

The Trews, Every Inambition

Crawling with cancerous thoughts
on my mind

There's so many things I could
say but it's not the time

Way beyond good and evil

Telling all the little people

Chorus:

Half of the time I pretend that

I'm fine and I

Keep it inside I keep it inside

But every inambition is dying

Crying outside I'm crying outside

I had my fill, I said enough

Chemicals were calling my bluff

Way beyond good and evil

Telling all the little people

Chorus x2

Bye, bye my love, my still good
to sing?

Bye, bye my love, my still good
to sing?

Chorus x2