

Babylon Ben (2016)

As It Is

I'll tell you "I'm okay
With the weather like my mood
The clouds are the same grey
As the smoke that fills this room
That I breathe in to forget
The pills that made me a disaster
To free my mind of regret
To convince myself I'll get better

I wished harm on my head
I wanna feel what you felt
I lay high in my bed
With the cards I was dealt
But I'd rather hurt in truth
Than be drifting off in fiction
I wrote these words to get me through
And convince myself I'll get better

I don't want these thoughts prescribed to me
I won't just be fixed to self deceive
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How can I fix what I can't touch
It's cold and unfair but life is such
How can I cope with what's not there?
It leaves me rewired but not repaired

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