

New photo in an old frame
Broken down vehicle with fresh paint
Fake smile, same pain
Washed up, everything is circling the drain

Like the minor characters that populate a game
Repeating dialogue until the goal has been attained
I feel like everyone already knows
Every detail that I should have stowed away

I'm not in the mood to talk today
It's not like there is anything that's left to say
Every god damn thing that's inside my head
Is just a modified version of some shit I've said
In the past years, a definitive edition of my worst fears
The repetition of my issues is unwavering
When savoring the flavor
Of the words wasted by my mouth

Syndicate the seasons
Then replay the re-runs everyday

I feel just like an extra in a role without a name
Repeating dialogue that isn't meant to entertain
Except that I am casted in a starting role
And the dilemma every episode is the same

Sometimes I feel so fucking worthless
Flawed and imperfect
Defective, out of service
At most I'm just refurbished

Somewhat fixed up and barely working
For all that it's worth...

I put aside my doubts
Settled in and wrote down
Every god damn thing that's inside my head
Made a modified version of the shit I've said
In the past years, a definitive edition of my worst fears
Is now available for purchase
But I still feel so fucking worthless
It's a curse