

Problems

Against Me!

An inventory has been taken of every belonging.
An estimated value if sold in event of emergencies.
The only backup plan in case it doesn't work out,
in losing all semblance of coherence to a former self
you know, I am becoming the choices we're making. There are problems,
problems with everything,
problems, problems with everything Sometimes it's like conversations are a waking dream,
from a third party perspective.
An audience to the self, you can almost hear the sound travelling.
(Fucking travelling)
This constant feeling of anticipation, while all of the sudden you know what's going to happen.
These are the paranoia's that have filled your world.
They neither eat nor sleep, they have no name.
You know here in the worst I will become the best of them all. No more problems, problems with anything
No more problems, problems with anything

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