

Question Mark "Sick Dedication"

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Misplaced excuses trying to justify
What you know is wrong but still you try
Convince me that I'm wrong and I should come
Give up my thoughts and let myself be gone

Satisfied without the bullshit all along
I figured I don't need it to let myself feel strong
It doesn't matter who you are or where you're from
How come In your eyes I'm always so wrong?

You run away for confrontation
Running to keep your sick dedication
Wasting your time, your money, yourself
Following majority putting all thoughts on a shelf

Still I stand
Freaking desperate to stick to ideology
At times I wonder and consider what's right
Maybe if all this resistance is blocking my sight
Questions boil up in how this completes me
Still I won't let it get to me

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