

I get thrown out of bed  
To the statement that I stink  
A reliable sentiment  
A testament to the way I think

I don't wanna leave the house  
I don't wanna make new friends  
I don't have any ambition  
Just a means to an end

I don't want you to criticise me  
I already hate myself  
There is nothing more that I can lose  
Other than my health

I don't wanna make any money  
And I'm failing my degree  
I don't wanna fix myself  
But I question why I'm unhappy

Can't you see I'm terrified  
I haven't got a clue what I'm doing with my life  
I wanna be something good  
I wanna do something right  
But how can I live when I can barely survive

Everything's a blur since you left me  
Everything's a blur since you left me  
Everything's a blur since you left me  
Everything blurs