

Doorprize

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The impression that you gave me
Makes me feel a part of you
When I warned you don't look at me
Or I'll hurt you you're scared of me
You make me furious I've got to hate you
In other words, it starts to burn you
You stared at me, I had to scratch you
Just to remind me not to offend you

Watch me seek you
Like I can't be the one
To wound, to kick, to cut
To harm, to whip, to bruise
To slap, to bite

The depression hangs all on me
It makes me feel no use for you
When I scorn you don't talk to me
Or you'll get me in trouble for you