just ring me out to dry till there's nothing inside
I've lost all that I have left to lose to you
My passions now past tense, but I just cant move past it

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Took it in my own hands made this a mission
Warned before, but didn't listen
A week attempt a failed transmission
Should it die or should I finish?

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