

I see meaning where you don't, where you don't
I see waves of pastel orange and yellow paintings fire
I see futures that you won't, that you won't
I see futures where our nights are lost to condensation

Night time in the basement, screaming about our feelings Runnin
g through the cold air
Searching for a meaning
Passed out on the concrete
Dizzy from the spinning
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving

I'm sick of your come downs
Sick of your truce
Sick of your way
I'm sick of your tragedy that's living in our status
I'm sick of your echoes
Sick of these ghosts that haunt our place
I get a feeling that I'll never leave this house again

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Passed out on the concrete
Dizzy from the spinning
Wake up to the feeling that everybody's leaving
Everybody's leaving
Everybody's leaving

Failed by design, slow your pace down to mine
Watch my back, heave a sigh
Keep it safe, make it right

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