

Bad Habit

Carousel Kings

I keep repeating the creases and leaving my pieces home
This war is so tragic and you're such a bad habit
Busting up my forehead, wish that I could forget
Everything we said
Everything we did
It doesn't make sense
How are you such a bad habit?
I'm busting up my forehead
Wish that I could forget

I try to make believe I'm over this
I try to tell myself that I don't care
But the truth is my emptiness is the only thing that I still feel
What's real? What's wrong? What makes you so cold?
I try my best to wrap my head around it
I still can't figure out where I went wrong
You keep on feeding the demons and keeping the secrets sewn
I really can't stand it
You're such a B-B-Bad habit
Busting up my forehead
Wish that I could forget

I heard you say you like it this way
What's real? What's wrong? What makes you so cold?
I try to wrap my head around it
I try to wrap my head around it