

Live A Lie

Belmont

I give up
Feeling like I'm gonna relapse
So fed up
Feeling like I've got a foot in my ass
Rushing everything and cutting corners, aiming to please
Losing track of all the times I told myself to just breathe

'Cause I can't decide whether things are wrong or right
Every time I look inside
I just feel despise
And I feel like I live a lie

Take my baggage and leave
I never wanted a seat
Where the hand's always dealt for me
What are you wanting to see?
Some type of dependency?
I can stand on my own two feet

I'm talking to myself again
To write a better end
I just can't focus in
With all the confusion
Fogging my views, I'm

Beating up myself again
Conversations like these never end
That's just my punishment
For forcing what isn't meant

Take my baggage and leave
I never wanted a seat
Where the hand's always dealt for me
What are you wanting to see?
Some type of dependency?
I can stand on my own two feet

I'll think too much about this
I'll isolate myself
The hole that I've been digging
Never feels quite deep enough
Never feels quite deep enough

Take my baggage and leave
I never wanted a seat
Where the hand's always dealt for me
What are you wanting to see?
Some type of dependency?
I can stand on my own two feet