

Reality in Disarray

Light This City

Living is that sickening feeling of swaying over the edge
When naming the days feels like counting down
I take what I can get because I've given more than I possess
I hold my head high because I'm trying not to drown
Understanding what gets you through might end up killing you
Understand what's killing you

Like trying to feel pleasure without pain
Like trying to survive without vice

Jumping in with both feet just to tread water
Trusting others too much and yourself, not enough
Understanding what gets you through might end up killing you
Understand what's killing you

Disposed on the side of the road, left to wonder
If the headlights are a savior or a killer
Conscious mind, body paralyzed, just trying to wake up

Living is the sickening feeling of dread
Living is the impending presence of death