

Choir Boys

"I've Told Myself A Thousand Times"

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Another minute into this position
Not so strong spiral down
Doesn't seem to be a reason
Not to fold let go,
Release the hold on vanity
You're not just killing time
Staring at the faces betraying your own basis
Can't sleep when discouragement's withdrawn
From all conscious remedies
Stop pushing accept what you've been given
Seems like you're trying for nothing
Should know it won't work out always chasing
A distraction all your efforts
No reaction afraid to she'd disguise
To reveal your fragile lies
You're caught in the promise that everything's alright
But not convinced that standards will be recognized
Sifting through the doubting hoping
To validate lost time

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