

# 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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