

Eight Fingers Down, A Feeling, A Word, A Curse

A wilting rose has a short life
Escaping one vindication to be chained to the wall
Broken hearts take time to heal
The four letter genocide, the cursed chronic illusion
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete
(I'll do whatever you want) I can't complete
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete a thought on my own
Who decides the paths we take
Crashing down on your dreams, now who is the victim?
It's not like your one mistake
Sweating only one word, that word that's drying your heart
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete
(I'll do whatever you want) I can't complete
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete a thought on my own [x2]
I can't complete a thought on my own
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete
(I'll do whatever you want) I can't complete
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete a thought on my own [x2]
On my own