

I'm a mess

When I develop feelings I tend to push people away
And I can't imagine that one would choose to stay
I'm a fuckup, I'm a mess
Emotions are concepts that I try to suppress

I'm on my knees
I confess
My mind is weak Yeah, I'm a mess
I'm on my knees I confess
My mind is weak Yeah, I'm a mess

And for my own liking I might like you too much
And I love the feeling that I get when we touch
I understand if you are over me now
But if you want me than I swear I'd better myself somehow

I'm on my knees
I confess
My mind is weak Yeah, I'm a mess
I'm on my knees I confess
My mind is weak Yeah, I'm a mess

And you've kept me close, You've kept me around,
I'm so sorry that I've kind of might've let you down
The walls of my mask are crumbling to the ground,
I hope that we will swim in them and that we won't drown

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