

You don't know struggle
And you don't know sorrow
And you don't know what it's like
To have to watch somebody die

So don't pretend to act like you know me
And pick apart what you don't understand
The book is long, descriptive and haunting
It's full of sentences you can't comprehend
Comprehend

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Comprehend
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Comprehend, oh

So what's it like to have that comfort
To know you'll always be covered
To know someone will be there?
Well I've never had that comfort
Or the luxuries of being covered
So night after night, after night, after night
After night, after night, after night

I'll be staying up late
Fighting off the shakes
Puking out the window
Repressing things you can never know

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Things you can never know
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