

# Imaginary Illness

Call Me Karizma

You can't see my scars  
It's hard to read my thoughts  
I'm feeling  
Guess they're not real then  
You believe in God  
But even God  
Doesn't show his face  
When u need to talk  
I'm still sick  
Imaginary illness

I met the devil in my dreams  
He said my dreams are what I never will achieve  
He said I'm never getting better and I need to stop using words together like mental and disease  
That when hell will fucking freeze  
I'm a basket case  
Maybe I should lock my stupid ass away  
Feeling like I'm half awake from all these pills I have to take  
No one even asks or fucking wonders if I am ok  
I'm locked inside my head and I just can't escape

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I hate parties  
I hate people  
I hate the kinda friend that only calls when they need u  
I fucking hate my bed but never leave it  
Like a girl does when she's beaten  
Start to love the pain I'm feeling  
Feeling numb is not me healing  
Someone give me something to live for  
I can't wake up to no one then expect me to feel more  
I used to dream of seeing my face up on the billboards  
Now all I want is u to fucking see what ill for

It's all in your head  
You're always upset  
You call it disease  
I call it depressed

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