

# Complacent

**Capsize**

Three minutes left, the clock clicks toward your final breath  
Now what's on the line is what you will say for the thousandth time

Close your eyes and wait patiently. Recall back to apathy  
Love wilts and the flower dies. Forever never had a place in me

You wanted something, something for nothing  
Would life be good enough to set you free?  
You wanted something, something for nothing  
Would death be enough to let you sleep?  
You wanted something, something for nothing

It won't be getting easier  
The light in me is fading dimmer  
Was I good for this? Me and life seemed to never fit  
Were my intentions considered in the way this played out?  
Or am I just filling in another grave? Did I take enough to even the score?  
Or did life just run its cycle on another number

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If you could see what I've seen you wouldn't question me  
Don't question me. Don't you fucking question me