

# Stumbling

Useless ID

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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