Untitled

Fuel

I wanted to feel something
To be something to see something
If I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these days
Fantasy once reality
Becomes such a parody
If I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these days
Bury these days
Bury these days

If shining or if shaking
It's reality faking
And if I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
And bury these days
If I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way to get far away
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