

Sick of Myself

Clawfinger

I'm good for nothing, I'm a fucking bad excuse
The truth is that I just can't be of any use
So show me where the noose is and watch me when I die
I've made so many knots that I don't know how to untie
I've tried every angle, tried to handle my emotions
I'm strangeling myself up to the point of self implosion
I'm drowning in an ocean full of thought so self abusive
It's a downward spiral, it's the hate that hate produces

I make myself, so sick of myself x3 I hate myself

I'm stuck in a corner this is my own private casket
Four walls around me I feel like a sitting target
I can't find the exit without asking for directions
But I can't find it in me, to ask you any questions
I don't like suggestions and I hate to take advice
Cos' that's a sign of weakness, I can't make that sacrifice
The vice is that I'm selfish but I still need recognition
I fear and loathe myself when I'm forced into submission

I make myself, so sick of myself x3 I hate myself

All the hate I hide in me is constantly misguiding me
And all my mixed emotions slowly building up inside of me
It's like an evil guide in me is breaking down the pride in me
I don't know what's right from wrong my feelings are dividing me

All the hate I hide in me
Is building up inside of me
And breaking down the pride in me
It's like something has died in me