Suit

Max Malmer

Wearing a suit of pure gold
A harsh exterior with rotten details
Wearing a suit full of hole
A last resort I've got nowhere to run

Casting a shadow full of lies
My options dying out, no time
To my Taylor I owe my life
I can feel his breath right in the back of my neck, yeah

I am running, always praying
They won't get to me
The shadows their casting forever they're lasting, they're always haunting me

Stitching my wounds with no goals
A burning flame, A rising shame
A city with nothing but flies
You will

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