

Kind Of Like Spitting "Rowing A Dead Horse"

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chasing a lie
tracing our scars
moaning for help to be held
and every day we feel further away from ourselves
the concrete is wet, i feel too comfortable
my response isn't limited to reactions
and everything dies its little deaths everyday
so with my head up my ass
and my foot on the gas
i set out to write a synonym for loss
hands caught in the door

and my face on the floor
i'll write one for you

Thanks to **Justin (xcore@optonline.net)** for these lyrics

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