

Found My Hell

Allan Rayman

(Of all of it, of all of it)
(Of all of it, of all of it)

I know myself, I found my hell
I don't know when I found it
But I'm on my way, I'm on my way
I'm on my way, I'm on my
Living in a cell, my baby bin
But it's okay 'cause I'm a man
Talking to myself, it made me sick
I missed the point of all of it

Of all of it, of all of it
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Of all of it

Save me, I've been bad again
Take me, I'll be born again
Beg me, I'll jump out my skin
Out my skin

I don't like to like to leave my apartment
I'm always scared my life might end
I walk two blocks for a pack of cigarettes
That's the furthest I have been (I have been)
I don't keep that big a circle
I don't have that many friends
If life in fact is a great big circle
I should know how my life ends

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