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It's pressure the pleasures measure
The pressure is overbearing
Is it me myself that's caring
For every double-minded joy
And I admit that when I submit to you
I feel so unreal when I'm still
When I'm waiting for you to reveal
And from myself I seem so far away
And I admit that when I submit to you
I can see all of the selfish things I do
I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you
I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you
I was wasted embraced it but faced it
With you inside my heart you replaced it
Can't believe you have erased it
Selfishness and foolish pride
And I admit that when I submit to you
I can see all of the selfish things I do
I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you
I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you
Further from my future
Further from the past
Further from the starting line
Further from the last
Further from my doubts
Further from my fears
Further from temptation that I faced throughout my years
Further from agitation
Further from distraction
The reaction of the dissatisfaction of others actions
Further from myself
Further from my flesh
Further from my birth and I'm
Further from my death
I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you
I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you
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I'm further, further from myself
When I'm next to you
When I run to you