

Dududududu
Dudududududu
Dududududu
Dudududududu

God I feel so lonely
Lord I'm in a rut
Like a festering ugly
Open bleeding cut
That doesn't ever stop bleeding

And it just keeps on tearing skin
Blood keeps seeping in
In

I think of misery
If it was a treaervy
It would be mine
And it would surely be me
The mastiers blood is
Wound on the scab

And it just keeps on tearing skin
Blood keeps seeping in
In

I think of misery
If it was a treasurvey
It would be mine
And it would surely be me
The mastiers blood is
Wound on the scab

Wound on the scab

Dududududu
Dudududududu
Dududududu
Dudududududu

God I feel so mother fuckin lonely
Lord I'm in a rut
Like a festering ugly
Open bleeding cut
That doesn't ever stop bleeding

And it just keeps on tearing skin
Blood keeps seeping in
In

I think of misery
If it was a treasurvey
It would be mine
And it would surely be me
The mastiers blood is
Wound on the scab