

Osker, Dying

i know myself,
i know i think im so sick of people and i dont know why.
see, i just dont have patience for them,
and i really think i can make it on my own,

lies... you hide words to keep from hurting me,
i would rather know than be happy,

while youre smiling, were all dying,
with everyday that we go, we are just geting old,
while youre dying, were all fighting,
with everyday we go,
i know better than to get caught up in words of boredom,
of no importance to me,
so why do people keep talking? when all i wanna do is hear myself.

the more im awake, the more i wanna sleep,
what a shame to want it that way,
but what a shame to be in this,
"your life is such a bore, and me i feel so fucking alive",
LIES... every breath uttered a self re-assurance,
i wouldn't trust me much if i were you,
but you choose...