

Sinking

Incendiary

It's hard waking up when you'd rather be dead
Each day I'm putting out the fires inside my head
It's hard waking up when you'd rather be dead
Each day I'm putting out the fires inside my head

I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired
No longer aware of my desires
The memories cut like a knife
Sinking in, rotting out
I'm standing on the deck
Of a sinking ship
Trying to remember
Where everything went

We have the past packed out in bags
And slung over our backs
We drag these memories
Like a drifter along the road

Now I know what it's like to be
Your own worst fucking enemy

Now I know what it's like to be
Your own worst fucking enemy

This has happened all before
And it'll happen once again
With each new day spent
Praying for the end