

# Good Riddance, Shadows Of Defeat

These walls keep closing in  
I'm just a mannequin  
Whoa! it's time to go  
Don't come too close to me  
I can't find no space to breath  
Whoa! it's time to go

My touch the kiss of death  
More sick with every breath  
I just can't seem to slow it down now  
Why line up to conform  
Why wear a uniform to grow old and die  
In this same fucking town

Obsessed with misery  
Life holds no joy for me  
Whoa! it's time to go  
No colors only gray  
I die a little everyday  
Whoa! it's time to go

My touch the kiss of death  
More sick with every breath  
I just can't seem to slow it down now  
Why line up to conform  
Why wear a uniform to grow old and die  
In this same fucking town

I'm born wrong too dead to feel  
Wake up it's all to real  
Whoa! it's time to go  
Switched off there's no more pain  
Padded walls I'm half insane  
Whoa! it's time to go

My touch the kiss of death  
More sick with every breath  
I just can't seem to slow it down now  
Why line up to conform  
Why wear a uniform to grow old and die  
In this same fucking town