Yatahaze

Dredge

Climbing, building me up, tearing me down
Lifted back up we are climbing
All of this time
Drifting right back to the groundBuilding me up, tearing me down
Lifted back up we are climbing
All of this time
Drifting right back to the groundSuddenly, suddenly, suddenly, suddenlyQuestioning and saying
Our opinions, they're failing
They're constantly changing
Our ignorance, remainingWe're hoping and waiting
We're living, but dying
While trying to find out
My meaning isn't planned outCome to the conclusion
Might as well be an illusion
We're trying to find out
I did nothing, but shut out

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