

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

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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