

The Worst in Me

Handguns

It brings out the worst in me
Plagues me just like a disease
A dark cloud that won't seem to let me be
Ruining everything

Miserable at my very best
A walking cliché like the rest
Wish they could find a way to fix my head
And feel like myself again

It's just like me to give into my grief
Shouldn't be surprised that, that I feel so alone

Anxiety's got a hold on me
It's got me by the neck and won't let me breathe
It cuts right down to the bone, yeah
I'm living proof of a tortured soul

Fell asleep on the couch again
It's been three months since I've seen my friends
Alienated is what I tend to do best
When I'm down and I'm out again

I guess it's true that I cut my own rope
Shouldn't be surprised that, that I feel so alone

Anxiety's got a hold on me
It's got me by the neck and won't let me breathe
It cuts right down to the bone, yeah
I'm living proof of a tortured soul
There's no solution to my seclusion
I guess it's best I stay tied to this bed
Anxiety's got a hold on me
It's got me by the neck and won't let me breathe

If you could see in my head
You'd understand why I can't control a shaking hand
Day in, day out, captive to my doubts
Thoughts never match the words from my mouth
When I wake up tomorrow and feel the same
Not a thing I can do to numb the pain
It's pulling me under, blood's in the water
Can I make it out alive?

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