

Shadows of Defeat

Good Riddance

these walls keep closing in
I just a mannequin it's time to go
Don come too close to me
I can't find no space to breath it's time to go
My touch the kiss of death
More sick with every breath
I just can't seem to slow it down now
Why line up to conform
Why wear a uniform to grow old and die
In this same fucking town
Obsessed with misery
Life holds no joy for me it's time to go
No colors only gray
I die a little everyday it's time to go
I born wrong too dead to feel
Wake up it's all to real it's time to go
Switched off there's no more pain
Padded walls I half insane it's time to go

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