

Senses Fail, Garden State

The Garden State has never looked so pitiful and grey
As I awake to the garbage men today
I hope they take all of my old mistakes
'Cause I can't seem to shake them on my own

My head, it spins when I look at the mirror
And spit at the man I see with anchors for his eyes
I built my castle top in the sky
So when it rains they melt away with shame

Here I am, looking down at the bottom of the glasses
It's all my fault that I need a sign like shooting stars
To help connect the dots and turn my cuts into scars

All of my fears are getting checked by the medicine I take
All of the Gods are scared theres rumors of the sins
You will be a riot in my heart soon
It wants to be beating for your (??)

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