

A little more fucked up than I care to admit
I'm ashamed of the ways that I deal with it
It's getting ugly, panic becomes me
Rattle pill bottle put a baby to sleep

In too deep to crawl out
Too blunt to bite down
Overindulge in the melodramatic
Manic depressive, psychosomatic
The mechanisms melt into habits
For the creatures defined by the traumatic

Hole in my head
I am living in a habitual nightmare
Hole in my head
In one ear and out the fucking hole in my head

Open my skull up
Lock sights with that umbra
Staring into nothing 'til the sun's up
I get a little more fucked up

It's getting ugly
Sayonara
Torn between all sorts of superstitions
Like lobotomies and exorcisms
Idle hands channel depravity and calligraphic brain matter elegies

Hole in my head
I am living in a habitual nightmare
Hole in my head
In one ear and out the other hole in my head

I'm so alone
In a house full of people
So loud
I can't hear myself drown
Shut up, shut up
Don't wake me up

I can hear myself drown
Shut up, shut up
I can hear myself drown
Shut up, shut up
Don't wake me up
Don't wake me up
Don't wake me up
Don't wake me