

## Often

## As It Is

I often think to myself, "Don't let your guard down."  
But my fucking useless arms are always tired  
I'm worse than I've ever been  
I used to find comfort in how everyone's got problems  
And it's selfish of me  
But I'd rather just be fine

I take precautions like they're bad advice  
When I'm lacking ideas  
I plan for self-destruction every time  
But never pick up the pieces

I'm in constant need of self-validation  
And I'm closed to new ideas, yet so impatient  
'Cause I can't have everything  
And is it too much to be asking for something just once  
Can you really blame me  
That I want to just feel fine

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I plan for self-destruction every time  
But never pick up the pieces

I don't have anything worth dying for  
But at least I'll live longer

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Often, I'm not alone, but can't break my stare to back home  
Narrow eyes will never know where to go  
(Everyday the sun will shine, but gets blocked on every side)  
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