

Here

Epik High

I'm here
Where no one is
Sometimes I feel like I'm alone in this
Confused
Goin' from wishin' I wasn't born at all to
thinkin' I was born for this
Pages torn to bits, as pencil tips break
Am I runnin' out of things to say?
I close my eyes, let the muses rewind the tape
And I'm back to... yesterday