

Helmet, Renovation

When it's time to leave this place
I'll follow what comes easy
Elude the human race
Discover what still feeds me

And if my interest is waning
I can't fake it
Your captive audience
Escaped for "soul renovation";

I know I might be wrong
But I'm sick of pretending
I've listened to you too long
And nothing's ever mended

You can stretch the truth
And patience wears you so thin
It's just as easy to see through
Your high self opinion

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But I'm sick of pretending
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