I Have A Problem

Beartooth

I found my vice
I found my vice
It lives in a bottle and wants me to die

I found my vice
I found my vice
It lives in a bottle and wants me to die

But I wanna be alive

God I wanna call you my father
I'm sick of drinking my life away
I can't remember anything
This isn't fun anymore
My body's glued to the floor
When did my king start living inside a glass bottle?

I'm dying, I'm done lying to myself
If i'm living, its inside a hollow shell
My stomach is bleeding
But im still drinking
A hole inside me is now more than a metaphor

I guess a bottle can't save my life
I guess a bottle can't tame my mind

This is my reward, a barely beating heart
But I still lie to myself, I always lie to myself
My hands are in the air, and God I hope you're there
Cause I can't make it myself, i'll never make it myself

Standing up just to fall back down
Screaming nonsense to hear the sound
It doesn't matter if nobody's around
I'll hit the bottom just to feel the ground

Substance therapy never set me free
Substance therapy never set me free

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But I still lie to myself, I always lie to myself
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Cause I can't make it myself, i'll never make it myself

I don't know about you, but i'm admitting now that I have a problem

I have a problem
I have a problem
I have a problem
I have a problem

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