

# Suffering

Like Pacific

Head above water  
But I'd rather be sedated and under

We both have things in common  
Your days are numbered  
But my patience is limited  
And this would all be different  
If it were up to a missed diagnosis

Dust won't collect itself  
And if you're going to drag me down  
I'll look somewhere else for stability  
Once you're gone I'll be gone too  
Bite the broken hand that feeds

When you're gone what will I hold on to

Please get over it  
I know you're suffering  
Overstay your fucking welcome  
Bite the broken hand that feeds (I take it back)  
What will I look up to

Are you ashamed of what you've done  
When all that's left is my shoulder pain  
I felt the weight of the world come crashing down  
When all that's left is a gain

When you're gone what will I hold on to

Please get over it  
I know you're suffering  
Overstay your fucking welcome  
Bite the broken hand that feeds (I take it back)  
What will I look up to

You've always had a way out but you've settled right in  
A line behind depth and deeper than shallow