

# Ouroboros

## Novelists

It's getting harder to breathe, harder to feel free.  
It's getting tougher to write, tougher to feel things.  
It's getting harder to live, harder to pay bills,  
hard to feel alive.

It's getting harder to breathe, harder to feel free.  
It's getting tougher to write, tougher to feel things.  
I need help.

I feel sick of taking these pills.  
Life must be sweet once we're fucking dead...

Yeah

Once that we're dead.  
Sometimes I drown in the sound,  
like trying to find the silence.  
(The silence!)

Lost in the noise of this world,  
show me the way through the darkness.

I gotta pay, pay for a daydream.  
Look at my soul, trapped with the bailiffs.

I might die, starving to death,  
biting my own tail again and again.  
I can't hear myself think.

This fucking room must be talking  
'cause I can hear it.

I see me kissing death between these walls.

Life must be sweet, yeah,  
life must be sweet on the other side.

I don't wanna pay for a fucking life that I don't want.

Because the rich get fat,  
while the brave man die.

That ain't a lie.

It's sad to say but that's how the world fucking runs.

No, this is not for the money.

Put your doubts aside.

Music is not about filling a fucking bankaccount.

That's what they want,  
not what we fucking wanted.

It makes me sick,

sick of seeing motherfuckers ruling the world whereas it burns.

Sick of living in a world that I don't understand. Amongst the wolves.

Sometimes I drown in the sound,  
like trying to find the silence.  
(The silence!)  
Lost in the noise of this world,  
show me the way through the darkness.  
If I'm a basket case, this casket will welcome me with open arms  
like an old friend of mine.  
Just like an old friend of mine.  
Oh, I need a room to breathe.  
No, I can't go on like this.  
It's getting harder to breathe, harder to feel free.  
It's getting tougher to write, tougher to feel things.  
I need help.  
I feel sick of taking these pills.  
Life must be sweet once we're dead...  
FUCK!  
Hell is full, don't you see?  
Hell is full and we're dragged into the depths.  
Oh shit... Heaven don't exist.  
We dance between the devils hands.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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