

Dead Poet Society, My Condition

Fuck sitting and waiting in the black sun
I ride ready to die if I can be someone
Weak shit, you're too scared to make it out so
You sit back and I'll be here seeing it all

Jack Kennedy holding back cold wars
Napoleon and everything he fought for
Me hustling going til I get more
Til I get more

This simulation we're living in
I can't ignore (oh ah oh ah oh)
I came so close to giving in
But I want more

I'll hold breath
Til my own death
Breaks down the door
Oh yeah I want
I want more

I don't fuck with god, I make my own faith
Too late to save my soul or my grace
I'll die alone, like a forgotten saint
No one will care or remember my
Remember my
No one will care or remember my name

This simulation we're living in
I can't ignore (oh ah oh ah oh)
I came so close to giving in
But I want more

I'll hold my breath
Til my own death
Breaks down the door
Oh yeah I want
I want more
I want more

Can't quite escape my condition
Thought things would change the second I'm gone
Second I'm gone

Can't find a place where I fit in
Thought life would change but baby I'm wrong
But baby I'm wrong
But I go on
I go on

This simulation we're living in
I can't ignore (oh ah oh ah oh)
I came so close to giving in
But I want more

I'll hold my breath
Til my own death
Breaks down the door
Oh yeah I want
I want more

Yeah I want more