

No Free Advice

Axiom

Always saying I ain't good enough
Never knowing why my life's so rough
Always concerned with superficial ways
I'm here to tell you that these are the end of days

Rain keeps coming down as it shadows out the sun
It's coming closer now, you're anything but done, yeah.

I'm so sick of being misused, unused, reused
Can't take no more being misled, unfed, abused
Don't tell me what you feel
Misinterpret my will
Can't handle the falling of the rain.

It keeps coming fast and strong
No remorse shown for what's right or wrong
Make no statement to decree
Because it, it knows that, that you're never free

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