## **Perfect Ending**

## **Spineshank**

Well I feel that all this becomes
This waste that we call life
And it's real yet I hate

All the things that I've becomeWhy the smiles become a waste of time
I get this empty feeling that's only becoming my friend
This is gone, I'm home, as only you can see
I want to know why is this happening to meStill you try but at times like this
I can't believe your lies

And I feel

That the same is happening to you soWhy the smiles become a waste of time again I get this empty feeling that's only becoming my friend

This is gone, I'm home, as only you can see

I want to know why is this happening to meAll myself and it's still becoming

All myself and it's still becoming

All myself and it's still becoming

All myself and it's still becoming I fall asleep inside my head

Because frustrations all that's left

I can't afford to work this out

Because frustrations all IStill we try but at times like this

They won't believe our lies

And we know

Why all of this is happeningWhy the smiles become a waste of time
I get this empty feeling that's only becoming my friend
This is gone, I'm home, as only you can see
I want to know why is this happening to meAll myself and it's still becoming

All myself and it's still becoming All myself and it's still becoming All myself and it's still becoming

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