

# Gits, Wingo Lamo

When I'm going into the bar,  
I'm there trying to ignore  
this terror in me, I can't set it free  
I can't make any sense  
unless it's in a song  
and every time I try to feel  
I only seem to wake up lifeless  
where would it ever end  
when we fall to our own demand  
It takes up your life  
and throws it like dice  
each time we fail,  
it never gets over looked  
When you're thinking that the cards lay forward  
it takes up your answers  
with no second chances  
Immobilized by the torment  
it hits so hard, there's nothing more I can take  
Needing each breath just to make it through  
there's nothing more I'm expected to do  
there's nothing worse than hating yourself  
and parading around like you're somebody else  
I wish that it would just all go to hell  
Wanting some time just to be by myself