

DECAY

KxllSwxtrh

(Follow the yellow brick road)
Follow the yellow brick road down to hell
Death on my mind with a clip full of shells
Wrist full of glass scrape the skin with my nails
Hate myself and you do too I could tell

Hey there friend
Good morning
Time and time again
We've spoken
Stuck inside my head
Hearing voices
But the pain won't end
Till it's over

Got a gun in hand
Revolver barrel smoking like a cigarette
Bloodstained across the floor with all the tears I've shed
Sitting still inside the dark where you left me for dead
Again and again
Where you left me for dead again and again
Where You left me for dead
Again and again and again