

Mantra

Pranayama

I've been down so long
Nothing ever changes
No matter how much I try
Got neighbors in my head
They're constantly arguing
About each step I take
My hands move like rattlesnakes
And my fingers fumble
Like they've just been invented
I bleed through the faking truth
I don't understand
All you fools
I keep drinking wine
Alone in the dark
You know the last drink
Is always the saddest
I have enough pills
To take me home
'Cos this neighbor's song
Is doing it too slow

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