

# Apocalypse

Brye

You say you hate me?  
Well, I bet I hate myself more  
Your comments don't phase me  
And death threats aren't my worst problem anymore  
The thoughts subside  
I'm able to push through for one night more  
But suicide is creeping up on my back door  
I'm able to ignore it at first  
Until I just can't anymore  
This feels like bad karma  
Or a curse sent straight to my core  
I soaked the floorboards, they're rotting  
Can't stand the smell anymore (Can't stand the smell anymore)

I'm making out with death  
Every day I'm isolated  
Is another baby step  
To full-on seduction  
The way my walls cave in  
Would make you think this house is haunted  
And the toothpaste stains on my shirt  
Would make you think that I had brushed them

My teenage years are meaningless  
For God's sake, we're living in the apocalypse  
And I can't go outside  
Without thinking I could die  
My formative years are wasted  
Even if the president won't face it  
And the end keeps creeping closer, I can taste it

I've been fighting illness  
Since I was about eight years old  
But it's not physical, baby  
It's a hundred percent mental, ahh  
Sometimes I think I would rather catch the virus itself  
Than leave my emotional health to rot on the shelf

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