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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/