

This same old melody stagnating in my head
And it makes me fucking sick, makes me wish that I was dead
I fill the cracks with anything that I can find
I got wax and sugar dripping from my mouth and from my eyes

Went through the effort, I laced it with profanities
Wasn't enough to keep it from the nursery
I felt so drunk and high sitting there uncannily
And I felt sick as I let everything wash over me

These pretty packages all lined up by my bed
Make me feel less fucking bad, make me feel alive again
I fill the cracks with anything that I can find
I got bits of plastic stuck between my teeth and in my eyes

Went through the effort, I laced it with profanities
Wasn't enough to keep it from the nursery
I felt so drunk and high sitting there uncannily
And I felt sick as I let everything wash over me