

Owner Operator

No Trigger

Exhaustion takes the wheel and separates situations into delusions
Rip apart the clouds and point fingers in my face
Shouting, "everything will stay the same until you change"
Dosed up and motivation-less today Too tired to run, too sickly to stay
Cornered in a corner, it's a place called everyday This autopilot life, sawed off after the first couple branches
Pity doesn't cut it, we can barely afford this
I can't afford your living wage
I can attempt to free this day and age Too tired to run, too sickly to stay
Cornered in a corner, it's a place called everyday

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