

Empty Shelf

Belmont

There's a million things about me that never quite add up
But what's an empty shelf without it's dust?
Why do I remain so oblivious?
To the empty air in my lungs that keeps happiness lust

I'm abusing my mind reusing old lines to speak about the future
from the past
Where I fill the cracks with useless fucking hatred

I keep wasting all my time
With all this negativity
I keep wasting all my time
To try and find some peace of mind

I wish that I could call this home
I wish I wasn't so alone
Never go back there, never come back here
I'm breaking down what I built up
I took my time to find the rut
That I've been stuck in
I'm fucking trapped in

I wish that I could call this home
I wish I wasn't so alone
Never go back there, never come back here
I'm breaking down what I built up
I took my time to find the rut
That I've been stuck in
I'm fucking trapped in