

Eric Dill**"Such Great Friends"**

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Solutions, problems, they cycle on
Disowning strangers, merge everyone
A relapse, forced to, begin again
But I can't convert, we're born to win

Press your hands to the wall
Trapped and pray it's your fault
Fight me, we'll feel nothing at all
Bow your head and pretend
You and I make such great friends
Trust this and give it all to me

Apparent issues lessen dreams
I am smiles against the grain
You're bored now, senseless, but does she know
You love her, you hate her, now let her go

Press your hands to the wall
Trapped and pray it's your fault
Fight me, we'll feel nothing at all
Bow your head and pretend
You and I make such great friends
Trust this and give it all to me

Do you believe in love while she stand it's ok now, but
The passing of the wind resembles all your torment
They may be never care for you a vision of your
mistake
and now it's time for you to escape

Press your hands to the wall
Trapped and pray its your fault
Fight me, we'll feel nothing at all
Bow your head and pretend
You and I make such great friends
Trust this and give it all to me

You'll never define me [x2]

