

# Dead Poet Society, My Condition

Fuck sitting and waiting in the black sun  
I ride ready to die if I can be someone  
Weak shit, you're too scared to make it out so  
You sit back and I'll be here seeing it all

Jack Kennedy holding back cold wars  
Napoleon and everything he fought for  
Me hustling going til I get more  
Til I get more

This simulation we're living in  
I can't ignore (oh ah oh ah oh)  
I came so close to giving in  
But I want more

I'll hold breath  
Til my own death  
Breaks down the door  
Oh yeah I want  
I want more

I don't fuck with god, I make my own faith  
Too late to save my soul or my grace  
I'll die alone, like a forgotten saint  
No one will care or remember my  
Remember my  
No one will care or remember my name

This simulation we're living in  
I can't ignore (oh ah oh ah oh)  
I came so close to giving in  
But I want more

I'll hold my breath  
Til my own death  
Breaks down the door  
Oh yeah I want  
I want more  
I want more

Can't quite escape my condition  
Thought things would change the second I'm gone  
Second I'm gone

Can't find a place where I fit in  
Thought life would change but baby I'm wrong  
But baby I'm wrong  
But I go on  
I go on

This simulation we're living in  
I can't ignore (oh ah oh ah oh)  
I came so close to giving in  
But I want more

I'll hold my breath  
Til my own death  
Breaks down the door  
Oh yeah I want  
I want more

Yeah I want more