

Weighted Mind

Sierra Hull

Should I leave
Should I lay low
If I ask you
Will you even know
From the roof to the ground
These walls must come down
It all seems right written on page
I tell myself will be ok
But I can't chase away my doubt
So much left, to figure out

Weighted mind
Wasted time
Through the haze
See what you lose
A broken glass that never spills
I know you think you've been set free
But we are slaves
To our beliefs

Weighted mind
Wasted time
Weighted mind
Wasted time
Weighted minds
Wasted time