

Katarzyna Szulc, Preach

Every day I waken, everything is broken.
Turning off my phone just to get out of bed.
I get up every evening, history's repeating.
Turning off my phone 'cause it's hurting my chest.

Heaven knows I'm not helpless, but what can I do?

Can't see the use in me crying
If I'm not even trying to make the change
I want to see.
I can't just sit and hope,
I can't just sit and pray

Fallen to my knees, though I do believe,
I can't just preach, baby, preach ...

I try to do the things I say that I believe

all I hear is voices
everybody's talking
nothing real is happening
cause nothing is new
now when all is tragic
and I just feel sedated
why do I feel numb
is that all I can do

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