

Mixed Emotions

Kamchatka

Sometimes I wish
I wasn't born.
Mixed emotions
about being here.
My thoughts just keep spinning.
Can't think clear.
It's not that I don't want to
keep things real. But it's hard.
So hard.
So hard to feel free. I wanna talk to people.
Be someones friend.
But I can't stand this pressure.
Try hard to stay sane.
As I meet you in the street
my head will turn down.
I would wanna get out of there.
Wouldn't wanna be found. Oh, it's hard.
So hard.
So hard to feel free.

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