

If I fall again, will it be the end?
I know it's wrong
You think I'm strong but I just pretend
Is it taking over?
Will it bury me?
Or will clarity become the cure for my disease?

Stuck at the surface
Not making progress
Falling apart
Well I'm trying my hardest
Looking for answers
Finding a woe
Is their noose getting tighter?
I'm losing control

Will the end make me whole again?

It's like holding on
When my grip is lost
I still feed my insecurity when I know the cost
Is it taking over?
Will it bury me?
Or will clarity become the cure for my disease?

I'm getting older
Still lost as ever
Thinking a smile while I bury the pressure
Why does this happen?
I should be fine
But I can't shake the feeling I'm living a lie

Will the end make me whole again?

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(Become the cure for my disease)