

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