

I Am Hunger

"Death Row"

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You paint it black, this fading world.
You tear it apart, I push it away.
The further I stray, the bigger the fright,
To ever wake up from these endless nights.
I'm wasting time, all these wasted times.
I'll doubt it'll sound the same next to me down here.
No matter how you choose to spit their words.
Face down, we're fucked, at the bottom of this wishing
well.
Face down.
Time, oh wasted times.
All these wasted times.
No open doors left for me and you,
Left to rot at the bottom of this wishing well.
Captivity of insecurity.
It's make-believe, and nothing worth.
You're make-believe, your nothing worth.
Wasting time in this death row.

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