

# Breaking Teeth

## Hollow Front

It feels like I'm breaking teeth  
On every bite of life I take  
Walking through shards of glass  
Dying to feel something else

Bound to this place by sheer contempt  
So numb, can't remember the last time I wept  
Repressing my need for anyone or anything

The longer I'm alive  
The more I feel detached  
From the people around me  
The more I learn about the world  
The less I want to see

I don't give a fuck  
And why should I?  
We're all killing ourselves one day at a time  
Whether on purpose or whether on accident  
It won't negate the fact  
We can't take it back  
Voices keep screaming in my head  
Die! Die! Die! Why aren't you fucking dead?  
Voices keep screaming! Die! Die! Die!

What's the point being alive  
When you're empty inside  
Generation of the Broken  
Not the life we would have chosen  
Generation of the Broken  
Well here's to hoping

They say one day  
We will live in a time  
Of love and peace  
Maybe I'm pessimistic  
I think that's a childish dream  
And now if I'm being honest  
It's time to face reality  
We're all a bunch of zombies  
Thriving off of apathy

I'm so fucking sick of coping  
I'm so fucking sick of coping

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