

The Others

Birds of Tokyo

I'm losing days
Living life in cinematic haze
Moving through it frame by frame
And I'm trying not to notice
That I'm never in the moment I'll let it pass
A numbing sense
Disguised by sleight of hand
Better thoughts are built on air
And they'll crumble if I hold them
And it won't last in the moment Wait, am I about to lose myself again
In between these walls so torn and thin
Everything is seen for what it is
Why don't I feel like all the others
Why don't I feel like all the others
Just like the broken I have suffered
So why don't I feel like all the others I don't recall
What it's like to walk down vacant halls
What if I could turn it off
If I wake up from this coma
Will I wake up in the moment I wrestle fate
Knowing life will win this great debate
Chance will have the final say
And I wonder for a moment
Will I break down
When it's over Wait, am I about to lose myself again
In between these walls so torn and thin
Everything is seen for what it is
Why don't I feel like all the others
Why don't I feel like all the others
Just like the broken I have suffered
So why don't I feel like all the others
All the others
All the others
All the others
All the others

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