

Assisted Breathing

Like Pacific

Come down with it, you're expectations are so high
You leave a blank space and an image on my mind
We could rot together, but you wouldn't let me in
The distance, your beside me I tried to comprehend
These are my hands, swollen and bruised but not as rough as
yours
and my hard work is not worth more
I'll sing for myself now, you're the subject of it all
I guess I'm letting my guard down, The first whole in the dry wall
And there I said it, I guess I finally let you in
Why haven't you answered? I'm peeling back my sun burnt skin
These are my hands, swollen and bruised but
not as rough as yours
and my hard work is not worth more
These are my hands, swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
I can't breathe for you there are somethings you have to do for yourself
Wasted morals, you've gotta be
questioned more because lately I've earned, some fucking
answers from you
Time has it's curse it's always to late or too soon to be fragile and burned it could
happen to anyone
Swollen and bruised it's always too late or too soon
and my hard work is not worth more
These are my hands, swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
and my hard work is not worth more
These are my hands, swollen and bruised but not as rough as yours
I can't breathe for you there are somethings you have to do for yourself
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>