

Horror Show

"Ground Control/Broken Record"

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When awake we pray for sleep
Can't stand to feel another day
Hours drain, inebriate
The clock spins sober
Time shows us we've
Had our turn, missed our chance
We'll never learn
There's something telling me
We didn't do it right (again)
Time stands still, we
Can't proceed even if we wanted to
With a chance to start again
Would we change even if we knew
That lifes a broken record
Haunting all of us
Reminding you of what

You did and what
You couldve done
What we should've been
And what we could've seen
Then why are we here
Reality, the truth of this is
Almost way too blunt
We only had one shot at this
And I guess we fucked it up

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