

Against My Better Judgement

Further Seems Forever

With starving appetites for arguments
you remind me of a secret
I was never supposed to tell.

The time is up, the verdicts in: Everybody's right, everybody w
ins
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ins

Didn't you know you were a saint, what a shameful fall from gra
ce
But I'll catch you, I'll catch you
Everybody's waiting for that something they can hold onto
while tripping over our own words to self-
dug graves for an excuse to fall
Because every failure's just as sweet as the last

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As a dream comes
when there are many cares
so the speech of a fool
when there are many words
the sun it misses summer in winter.
Didn't you know we wear the same
the same pretentious name
lets trade for awhile
I'm so curious

Everybody's waiting for that something they can hold onto
while tripping over our own words to self-
dug graves for an excuse to fall
Because every failure's just as sweet as the last