

# Whatever, Whenever

## TTNG

How i died by the living man  
Time passed and so did i  
A frog in the throat,  
The feelings of the sleeves in an ill-fitting coat:  
I am nothing of note I'm just fine  
Most the time  
I'll get by Thoughts never teathed  
By the unconceived  
How bleak  
Sleep so unsound in this self-imposed cell  
Oh well  
Decorate floors/flaws with fabric  
Dug too deep to break a habit  
Buried in a burrow on borrowed time  
This hole on the whole is mine I'm just fine  
Most the time  
I'll get by  
I'll survive I've been losing the taste for living Biting my tongue  
Now it's bleeding Biding my time  
Just to give in Laying awake for days  
Changing the sheets on my grave Re-pointing the paths i've paved  
Re-living mistakes i've made \*Outro\*

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