

## Primitive

## Not Enough Space

We're both desperate  
But in our own twisted ways  
You can hold me hostage  
Accepted my fate

I used to cry for help  
Until I realized you're the only one who can hear me  
Trapped in a room with no windows  
Used to live life with my eyes closed  
Now I can't tell the difference

I'd suffer forever  
Just let me die in your arms  
When does it get any better?  
If we are this far gone?  
I hoped that maybe one day we would save each other  
But what's left to recover?  
But what's left to recover?

You could kill me but I know you couldn't fucking risk it  
You little bitch my times not on your dime you fucking missed it  
Do you really think that I am the problem?

I'd suffer forever  
Just let me die in your arms  
When does it get any better?  
If we are this far gone?  
I hoped that maybe one day we would save each other  
But what's left to recover?  
But what's left to recover?

Are you sick of the crying?  
Pull the ground from underneath

Eeyuh!

I chose suffering  
Over the thought of letting go  
Take what's left of me  
If it makes you feel less alone

I'd suffer forever  
Just let me die in your arms  
When does it get any better?  
If we are this far gone?  
I hoped that maybe one day we would save each other  
But what's left to recover?  
But what's left to recover?