

# Eleventeen, Come Clean

I don't know much about weather But I've gathered that its raining down

This storm has been coming for some time now find high ground and wait it out

Kill the thought of being someone a person who fits in with the crowd hope's not around

I don't want to feel this way

And I failed look at the mess I made

Come clean and pay for normalcy

I don't want to be like this

Now I'm trying to find my way back find a track and hold my ground

I've searched for joy in all these places found nothing but empty sound hope's not around

Self destruction obsession get your self get your self out