

Wither

Social Repose

Give me drugs to ease the pain
For I am weak and full of disdain
Laying in this hospital bed
I may be weak but I'm not nearly dead

And the truth is I don't have any legs to stand on
And life can be bare when your health has come and gone

I will not wither away not here, not in this place
No I won't

Wither

Wake me up once again
I reply with a why, not when
Lift me up, I want to go
My brain say yes but my body says no

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And life can be bare when your health has come and gone

I will not wither away not here, not in this place
No I won't

Wither

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