

Fuck

Well where is there room made for growth
When I walk on a thin frayed rope
I keep testing my balance in hopes that my feet will find ground
that's more solid
(I'll swallow my words whole again)
Fight my own will of choking
Cause all my shortcomings leave me short of breath
Just like when you said that I'm better off dead

I've been trying my best to feel safe in my skin
Blur the lines to make up for my selfish pretense
I've been trying my best to feel safe in my skin
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