

After midnight's glow and morning's gloom has settled in its self-inflicted sense of self-loathing  
waking up from the longest dream  
where we're all running away  
it's a sobering experience  
still sinking still spinning still hanging by a thread  
I've been thinking I'll stop wasting the days away and make life worth living  
controlling these demons and stopping sirens from screaming  
lapsing in and out of this great escape  
a love-hate relationship  
we're all stuck in our ways  
and as we drown everyday we revel in our self-indulgence  
and wonder why we feel so trapped, in our bodies  
in out rooms, in out cities, with our words, with our words

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start thinking, stop wasting, start make life worth living