

Talking To Myself

Elohim

My shower's gone cold when I need it most
That'll teach me not to stand here and cry
My thoughts are a curse getting darker and worse
While the water is draining and being wasted

Pity a blessed life, this is the best life
You could have gotten
You won't accept it, what is it you wanted?
What haven't you gotten?

Talking to myself isn't getting any easier
Raising my voice so the words become clear
Try to cut through but the noise is like a deep fog
That keep on driving but I can't seem to find the light

My aura's gone dark, where did my sparkle go?
When did my wires get crossed, will this circuit blow?
Turning heart into hearts, it's a season for this
It feels pathetic to be drowning in this self-loathing mess

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I wonder if I'll ever make it out alive
Oh, we one day we all die
It's one common thread, we take it to the end
It's one common trend, we feel 'til the end
It's hard to be satisfied, when we only get one try
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