

Senses Fail

"Life Is Not A Waiting Room"

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I stand alone on the verge of 24
I can not doubt, I'm left unsure
Everyone I know has a casket made
The black spins out, the roads are paved

Do I still have time to make mistakes?
Is this the point where I bend or break?
Am I too far gone to medicate?
Is this a birth or is this a wake?

There was a part of me
That I lost when I was seventeen
I can't get back
The innocence I gave to scenes
In between Jersey plays
Was just an act

I would slit my throat and blinded through my lies
Desperate I am matched with two black eyes
At the mouth of a river people sit
With concrete shoes ready to jump in

Do I still have time to chase my dreams?
Or did that pass, sail out and leave?
Is there still room for me to grow?
Or is this feud all that I know?

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That I lost when I was seventeen
I can't get back
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Was just an act

Sometimes I want, to just give in
Accept the answers without a question
It's easier, I must confess
To treat this life like it's a waiting room for death
How can I make sense of this mess?
I'll share my emptiness with a glass
It's my best bet for happiness

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