

Decency

Tinashe

Feeling locked up and,
I'm seeping in this,
Falling over myself.
Sheltered memories.
I'm trapped inside my mind.
My mode has decayed.
Sometimes I feel like I'm holding onto something,
Will I feel free again?
So ask me where will I be,
It seems I'll never know.
You'll never find me again. My decency is bleeding red,
I can't see.
Everything's gray in my head.
It's over.
Thoughts we defined.
The problems remain the same,
There's no end. Feeling locked up and,
I'm seeping in this,
Falling over myself.
Sheltered memories.
I'm trapped inside my mind.
My mode has decayed.
Sometimes I feel like I'm holding onto something,
Will I feel free again?
So ask me where will I be,
It seems I'll never know.
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Everything's gray in my head.
It's over.
Thoughts we defined.
The problems remain the same,
There's no end. My decency is bleeding red,
I can't see.
Everything's gray in my head.
It's over.
Thoughts we defined.
The problems remain the same,
There's no end.

And I say,
There's no end

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