

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