

Stumbling being worn out
Got nothing to defeat
In no battle
And I've got lots of reasons why
I'm seeing things the way they are
The way they are to me
I'm stunned by the news I hear

Disstruggle got to seperate
We've pointed out all our mistakes
I've stretched myself on my bed
This breakdown I had
Ambitions exploded in my face

So, I shake the troubles off myself
I'm trying to forget
I remember that you're sad
Don't worry
Sleeping in different beds
I hate this job I have
Don't tell me
Don't tell me what's on your head

You vent the anger on me
It's like acid in my hands
It's beyond the ability to hold
To make things last
Criticize ourselves
Criticize everything

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