

640-1000  
That's what you do

The stories you create in you head  
The ones bathed in hatred and so very well fed  
The ones that time and again you have said  
Are true, are real  
Well it may be how you feel  
But if you believe everything you think  
There's a good chance you will succumb to the drink  
There's a good chance you will into your drama sink  
But go ahead, make your bed  
And believe all of the stories you create in your head  
Because clearly  
That's what you do

The fables you nurture in your mind  
The ones that leave your gut unable to unwind  
The ones that have you bowing in that daily grind  
And that you think  
Are real, are true  
You just love feeling blue  
For everyone pays attention to you  
But the drama is just a way to avoid the sorrow  
A little drama now makes you feel more secure tomorrow  
Even though your narrative is so very fucking hollow  
But go ahead, make your bed  
And worship all the stories you give birth to in your head  
Because seriously  
It's what you do

Those stories  
Your reality false  
Your strategy flawed  
And i am awed  
That you will go to such length to avoid what is real  
You hate to feel  
Oh well  
It's what you do