

Trials and Tribulations

We Are the Ocean

I tried to keep all of my problems
Locked up inside a crowded room
Why should I show any feeling
When my opinion's exiled to the shelf?

I've forgotten myself, I don't want nobody's help
I'm too tired to think, to breathe, to just be
As long as you know this is the real me
Am I just a test?
I confess, my concern is my hell

No way, how does this all fit?
I didn't see what was happening
Drown my pain with a glass tonight
I reach to hold what makes me alive
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Down I go into black holes to find
What I've been looking for on endless roads
I walk in a haze, I try to stay to my own lanes
I'm too tired to think, to breathe, to just be
When will I crash and burn to sleep?

Am I just a test?
I confess, my concern is my hell
The way I see it I've got two choices, to win or to fail

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Every corner I may take
Always leads me back this way
I see now it's crystal clear
What I hear is what I fear

No way, how does this all fit?