

# QUICKSAND

IN TIMES LIKE THESE, IT FEELS EVERYBODY IS GONE,  
IN TIMES LIKE THESE, IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE ALL ALONE.

MOST OF THE TIMES IN LIFE, WE WANT TO GIVE UP,  
FEEL LIKE CRABS IN A BASKET, NOBODY WON'T LET NOBODY UP.

EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT YOU, AND CONDUCT THE FEEBLE PALNS,  
SURROUNDED WITH HATE, NO ONE TO GIVE YOU A HAND.

EVERYTHING FEELS WORTHLESS, AT TIMES IT DON'T MEAN A THING,  
THOUGHT YOU WOULD MAKE IT, BUT GET GRIEF WITH THESE THINGS.

NOBODY WANTED TO BE AROUND YOU, BECAUSE THEY HATE YOUR LIFESTYLE,  
BUT THEY'RE WICKED TOO, AND LIVING TO WILD.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE,  
YOU'RE IN A DEEP PIT, ITS LIKE NOBODY DON'T CARE.

THERE'S NOT A GOOD PERSON LEFT, HONEST PEOPLE CAN'T BE FOUND,  
THEY WALK BY YOU, AND THEY DON'T GIVE A SHIT IF YOU'RE FEELING DOWN.

YOU'RE CRYING OUT LOUD, BUT NOBODY HEARS YOUR SCREAM,  
YOU FEEL EXHAUSTED BY SORROW, BUT LIFE IS NOT A DREAM.

PEOPLE GLOAT OVER YOUR DOWNFALL, AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS,  
NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOU, THEY SAY YOU'RE BETTER OFF DEAD.

MANY OF YOUR ENEMIES MAKE FUN OF YOU, GLARE AT YOU WITH HATE,  
YOU'RE SINKING DEEPER INTO THIS PIT, AND ITS ALMOST TOO LATE.

THE PIT YOU'RE IN, THERE'S OTHERS IN THE SAME PIT,  
CAN'T NOBODY HELP THEMSELVES, BECAUSE NOBODY CAN'T GRAB A STICK.

MANY SEE YOU IN A DEEP PIT, AND WON'T LEND YOU A HAND,  
NOW YOU'RE GOING UNDER, BECAUSE YOU'RE UP TO NECK IN QUICKSAND.