

Juliana Theory, The "DTM"

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Hold it up, my diamond in the rough.
I always thought that it would be so easy.
Let it out. It's never like it was.
I'm empty and tired, and I can hardly think in here.

I won't give up again: as tired as I am.
With everything I can. I won't give up again.

Wake me up. My inspiration sleeps.
My mind is like a prison: bound to hold me.
Force it out. The damage has been done
We're broken, departed, and we can hardly speak in
here.

I won't give up again: as tired as I am.
With everything I can. I won't give up again.

With thoughts of indecision,
destroyed by my ambition,
removed to this position.
I stand alone.

I won't give up again.

Hold it out, your candle in the dark.
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, they say.
Let it go. It's all a stepping-stone.
You're older and wiser, and you can hardly breathe in
here.

I won't give up again: as tired as I am.
With everything I can. I won't give up again.
I won't give up again: as tired as I am.
With everything I can. I won't give up again.

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