

My Meds Aren't Working

Dystopia

My body still clings to life
Only my spirit has died inside.
(so I pray)
I pray for death every night
But I keep waking up alive
I cut myself for infliction
And I still spit at my reflection
I hate everything I am
I have my friends to think for that

So I keep taking my meds
And I do what my doctor says.
I hate myself more everyday.
I guess I'll always be this way

I've learned that love is dead
And that people just get fucked instead
And all the while making friends
Just to fuck them in the end

Everyone I touch infects me
Cancer in flesh there is death all around
Everyone I touch, I infect them
Black and dead is my heart

Alone, I'm not good when I'm alone
I pace and tear at my skin and my hair
Burn myself for some relief
For a sick fucking joke of a life
The punchline is when I die
And come back as me for eternity
Just to fuck up everyday?
And fail the ones that I love by being alive

I don't know who I am anymore
A parasite in human disguise?
Searching for a piece of shit with all of you maggots and flies

Everyday I feel that I just can't do anything right
I'm sorry if you know my name
I probably fuck your life, goodbye