

Near Miss, The Gentle Art

All of the things I endured
And what others saw in you
I wonder how and why it took me so long
To realize all the wrong paths that you made me take
For your own benefit
Fuck this shit and what you wrote about it
You might think, you might say
I know who my friends are
You might think, you might believe
You're running out of time

Understanding is the reason
And anger is the motivation
To cast a light on these actions
So many lies are told
Sold for your own benefit

Fuck this shit and what you wrote about it
You might think, you might believe
I know who my friends are
You might think, you might believe
You're running out of time