

# Life Is Not a Waiting Room

Senses Fail

I stand alone on the verge of 24  
I can not doubt, I'm left unsure  
Everyone I know has a casket made  
The plots picked out, the roads are paved

Do I still have time to make mistakes?  
Is this the point where I bend or break?  
Am I too far gone to medicate?  
Is this a birth or is this a wake?

There was a part of me  
That I lost when I was seventeen  
I can't get back  
The innocence I gave to scenes  
In between Jersey plays  
Was just an act

I would slit my throat and blinded through my lies  
Desperate I am matched with two black eyes  
At the mouth of a river people sit  
With concrete shoes ready to jump in

Do I still have time to chase my dreams?  
Or did that pass, sail out and leave?  
Is there still room for me to grow?  
Or is this feud all that I know?

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Sometimes I want, to just give in  
Accept the answers without a question  
It's easier, I must confess  
To treat this life like it's a waiting room for death  
How can I make sense of this mess?  
I'll share my emptiness with a glass  
It's my best bet for happiness

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