Living Breathing Something

The Color Morale

Question everything
Have I already been buried
I can see no light but I am still stuck here breathing
Maybe a wretch like me is supposed to stay forever buried
So you can see the analogy of what happens to you when you keep things buried beneath
I have been buried for years but why am I still breathing
I don't make mistakes
I bury themSuffocating soul that the devil just won't claimI dug this grave now it's time to tell the truth from it
You put one foot on the lid when did I let it close
One foot on the lid 5 feet left to go
Forgive your enemies but never forget their namesI am my own worst enemy
Suffocating soul that the devil won't claim
I don't if I believe in you anymore but everything needs an analogy

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