

Lifeboats

Senses Fail

I just want to feel alive.
And love myself from the in and the outside.
'Cause every time that I start to feel whole,
I knock myself on the ground because it's all that I've known

Just like the streets burn a hole through your shoe.
My soul has been worn out too,
I'm 25 and I still don't fit in
Directionless, like a blind man painting

Mother I'm so sorry, I can't go on like this.
The lifeboats are leaving with or without me.
What's the point of falling in love?
If I don't love myself.
What's the point of being alive if all I want is out.

So I thought that it only feels right
To make the decisions that endanger my life.
Late late at night under black and blue moons.
I question in the reasons that I self-abuse.

I'm so pathetic.
It makes me sick.
I'm a fingerless pianist.
I see reflections.
I clench my fists.
I'm a violin without the strings.

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There is no love.
There's only this:
Just lust and lies, and selfishness.
A black hole where the sun once was.
I'm never falling back in love.
'Cause it has never been enough.

Ever since I've been a young boy I was alone
Now that I've become a man, the feeling's grown.
Through the therapy and through the pills, I can't let go.
But what about the fuckin fact:
I'm still alone.

What do you do when you got nothing left?
Give up! Give up! And hope for the best!
I fell into the ocean, I and I feel sick,
Waiting on a nameless rescue ship.

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