

Sick Of Myself

93FEETOFSMOKE

I don't know who I am, I don't trust who you are
Lately all I can do is pray to the stars
That this bleak observation of everything I see
Might one day turn around, I need to get some fucking help

I'm fucking sick of myself
Fucking sick of how my brain has a mind for itself
Consider this an open letter you won't read for yourself
Yeah, of course I'm talking 'bout who's typing these words all down

Looking more and more like deadman in this wonderland town
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Leave me in the past like your bad dreams
Don't care if you're home in the morning
I'm betting it's best to ignore me
It's worthless for us to keep pushing
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