

# Kind Of Like Spitting, Rowing A Dead Horse

chasing a lie  
tracing our scars  
moaning for help to be held  
and every day we feel further away from ourselves  
the concrete is wet, i feel too comfortable  
my response isn't limited to reactions  
and everything dies its little deaths everyday  
so with my head up my ass  
and my foot on the gas  
i set out to write a synonym for loss  
hands caught in the door  
and my face on the floor  
i'll write one for you