

You think that you can just count me out
No indecision left to think about
I'm done with keeping silence in my mouth
This thoughtless choke
You're so out of touch with the things you can fight, and

Your blanket's in your hand
While I'm stuck losing men
Hold your knife to my throat
No contents, all for show
Jump in and out of place
No room to fall and bruise
Kept all my focus straight
Yet I'm still last to move

Why do I pretend to keep caring
When I know I'll never keep my peace?
I pretend to keep caring
When I know you'll never let this be

I know you'll never let this be

What makes you my thought to be nice enough to meant every time
I'm locked away inside my own grave
Tear out something great, patch it up with hate just to fill the space
I'm staring at the floor, [?], I've been here before
But I'll never understand it

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