

My head never rests on my shoulders facing the sun.
I struggle to walk.
The burden of this guilt I hide from you is growing,
You'll never know what it is.
This is the kind of person I am,
This is the kind of person I've turned into.
I time of song, I am the kamikaze dreamer.
Clog my own throat; Swallowed by color tortured sumber.
Now flying high, I am the kamikaze dreamer.
Gague out my eyes; Swallowed by color tortured slumber.
It becomes harder to breathe or think clearly.
Remorse instigates and overall of self loathing the older I get
.
So I'll rest my dead beat tongue, you'll dismiss me anyway.