

Linger

Capsize

It's hard to talk about someone I hardly know
I just want to go back to the same things I always go back to
I'm to the point of disbelief that I even question what I see
Second guessing what's right in front of me

I can look at my best friends, and I can see the hope, the strength, it's real
Leaving me wondering when all that died in me
The same passion is there, but it's in an opposite vein
I tried to feel that optimism, but who the fuck am I kidding?
I've lost so much fucking time to all the lingering
Too busy hiding from the man I'm becoming

Can't bear this fucking weight, it's much too heavy to take
I don't know what's heavier, the cloud in my head or the weight
on my shoulders

I don't see shit in myself, but if you say you see something
I fucking swear I'll keep trying. I'll fucking try 'til I'm dying
That's why I cover all my skin, 'cause I'm not happy with the person within
I use the ink to remind me that forever exists