

# Horror Show, Ground Control/Broken Record

When awake we pray for sleep  
Can't stand to feel another day  
Hours drain, inebriate  
The clock spins sober  
Time shows us we've  
Had our turn, missed our chance  
We'll never learn  
There's something telling me  
We didn't do it right (again)  
Time stands still, we  
Can't proceed even if we wanted to  
With a chance to start again  
Would we change even if we knew  
That life's a broken record  
Haunting all of us  
Reminding you of what  
You did and what  
You could've done  
What we should've been  
And what we could've seen  
Then why are we here  
Reality, the truth of this is  
Almost way too blunt  
We only had one shot at this  
And I guess we f\*\*ked it up