

My Instincts Are the Enemy

American Football

My instincts are the enemy
I warned you
I've damaged good inside of me
I need you

Translate all the colors that I can't see
I think I'm in trouble
Can you explain why all the reds look green to me?
With my nerves exposed, I can't say no

My instincts are the enemy
I warned you
I've malevolence inside of me
I need you

I wanna taste a little bit of everything
But it gets me in trouble
To fill my plate with the vacant and obscene
With my nerves exposed, I can't say no

I'm paralyzed, engaged in a civil war
What can I do?
Either way, I lose
You lose, too
Days are nights and nights are unbearable
What can I do?
Chained to this mood
You're chained to me

Keep asking different questions
The same answer I receive
I need you more than ever to tell me what you see