

The Way Out

GEL

Fooling the others
Along the years
Forcing a smile
Brink of tears

My eyes stay slick and closed
I'm tugging on the bone
Don't want them to be known

Feeling come in quick
Brace for your turn and hit

Still waters thickly sit, beneath the buoyant brink Buoyant brink

All I can be
Pleasures of the sea

All I can be
Sinking

Fooling the others
Along the years
Forcing a smile
On the brink of tears