

# Eric Dill, Such Great Friends

Solutions, problems, they cycle on  
Disowning strangers, merge everyone  
A relapse, forced to, begin again  
But I can't convert, we're born to win  
Press your hands to the wall  
Trapped and pray its your fault  
Fight me, we'll feel nothing at all  
Bow your head and pretend  
You and I make such great friends  
Trust this and give it all to me  
Apparent issues lessen dreams  
I am smiles against the grain  
You're bored now, senseless, but does she know  
You love her, you hate her, now let her go  
Press your hands to the wall  
Trapped and pray its your fault  
Fight me, we'll feel nothing at all  
Bow your head and pretend  
You and I make such great friends  
Trust this and give it all to me  
Do you believe in love while she stand its ok now, but  
The passing of the wind resembles all your torment  
They may be never care for you a vision of your mistake  
and now its time for you to escape  
Press your hands to the wall  
Trapped and pray its your fault  
Fight me, we'll feel nothing at all  
Bow your head and pretend  
You and I make such great friends  
Trust this and give it all to me  
You'll never define me [x2]