

I'm not thinking right
Darker shapes are creeping in, slowly unsettling
Do I believe my doubts
They're clawing at my interests, but I'm not indifferent

I don't want to limp back home, I don't want to look like struggling
Acting on the things I know, maybe I should leave this place for a while
I don't want to limp back home, I don't want to wake up wondering why
I don't want to look back on, everything without an answer

Funny feeling like
The next decision is, attached to a permanence
And I spend my nights in the midst of sleeping
Jaw clamped tight and I'm sick of it
Feel my whole mouth splintering

And the pain runs down my fingers
And the whole thing comes undone but I know there's a reason there
Only I can't see it yet

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