

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/>