

Dogma, Anyone At All

I am suicidal
I am always wrong
I am juvenile
Everything takes too long

But this is no way, it's no way to live
I gave up my right the day that I walked in
No, this is no way, it's no way to live
I gave up my way out the day that I walked in

My brain is saturated
My thoughts are recycled trash
I'm infatuated
With things that cannot last

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