

Of Mice and Men, Integration

Break me down, leave me with the pieces
And I swear to God, I'll find another way to make them fit

Losing sight of the horizon with every single turn
I learned to never trust the rain
Even as the bridges burn
Do I see your true colors or paint over them with my own?
Slowly suffocating
Getting kind of tired of
Getting tired of treading water

Break me down, tear me to pieces
And make me believe that there's another way
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And I swear to God, I'll find another way to make them fit
Integration
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Chasing ghosts down corridors
While the walls all speak in code
Do I hear the words they speak or do I shout over them with my own?
Voices quickly fading
Getting awfully tired of
Awfully tired of falling backwards

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