

Modwheelmood, Things Will Change

Walking alone
Feet growing cold
And I'm running alone
Not that far
I am fading

A bit too young to think that I'm growing old
Slightly more than I can take in

Be cynical
Enemy on the phone
Make me miserable
And I don't know if I can take it
Even though
I don't know
I suppose
It is too much for me to take in

Try to be as clear as I can be with you
Nothing more that I can do
But clearly I've been here before

I'm trying to make you understand
Understand
You don't understand
Understand
Understand understand
You don't understand
Understand
You won't understand
You won't understand
Understand understand
You don't understand
You don't understand
Understand understand

Running alone
Lose control
Not invincible
Something wrong
Needs to break in
Closer to me
Nothing to see
Your own enemy
And I don't know if I can take it or break it

Apologies
Ashamed of what I came to be
Afraid of what it means to me
Amazed at what I need to know

I'm trying to make you understand
Understand
You don't understand
Understand
Understand understand
You don't understand
Understand
You don't understand
You don't understand
Understand understand
You don't understand
You won't understand

Understand understand

Enemies

They tap you on the shoulder

And entrap you in the corner

Leaves me

Wondering

What they really want from me

Exit plan

And codependency

Eventually

Things will change

Now you hold my frame

Warm again

Violence in

In the trench

They don't understand

Understand

They don't understand

But they want to talk about it