

# Penning the Penultimate

## The Velvet Teen

I know a lot more than they think  
And with the radio on I try to go back to sleep When all the world's posers blow smoke in my face I think of the  
love that I can make, but I struggle so hard for each breath that I take. I get so sick that I can hardly speak, but  
with my head full of pills I try to go back to sleep. When you're sad but you force up a grin anyway it's hard not  
to feel fake, but I struggle so hard for each breath that I take. Maybe some day I'll be at the top, and with my  
head in my hands I'll try to make it all stop. (just stop)\*  
Every time I find love I choke so hard that for weeks my body aches, but I struggle so hard for each breath that I  
take. And I struggle so hard for each breath that I take  
And I struggle so hard for each breath... be what you are  
be what you are When the world puts you down in its fear, at least you can know you've got it straight  
We all struggle so hard for each breath that we take.  
We all struggle so hard for each breath that we take.  
And I struggle so hard for each breath that I take.  
\*(appears in Out of the Fierce Parade, but not Plus Minus Equals)

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