Endless Emptiness

Capsize

I will no longer set myself on fire
Just to see your eyes light up.
If it's gone, I'm gone. If it's dead, I'm dead.
So say it straight and don't you fucking pretend.

I thought it would play out fine, but I'm still empty as ever.
And I've seen every sign, but I'm still searching for more.
Replay it over and over, seems I took the long road home.

It's 3AM, you're fast asleep and I'm still losing it.
Fucked myself again, another fresh start torn apart.
So far from stable, I have no grip on this situation.
'Cause I'm scared to know what it's like to stay in one place.

Take me out of this mess I've made,
Have your choice at a gun or a blade,
But I can't do this any longer.

I object to your rejection,
Tell me who the fuck do you see in that reflection?

I can't explain how I got here,
But I'm ready to face the mirror
And come to terms with what I fear.

I keep telling myself I don't want to be here anymore.
Why am I scared to death of any sort of constant?
So are the suicidal thoughts just a way to cope with the fact
That my reality is I'm dependent on your company?
Just wanted someone to talk to. Just wanted someone to listen.
Decided the fighting wasn't worth my time.
But it's hard to break this cycle when it's all I've ever known
.
I close my eyes and imagine the world without me.

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