

IN THREES

As It Is

The fire inside of my head got out
I don't give a fuck if the house burns down
I'll bury myself in a bed and wait for the party to end
I'm not in the mood to attend now

Pack up all my problems 'til they sear inside my brain
Can't tell pain from pleasure, but I know they're not the same
Light up all the candles like it's time to celebrate
and wish all my problems away (kill the flame)

Misery don't sleep, dying to take back what it gave me
Tragedy comes in threes - third-degree apathy

I think that I'm learning to hope (oh no),
or maybe just learning to cope (no)
The kitchen is filling with smoke, I'm breathing in only to choke;
I know I could try, but I won't

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Light up all the candles like it's time to celebrate
and wish all my problems away

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Trapped in the pits of my mind when I'm stepping outside, I feel
lost all the time
I bury my feelings alive, it all comes with a price, it's I do
or I die
When lying is all that I got 'cause it hard to survive when you
're living this life,
and death is a bit of a bitch so I step to the side and I swallow
my pride (oh no)

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Misery