Bored

Prats

Hear me spit on you, wither I
Remould into gold and bury I from sunReborn left to sigh, recure maybe I'll
Be born and simplify the way I lie beforeI get bored
I get bored
I get bored
I'm boredRepent by you and trust to figure out
I burn that gift to you doll and let it shine beforeI get bored
I get bored
I get bored
A wish for the real onePissed and confinded, before me or I
And we will come clean, it gets worse, it's moreGet bored
I get bored
I get bored
A wish for the real oneGet bored
Get bored
Get bored
A wish for the real one

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