

Bleach

Call Me Karizma

I'm not fine, I'm caught between the lines
That I don't see
I don't see
I'm traumatized from hearing all these lies
That you speak
I wish I could wash you out with bleach
I wish I could wash you

If I could find a word that was worse than hate
I would surely say it right up to your face
At the first chance that occurs
I'm not a hateful person
You brought out a different version
I'm not who I was before
I no longer hide behind curtains
This is your fault, your blame
You've gone insane, I called your bluff
You called to say you don't think we'll make it
But I called today, I'm not okay, I bought a drink
I've lost my way, now you got me saying that

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Dye my hair with bleach
Wash my mouth out with bleach
Bust my fuckin' lip, clean my shirt
I with bleach bust my fucking lip
Thing my shirt up blood out with bleach
In the curse of love you're the one cursing my dreams
I don't wanna wake up if you're not laying by me
And maybe I don't get you cause I don't get you the kind of miss you
I kind of miss you doesn't do justice and speaking of justice
Imma need your judgment to leave in abundance
Even all your what ifs keep to a hush lets try to be productive
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