

Dear Diary,

Bring Me the Horizon

Dear diary, I don't know what's going on but something's up
The dog won't stop barking and I think my TV is bust
Every channel is the same, it's sending me insane
And earlier somebody bit me, what a fucking day

The sky is falling
It's fucking boring
I'm going braindead
Isolated
God is a shithead
And we're his rejects
Traumatised for breakfast, I can't stomach anymore
Survival horror

Dear diary, I feel itchy, like there's bugs under my skin
The dog's gone rabid, shut the fuck up! Doing my head in
I keep fading in and out, I don't know where I've been
I feel so hungry, what the hell is happening?

The sky is falling
It's fucking boring
I'm going braindead
Isolated
God is a shithead
And we're his rejects
Traumatised for breakfast, I can't stomach anymore
Survival horror

Dear diary, dog stopped barking, probably 'cause I ate his face
Tasty, itchy, TV say there's no more human race
Kinda sad my whole entire existence's been a waste
Ah, never mind, it's not the end of the world, oh, wait