

Depression

"Depression"

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I stopped caring, stopped complaining. I stopped giving, and started taking. Growing older, getting stronger. Living faster, living longer. Still on the grind, with a one-track mind... to fuck the world and get on with my life. Living the days, wasting away, hoping that you'll come back again. But all you do is run away. My arms are broken and my legs are weak. My head is fucked, i can barely think. I keep thinking of that day, when we'll see this through. Goddamn... All the smiles, all the handshakes... I should've known you were the fake. I fucking gave too much

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