

Crossroads

Belmont

I'm pushing past my stitched shut lips to speak about the same
old shit
Like how we're growing up but going nowhere
I'm sick of all this lust we breath but my lungs just need consistency
Yet I'm different than when you first knew me

I'm so drained from all my yelling cause my whisper sounds the same
I've gone and changed again, changing what you thought you knew
back then
I'm sore from holding back everything I mean to say to you
I'm not your day dream, please just bury me