

Ignite

"50 And A Month"

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in my time of dying all i've grown to be
english can't define these feelings
i keep waiting
there's a strange time called trying that's vague like us
i can always try harder which means i never try enough

my mind is always crying
concentration, saturation
an acquaintance is so naive
or just a blind soul

fifty and a month
is so long for some

understanding becomes my snair

the harder i struggle, the more confined i become
does quantity stop at empty
does quantity stop with you

fifty and a month
is just a blink for me

fifty and a month

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