

Some Say

OmenXIII

I live my life the way I want so what the fuck is a job?
I light my blunt, I blow my smoke, and then I breathe in the fog
There's a certain type of feeling looking down from the top
Heavy burden on my shoulders and so much in my palms
Oh my God, oh my God, feels like I'm a mirage
'Cause I can't see myself until I get so desperate I fall
Sometimes I stress, or feel depressed, I put my back to the wall
I cannot rest, I can't reset the pressure I feel at all

Some say that there's someone watching
Some say that there's something waiting
Some say that we should care but
I never got the hint
Some say we can find a reason
Some say every day gets better
Some say you should just be happy
I think they're full of shit