

**411****"Postively Apathetic"**Visit "[Postively Apathetic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(When your world) crashes down  
Around your feet  
And you're trying so hard to not fail and retreat  
Critics by numbers, often no less than one  
With no exceptions made somehow, it's not down to  
luck  
It's the bullshit that we take  
It's the choices that we make  
Fantasised ideals are shattered by the truth of misery  
In the end it's all the same  
Consequence and no return  
Let's quickly move on faster  
No brakes or sense of direction now  
These streets are closing down  
It's the shittiest scene you could of ever have asked for  
The vehicle that was once your hope  
Stinks of shit and the headlights fade when you're  
alone

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