

Dog Teeth

Boundaries

Another day stuck in my head
Laying in bed making excuses again
Maybe tomorrow I'll try again
A weary man, the sentence of the which

What do I do with these feelings?
Because they've always been a part of me
Don't think I'm strong enough to see
The other side in this state I could be

Suffocating
Under the weight

Tired of being
At the mercy
Of my insecurities

Left wounded astray
Where no one else will find me
It's finally my time to be
Eaten alive by dog teeth, arf arf