

This Is Fine.

Free Throw

Everything is burning in the flames
How can I complain
When I am doing just the same?
Yeah, no shot
I just pretend and ignore
While I'm doing all I can to convince my legs to stand
Or to lift a single hand
But all commands have been (erased)
Erased all of my money
To help my focus shift
It didn't help so I here I sit
Blaming myself for all of this
When I didn't have to
I found a match and I lit it

How the hell have I been?
Okay
I've been sitting modding Skyrim
For days
Slowly wasting away to nothing
I built a giant list with all the things I want to change
After countless hours spent
I got distracted and I never played the game

Yeah that's my life story
God damn I'm so fucking boring

I'm burning through the days
Every week bursts into flames
And the months they keep on melting
Until I truly feel that all my years have disappeared
And have been (pissed away)
Pissed away my money
To help my focus shift
It didn't help so here I sit
Blaming myself for all of this
When I didn't have to
I took the match and I lit it

My roots have grown down
My last chance has long gone sailing
To an unknown town
Far away from all my failings
I'm on my own now
Left alone, desperately inhaling smoke
Destiny is making jokes, I think that fate has failed me now

My friends are out on my front porch
But I just sit and ignore them

I'm burning through the days
Every week bursts into flames
And the months they keep on melting
Until I truly feel that all my years have disappeared
And nothings ever gonna (change)
Change is all that's in my name
Burn through all my money to distract me from the pain

Yeah. No shot.
I'm depleted
And I've conceded
Someone from the future must be pissing on my grave
Cause it always seems to pour every time it fucking rains

Yeah, that's my life story
Yeah, it always seems to pour everytime it fucking rains
I'm so fucking boring
I think someone from the future must be pissing on my grave
Yeah, that's my life story
I've gotta feeling that this shit will never change
Yeah. No shot.

They're breaking down my front door
And I'm face down on the floor
They drag me outside, it is pouring
Does fate speak in metaphors?