

# 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

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