

This anxiety inside of me is tiring my mind
I can't cry or sleep or smile or eat or even try to find
Something physical or tangible to lay alone beside
I am singing to the void again, I hum into the night

Everyday, everyday
Everyday, everyday
Everyday, everyday
Everyday, everyday

The way that I cope with things is unethical
And all my clever words have been said before
I'm just putting off the inevitable
I am feeling more like a vegetable

Everyday, everyday
Everyday, everyday
Everyday, everyday
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