

# 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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