

# Witness To A Murder

## Mansun

All my life, what I mistook for friendly pats on the back  
Were really the hands that pushed me further and further down  
The more I struggle, the less I achieve  
Deep, chlorine breath  
Minutes bleed into hours, bleed into days  
Something keeps me in this disinfected womb  
We see things differently in daylight, I suppose  
I mean, everything is an excuse for something  
But my conscience is intact, I can deny everything  
I'm waving into blind eyes

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