

laying on the floor  
i've been here once before  
and i'm not proud of it  
misery comes today  
it's coming back my way  
and i want it to leave me

doubtful you are the people  
where your anger run your sleep  
fate of those whos feet are slipping  
or to those whos eyes  
or to those whos eyes have seen

to him the strength belongs  
the weak attempt his arms  
and show me my offence  
so look away from me  
becuase i can hardly see  
im hiding nothing

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