

The Things You Own End Up Owning You

Stray from the Path

There's always something trying to keep me down.
Every day, same hour, some voice is calling me, calling me.
Further from happiness, I'm losing my fucking mind,
wishing I was closer to ending this.

And not a, not a day goes by where I don't see
numbers going up and credit scores follow me.
Haunting my future in building my name.

So far behind and it, it makes me sick to think
that the world revolves around debt.
I can't seem to shake this, so far behind on everything
Feeding at the hands of the ones that put me out,
and I can't seem to shake this, so far behind on everything,
and I can't seem to shake this.

Haunting my future in building my name
and don't get shit twisted and end up in our shoes
Haunting my future, some things will never change
some things will never change.

Scraping at the very bottom,
wishing I was closer to ending this.

Blegh!