

EXECUTIVE DYSFUNCTION

Banshee

Tear all the sheets off of my bed
And put them all back on again
Maybe its just my fucking skin
Nothing feels right
Nothing feels right
I can't keep up with my life
I keep forgetting my name
Overwhelmed by anything
And everything
I can't do shit

I've been faking being human my whole life
It's so exhausting
Don't tell me to contain myself
Not my fault you're fucking boring

I used to wish my brain worked just the same as everybody else
I've got some work to do
But it'll be fine
It'll be fine

I haven't texted any of my friends back in weeks
It's been too long now it's too late
They must hate me
If I were them I'd hate me

I can't stop wasting time
Staring at my ceiling
Overthinking every interaction that I've had

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