

Fake It

156/Silence

Holy Fuck
Fake it

An unrelenting parade of praise
While I'm left scrolling through each and every day
Lost in a sea of information
While I attempt to cope with indignation

I recognize my own affliction from this virtual addiction
But I swear something's gotta give

I need to learn to let go of the past
Even when it's written in stone
And I'll find my heart a home