

Making Miseries

Letdown.

Someone flipped the gravity
I'm walking on the ceiling looking up at things
Nothing is the way that it's supposed to be
It's an oddity
Oh god I'm losing it
I'm living on a liquor buzz
Feeding me the poison from your silver tongue
Fix me with a bullet from your smoking gun
I want another one
Oh let me take a hit

Break me, break me, say that you hate me

Woah oh, woah oh
Woah oh, we love like enemies
Woah oh, a mixed up remedy
Oh, we're making miseries
Woah oh, woah oh
Woah oh, a nightmare melody
Woah oh, a bad blood memory
Oh, we're making miseries

If I had a better mind
Then I could find a better kind of paradise
I wouldn't have to wait until the afterlife
Afraid to die
But everybody is
You pull me 6 feet under
Face down stuck in this gutter
I hate you like my mother
But I still beg for it

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And I'm not asking for help
For this product unwell
I'm not losing my head
You're not operating logically
Heaven is hell
If my world doesn't swell
Then my misery is complicating all of me

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