

Yo,

At all times now I hear the darkness calling,
Yeah its closer than it was and I just cant ignore it,
So this is paranoia,
where every fingers pointed,
where everything looks haunted,
Yeah so this is madness for ya,
Its crazy something a man is born with,
or just some marijuana or the acid talkin,
Or the alcoholic in me, shit I wish I had the answers for em,
But all I know is that it has its claws in, and I just cant avoid it,
Now every shadow is a tarpet boiling over I'm so close for my back is corner
ed,
And if I had a small wish, I wish I had afford it,
but now its too late, cause everything is just too damn distorted,
Yeah, man I wish I knew what started all this,
I need some help and sure I cant afford it,
Nah fuck your help I need a lighter now to spark the joint, I'm fading away
to the same place that Drapht was falling.
Seth is gone, death of storm, this the calm before it,
I'm just trying to summon the courage, to bite the bullet (do it)
The walls are talking, I swear to god this apartments haunted,
Could all this be paranormal? (Nah this is madness for you)
And so it goes without saying this is my last recording,
Cause if you're hearing this now It means I must have done it,
First off I need to tell you how much I'm sorry,
I know that the news of my death was gruesome and hard to stomach,
I'm sorry too for those who end up in the bathroom scrubbing up the mess,
I guess I was clumsy, this shit was far too bloody,
Plus the blade it was blunt and couldn't cut me properly,
I was in such a hurry its close and I cant outrun it.

Goodbye

Uh,

Ever since a kid I felt this way,
the black sheep, I can never rid myself of hate.
And some will say its a mental disease,
Well I just pray that I can make it to the end of the week,
Its like I'll only find happiness when I'm dead or asleep,
They say in time it'll get better for me, but it forever repeats
Its like I'm on the search to find my inner peace,
And the fact I know its never there is killing me,
Cause ill be honest I'm trying to make it work,
Its all that I can think about but it's likely to make it worse and it hurts
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Am I positive, no, I just wanted to go,
Its like I'm trapped in my mind and I'm not letting go,
They try to help me but I wont let them touch me,
Until you've been in my shoes don't ever judge me,
The only thing that ever seems to excite me is the thought of leaving this l
ife,
It's the demon inside me, It screams to release and it needs to be leaving,
I make myself bleed just to see him.
Don't be scared it doesn't hurt while I bleed,
I live in hell, if you go in search you'll find me,

I don't think this world and this earth's what I need,
and I don't think this place is for a person like me,
Is that really such a bad thing?
And people always point fingers but really don't understand him,
I need to chill I wanna leave here, serious I'm being real I don't wanna be
here,
Period.

Hey yo fuck it my life's hell I hate it,
99% of my life's dealt with anger,
See I just wanna get a shotty, go and end it properly,
Doing everybody and myself a favour,
And they say that your life's what you make it,
I didn't ask for my own life, But I'll take it.