

# Expiry Date

Thomston

Tragic  
Am I moving backward?  
I can't tell these days  
Am I losing touch or do I think too much?  
Overanalyzing, I internalize everything these days

So I put my palms together  
(I promise that I'll)  
Put in all the effort  
(Head in it all)  
In spite of all the pressure  
I'll walk until my feet bleed  
Furthest thing from easy  
Step out from the pile  
(I promise that I'll)  
Make this worth your while  
(Head in it all)  
Because I know that  
I'll walk until I feet bleed  
Furthest thing from easy

Dried up  
Nothing in the reservoir  
I thirst these days  
Put the blinders on until the thoughts are gone  
And all the doubt vacates and gives my head some space  
It's kinda hard these days

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(I promise that I'll)  
Put in all the effort  
(Head in it all)  
In spite of all the pressure  
I'll walk until my feet bleed  
Furthest thing from easy  
Step out from the pile  
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Make this worth your while  
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Because I know that  
I'll walk until I feet bleed  
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If you put me on a shelf, I won't live long  
If you say it's temporary, I'll be gone  
All my fingernails bitten to the ends  
(Reaped and sewed, dry and old)  
If I said I wasn't anxious, it's a lie  
If I said the validation soothes my mind  
Does that make me more human in your eyes?  
Everybody has a date that they expire

Is it shameful that this keeps me up some nights?  
Knowing that if I don't play my cards just right  
Every part of this could vanish in my heads  
Fingernails bitten to the ends