

Misery

NewDad

Left the gates of my heart open
In hopes yours would be too
But with too much wishful thinking
Bit off more than I could chew
I fear my love's been stolen
By this city and its thieves
Feel like I've been spit out
In a static state of grief

And it kills me quickly
The knife moves swiftly

Is it a strange obsession?
Yeah, a sort of addiction
A bit of a kink for self-affliction
Is it a bit of lust for misery?
Because her and I have history

Resting in the coffin
I just let the soil fall
And I could cry out, "Save me"
But I don't bother to call
I fear it's my own doing
The rotting, the decay
'Cause I forced myself to take it
When I didn't need to stay

Now I can't swallow
The truth tastes awful

Is it a strange obsession?
Yeah, a sort of addiction
A bit of a kink for self-affliction
Is it a bit of lust for misery?
Because her and I have history

Is it a strange obsession?
Yeah, a sort of addiction
A bit of a kink for self-affliction
Is it a bit of lust for misery?
Because her and I have history

Is it a strange obsession?
Yeah, a sort of addiction
A bit of a kink for self-affliction
Is it a bit of lust for misery?
Because her and I have history

Is it a strange obsession?
Yeah, a sort of addiction
A bit of a kink for self-affliction
Is it a bit of lust for misery?
Because her and I have history