

## Get Better

## Nonpoint

Two way mirrors, white coats, clipboards  
You're not telling me what I should live for anymore  
Two way mirrors, white coats, clipboards  
You're not telling me what I should live for  
Anymore!

The orbit that's holding me in position is losing  
And any second now I feel like it'll give  
This ship isn't keeping me on mission  
And if I get any further out of position I'm a dead man  
The speed is gonna kill me alone  
If the friction and the fuel doesn't make me explode  
The pilot is praying and saying he's changing  
If he could survive it, if he could just make it

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So I'm holding onto all that I've got  
Try to keep myself together but they tear me apart  
How am I supposed to get better  
When I've been taken apart and put back together  
Hate me or not, this is all that I've got  
Try to keep myself together but they tear me apart  
How am I supposed to get better  
When I've been taken apart and put back together

Conditions are worsening, complications are coming  
And every second I can feel myself changing  
Mentally my levees are broken  
And my mind is getting overflowed, when will it stop raining  
The rumors gonna kill me alone  
When they hear I'm taking lessons now from Nina Simone  
The public is watching and lying in waiting  
For me to destroy this, for me to not make it!

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