

Failvre

Alpha Wolf

I am sorry
The alprazolam rejects me
Please just pick up the phone, things are not that ugly
We're alright, im okay
Translucency to reluctant faith
That everything wont be okay
But how long would it take for myself to suffocate?
A black hole prescription; an addiction
In hopes that things will get better
A black hole prescription; An addiction
Things are not getting any better
I'm sorry mother, I never ever wanted this
But now I so goddamn close to pulling a sid vicious
I sold my heart to the tables, let the alcohol win
I swear I never ever ever, meant for this
I should have grit my teeth, kept it together for the kid
But these oxys always got me spitting shit
You told me its with life, you learn to live
With your body exposed, perpetuate oblivion
And I know, it gets you off
With my hands around your throat
Perpetual failing, consistently bleeding
Over and over again
What does it mean this time?
Does it mean you actually love me?
Was it just a fix?
So you're not like me
So goddamn lonely