

## Weak & Tired

Saint Asonia

We try to plan our lives ahead  
And figure everything out right now  
Losing sense of our own impermanence  
We watch our lives pass by somehow

You get weak  
You get tired  
You burn yourself in your own fire

Our eyes show pain of regret  
We lost ourselves, we lost our souls  
Searched everywhere and we're never getting out  
So why are we here?  
Tell me why are we here?  
We're never getting out

We walk a very thin fine line  
Writing our names in the sand  
And I bury myself from the outside in  
While the waves wash away my plans

I get weak  
I get tired  
I burn myself in my own fire

Our eyes show pain of regret  
We lost ourselves, we lost our souls  
Searched everywhere and we're never getting out  
So why are we here?  
Tell me why are we here?  
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We lost ourselves, we lost our souls  
Searched everywhere and we're never getting out  
So why are we here?  
Tell me why are we here?  
We're never getting out