

# Every Inambition

The Trews

Crawling with cancerous thoughts  
on my mind  
There's so many things I could  
say but it's not the time  
Way beyond good and evil  
Telling all the little people

Half of the time I pretend that  
I'm fine and I  
Keep it inside I keep it inside  
But every inambition is dying  
Crying outside I'm crying outside

I had my fill, I said enough  
Chemicals were calling my bluff  
Way beyond good and evil  
Telling all the little people

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Bye, bye my love, my still good  
to sing?

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