

I've killed off the parts of me  
That prove to be weak  
Unable to cope with this world  
And the terrors of life that keep me awake through the night

I'd poison myself like a sport; competitively  
The last man standing's the loser  
And the first one down is the first one to find the escape  
And I never lose

I grew tired of running, and hiding, and lying  
And searching for solutions to my problems  
At the bottom of the fuckin bottle

Find the strength and kill yourself  
Reinvent the new you  
Find the strength and kill all the parts  
That you don't love