

# 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