

You're barely getting by with your half-hearted attempts.
You pass part of the test, and fail the rest.
Because the things you know, you also know so half-heart,
you join mass murder parties cause you hear it's a trend.
That's when all the fun ends. When the funds end.
That's when the people who were your friends turn their backs a
ll the sudden.

Then I have to take a breath for a second.
Before I wreck the impression with my confusing expression.
Because I know the way I do the things I do,
might cause a situation or an excessive reaction from you.

R: And that might be what I want to do.
Take you.
Try to shake you.
Break you out of your habits.
Can you feel me?
Do you hear me?
Can you look inside and see past the skin this time?

And if I thought you could you wouldn't be here.
If I thought I could I wouldn't be in tears.
It might be a better idea if I hide for a while behind a face w
ith a smile.

Tell wild stories of our glory days.
Make the same mistakes we made yesterday.

But, you still try to feed the obsession with other people's po
ssessions.
Try to dodge all the questions.
Because you know the world treats your kind.
You would last long enough to be a part of a greater design of
a better human kind.

R:

My eyes are opening up,
your time is running out to make a choice.
What are you going to do when it's gone?
How do you expect to get on with no voice?
You take what you want from who you need.
You say things you know bring animosity.
You think you'll be a better person in the end.
I think you need a little common sense.