Fingertight, Bellevue

i woke up at noon my voice was silenced. (i can see the sick in side of you.)
they chained my hands but i still tried, to take that little bite of you. and my
mindstrong my hands unable, to pill myself out of this rut im in again.
so why dont you just sit, in a corner deep inside my room. where still im killing you.
at times im closest when im focused.... on you again. the load of guilt is the
low of feeling high, the load of guilt is the low of feeling high enough... are you?
woke up too soon im still connected (i cant feela thing because of whats inside of me).
and ive been replaced but still i tried, to cuth the life thta they are feeding me.
and my will is strong my hands unable, to lull myself out of this hole, im in again.
so small thta i just fit, in a corner deep inside my room, where still im killing you.
at times im closest to when im focused, on you agin. the load of guilt is the low of feeling
high (i walk alone, and i walk alone) the load of guilt is the low of feeling high enough, high
enough, high enough (i stand alone, i stand alone). are you?
when i shouldve let you in, when i shouldve let you know. wehn i shouldve let you in . just settle do
just let it all go... the load of guilt is the low of feeling high...
are you? and i walk alone, and i stand alone in this...