

Meathead

Ingrown

I'm always cringing, waiting just to see an open empty chance
Risking, fighting, just to let down everyone I've ever met
What's that, who's there, noises flying in and out of my head
All ideas, at the wrong time, no one even gives a fuck

Can't see a reason why
To drag this out anymore
Hopeless meathead
Comfort in hopelessness
Need to find another mind

I'm still standing confused
Influenced to tread on
Cuz beneath all the bullshit
Not everything remains

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