

IT'S PROBABLY FINE

Black Dresses

Had a dream that I was bleeding out in the car crash
Something crawling out of what was left of me
It ran into the treeline screaming
Weakly reaching like "Please, let's talk this out"
Why does it always feel like healing
Is kinda like removing a vestigial limb
Yea it never helped me but it's still living tissue wish I could forget it

It's in your head
It's do or die
It's delusional
It's suicide
I'm sure it's probably fine
It's in your head
It's paranoid
It's your fantasy
It's suicide
I'm sure it's probably fine

She's the object of fascination
Cosmic victim
God does the bumping
Earth is love
But this crazy little thing called love can be a little bit intense

I don't feel strong but I don't feel weak
I feel like a dog without her teeth
Feels alright, I don't mind, but I still feel hungry
And is this really what has become of me
I can't remember how to cry or scream
It's everything I want but I can't tell how to move forward

What do you say to yourself?
Except your cool and ultra-clean
What do you get if you change?
We never change
We stay the same
What do you say to yourself?
At least it wasn't you another day
What do I get if I change?
I'll never change
I'll stay ashamed

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Hold me tight in your arms
Hold me tight in your arms
Hold me tight in your arms

Hold me

Uh-huh