

## Enter the Unapproachables

Good Riddance

You don't speak not a single word  
Can't correlate a single thing you've heard  
You just erase all the things we've said  
With a mask of disapproval  
And it's always about you  
Convinced yourself there's better things to do  
Like building a wall  
You double up at the thought of fun  
You're not concerned about anyone  
You're alone when the sun goes down  
Like a cold, forsaken shadow  
And you're trapped inside yourself  
Nothing can reach you  
Nobody matters anyway  
You're looking outside  
For purpose and piece of mind  
And you may never find  
You'll never find freedom