

Withered

currents

I can't even remember the first time you led me down this path.
Fuck.

I never once in my life thought I could ever feel much lower than this.

This book is open; I try to pour my thoughts out on these pages
but my will is broken. The fear is setting in.

I could give you everything you need, but I think the motivation's leaving me.

Every day is the same dark feeling.

Time's fleeting, anger's leaving me.

It's getting harder to relate and release.

This road is pulling away from what I want but that's okay, some things are easier missed.

I'd rather fail than sit and wish.

So why would I quit?

Maybe indecisiveness is the winner, shadow's getting bigger, my soul starts to crumble and wither.

And I think I'm losing all control.

Where's that old fire that I'd pride myself for always holding inside?

Guess I could stop pretending to be something I'm not, is it something I want, or is it something I've got?

It's time to stop second guessing every single thought.

I think I've lost.

Scraping the bottom of the fucking barrel from the start.

How could I be so pathetic?

Every day is the same dark feeling.

Time's fleeting, anger's leaving me.

It's getting harder to relate and release.

This road is pulling away from what I want but that's okay, some things are easier missed.

I'd rather fail than sit and wish.

Every line's the same, they're all the fucking same.

I think the motivation's leaving me.

It's like the answer's right in front of me but old me won't let go of me.

The answer's there in front of me but old me'd never let me see .

Every day is the same dark feeling.

Time's fleeting, anger's leaving me.

It's getting harder to relate and release.

This road is pulling away from what I want but that's okay, some things are easier missed.

I'd rather fail than sit and wish.