

Cloud Nothings, Psychic Trauma

You'll never be here, it's hard to explain
Psychic trauma, returns with age
There's nothing new here, no room to relate
I don't know what you're trying to say

Try to stop it, try to feel something
But nothing happens, I stay the same
Is it alright to end up this way?
Life gets boring, it fades away

I can't believe that what you're telling me is true
My mind is always wasted listening to you

You'll never be here, it's hard to explain
Psychic trauma, returns with age
There's nothing new here, no room to relate
I don't know what you're trying to say

Try to stop it, try to feel something
But nothing happens, I stay the same
Is it alright to end up this way?
Life gets boring, it fades away

I can't believe that what you're telling me is true
My mind is always wasted listening to you