Witness to a Murder (Part Two)

Mansun

All my life
What I mistook for friendly pats on the back
Were really the hands that pushed me further and further down
The more I struggle, the less I achieve
Deep, chlorine breath
Minutes bleed into hours, bleed into days
Something keeps me in this disinfected wombWe see things differently in daylight, I suppose
I mean, everything is an excuse for something
But my conscience is intact
I can deny everything
I'm waving into blind eyes

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