

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]