

Tiresome

Drug Church

When you're full sad sack
Listening to Mush on a city bus
You let those tears eat your brain
Poor me is your refrain

When you're off on one
Whispering pity into your shirt
You celebrate being weak
And keep excuses right in reach

Here's what I learned living under my rock
Here's what I found when I finally looked

There's nothing there but air
A void where ambition ain't
A damp seat of bad thoughts
A rotted body you came across

When you're sitting on your back
Staring at a stained dropped ceiling
Better served to burn that bed
Then spend another second on that feeling

Here's what I learned living under my rock
Here's what I found when I finally looked

You know this turn you see it coming
Your bored heart gives up on pumping
That self-hate was persistent
So those lungs are indifferent

You fooled fools but that's worthless
Your pulse asks what's the purpose?
When tired is the entire sum
That shit just makes you tiresome