Tired

Choke

so i find my way home again
the streets all mine another night
of searching for a truth
in our lies wasting precious time
forcing impossible of convincing myself
it'll work out tomorrow
try to follow the outline of what should come
to be only to find
i'm overcome by fatigue
an empty routine created for show
has become just another escape from the world
fabricating our mock progress
faking smiles
no one has to know the bleakness face to face
with our undying will to make it just scraping
gathering all pieces to complete
the picture still hoping for comfirmation
that this will never end respond to accusations
from my thoughts in need of answers
for where we are submerged into diluted
efforts can't manage to pull out
i've told myself
i'm not tired so far a devotion too strong

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