

I guess being clever's just my safety net

I hide behind my cadence  
I hide behind the walls  
I built so tall the weakness never spills

I hide all of my burdens  
I twist my words so well  
I'm breaking but a lie is what I sell

If I'm clever you might never understand  
I feel like death and me are working hand in hand  
When my happiness is hanging by a thread I finally feel content  
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I tell you I feel better  
I tell you I can sleep  
I hope that it can bring a sense of peace

When all the nights are getting darker  
The day becomes so bleak  
Another day I'm conscious is another day I bleed

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I feel like death and me are working hand in hand  
When my happiness is hanging by a thread I finally feel content

If I'm messed up and inconsistent in my head  
I feel my passing only battle fits my friends  
I know nothing I say matters, in the end I finally feel content  
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I'm out of ways to answer  
I'm out of metaphors  
I finally got so sick, there is no cure

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