

Head Case

Like Pacific

This place is dense. As I'm crawling over your protected fence
I'm not holding in what needs to be said
For crying out loud, your days have been spent
On the phone spilling every truth about the life I live

Maybe it's just me, and the way I think
You should probably spend more time being less pathetic

Rot to the bone. In your six foot grave
Soon to be called your home. Bury another name
Now all that's left is smoke, in this four wall closet space
I used to know that kid. Now you're just another head case
Just another headcase

Most of my time spent wasted in a vicious circle in a basement
A step closer to hell and if you couldn't tell I can't relate,
I can't relate it's...
Not me anymore, as I escape out the side door
And with my luck, I'll be stuck forever
I need to find a purpose
Something tells me, this is worth it

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Rot to the bone in your new home
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