

# Fucked Up, Litany

this morning i was born and this evening i will die.  
tomorrow i will stumble through without eyes living  
and surviving simply means that i keep dying a litany  
of desperation and depression a repetition of boredom  
and confusion piece by piece i'll play the the same old  
song all day long it feels like i've done this before and  
i don't want to do it anymore running on the spot stuck  
in the first shot these walls of time i fear there is no way  
out of here but if i can just make it through the day i think  
i've finally found a way out head down work hard forget  
that it is happening fall asleep and end the day the memory  
fades away.