Voice Like Rhetoric, A "The Dutch Are Practical, It's A Hub"

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Excuses and another i suppose

I'll wait until it shuts off

How am i not myself?

This would be much faster

How and i not myself?

This could spell disaster

The excuses i breath

Are not only leaving

They repeat

Oh one on one

How i miss you

In a crowded room

The same way they parley

How and i not myself?

This would be much faster

How am i not myself?

This could spell...

The excuses i breath are not only leaving

They repeat

I need to get out!

Profane etching on our bare walls

With profanity sketched on blank walls

Which only wait for an ill fated end

I am swallowing every single word

I'll escape by standing right where i am

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