

Blood, Sweat, Tears

We Were Promised Jetpacks

Blood sweat tears
I've been hiding all of these, accordingly
Cause I don't want to share a weakness

Would you want a piece of me
If you could see what's really happening on the inside?

Nothing that I want to be comes easily
I must admit I'm over trying

Do you wake up thinking no thank you?
Used to happen all the time
Do you wake up thinking post mortem?
Hasn't happened in a while

So blasé
How come things come naturally to you not me
I'm sick of playing second fiddle

Nothing that you say or do
Could take me to a place where I could share with strangers

I can feel my body rot
From top to toe
And to top it off it hurts a lot

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You're always on the run