

Crawling on the edge
Sick of being sick
Help me get away
I can't even think

I am not afraid
I keep all my enemies alive
Gotta wait
Just a taste
Something simple bitter sweet
Your a waste
There's just nothing underneath

Pretty face
Got the snakes showing colours
I just need a break from the
Fakes and the lovers
Somethings in the air
And it getting kind of cynical
I'll be counting pictures with the kings and criminals

You could never tell the truth
You running out of shit prove
I bet the I'll look better on the dark side
Got you living lost with regret
I'm the voices in your head

We're the Voices in your Head, Death, Bed
We're the Voices in your Head, Death, Bed

I can hear you calling out my name
We just found a way to get away
I'm amazed
That you never saw it coming
Left you on ceiling
Thinking you'd amount to something
Now I'm fucking running
High
I'm watching it burn
I'm drunk off hurt

You're a waste
There's just nothing underneath

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