

# Hatchie, Quicksand

I feel myself take it for granted  
I know I should be happy here  
Everything that I wished would happen  
Is staring back at me crystal clear  
That's when the pattern takes control  
Playing the game over and over  
Letting me know it's never gonna let me go,  
I know

If I had everything I wanted would I want more?  
Would I keep fighting if there's nothing left to fight for?  
Sometimes I feel like I'm just sinking into quicksand  
I used to think that this was something I could die for  
I hate admitting to myself that I was never sure  
Sometimes I feel like I'm just sinking into quicksand

One thing I thought I'd never be  
chasing my tail just for the feeling  
lying in bed, stare at the ceiling  
And farewell the light the dark is stealing

It's all I know and I'm taking it back

I'm waiting, anticipating, breath bated  
Thinking about everything I never did  
I'm trying but what's the use in trying  
When all I'm left with is disillusionment