

Rufio, We Exist

Cannot fight this feeling.
That's all you want, is to break me.
Finding in my wonder, that when I try to find out.
It seems as though on the inside,
we fall and come back to where we say it's right.
It's the feeling...and believe...

So it seems I prey only when I'm down.
Feeling wrong inside...
I can't deny the fact that I'm so torn up in my mind.
Knowing we exist from something so unknown.
Trying hard to live.
I can't live on my own

Broken wings and burden,
and still too far too see you're living undercover.
And all for what?
To save your own life?