From One to Six Hundred Kilometers

Dillon

The most tender thing you've said to me Is that i suffer from paranoia Sometimes when i wish to kill I count from one to six hundred kilometers Yet i fail to feel I sail to sea I fail to behave rationally And i fail to grip I fail to keep I fail to think about me "if i were able to hate Perhaps hatred would bring me relief I ought to have a steel brow And a heart of stone" Yet you failed to feel You sailed to sea You failed to embrace my insecurities And i failed to grip I failed to keep I failed to think about me

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/