

# Scapegoat Wets the Whistle

## As Friends Rust

I wouldn't mind being alone,  
if I could find a way for me to not be there.  
I just can't shake me.  
Bled being dry dry, a weight that broke my back.  
Back to an unhealthy habit(at). Back.  
You know that "message in a bottle"?  
Well I had to drink to get it out.  
I still can't decipher the code.  
There's so much more to shout about.  
I hate it when I breathe; I hate it when I'm me.  
I thought I could take a break.  
Don't you have more to shout about?  
Is that what made us friends?  
Is that what made me okay?  
Is that all there was to me?  
Back. And its a shame we view this as a loss of faith, or loss of trust.  
We've got all this time, but we've got no lives.

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