

Assisted Breathing

Like Pacific

Come down with it, you're expectations are so high
You leave a blank space and an image on my mind

We could rot together, but you wouldn't let me in
The distance, you're beside me I tried to comprehend

These are my hands
Swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
And my hard work is not worth more

I'll sing for myself now, you're the subject of it all
I guess I'm letting my guard down, the first hole in the dry wall

And there I said it, I guess I finally let you in
Why haven't you answered? I'm peeling back my sun burnt skin

These are my hands
Swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
And my hard work is not worth more
These are my hands
Swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
I can't breathe for you
There are somethings you have to do for yourself

Wasted morals, you've gotta be questioned more
Because lately I've earned, some fucking answers from you
Time has its curse it's always too late or too soon
To be fragile and burned it could happen to anyone

Swollen and bruised, it's always too late or too soon
And my hard work is not worth more

These are my hands
Swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
And my hard work is not worth more
These are my hands
Swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
I can't breathe for you
There are somethings you have to do for yourself