

## Finalist

Touché Amore

In February I was put in fight or flight  
My cortisol had climbed to Appalachian heights  
I'm the shining prince of ambivalence  
A gentle catalyst

Will I get used to this?  
Will I get used to this?

Please have mercy on me  
'Cause nothing's what it used to be  
Grant me strength, some dignity  
Spare me all your sympathy  
As I adjust to me and only me

In solitary life  
Demons exorcise  
Can I turn out the light, or will they multiply?  
I'm a finalist for the childless  
A subtle catalyst

Will I get used to this?  
Will I get used to this?

Please have mercy on me  
'Cause nothing's what it used to be  
Grant me strength, some dignity  
Spare me all your sympathy  
As I adjust to me and only me

When waking up starts to feel like more of an expense  
The grass will always be greener when I'm sitting on the fence  
At least I know myself enough to shy from the buttons I could press  
So I have to make this count so I can put it all to rest  
And not leave you in suspense

Will I get used to this?  
Will I get used to this?