

# 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  
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Bury these days  
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