

Sociopath

Olivia O'Brien

How do you feel nothing
When I feel it all?
I'm sick to my stomach
And you don't even call me
Why don't you feel guilty?
Your conscience should be filthy
Do you even miss me at all?

Hands on my neck
But you've got no regrets
For the marks that you left
Like your heart's pumping ice through your chest
And I bet
That you'll do it again
Guess that's what I get
For loving a sociopath-path-path-path-path
Maybe you're wired like that, that, that, that, that
A cold-blooded sociopath

Got an empty expression
With blood on your hands
You should feel something
But maybe you can't
Some kind of madness
Your empathy's lacking
And I don't know how the fuck
This could have happened

Hands on my neck
But you've got no regrets
For the marks that you left
Like your heart's pumping ice through your chest
And I bet
That you'll do it again
Guess that's what I get
For loving a sociopath-path-path-path-path
Maybe you're wired like that, that, that, that, that
A cold-blooded sociopath
A cold-blooded sociopath
(Cold blooded, cold blooded)
A cold-blooded sociopath

Broke me in half
You just laughed
Left me crying on the floor
Well I guess
It's what I get
For loving a sociopath-path-path-path-path
Maybe you're wired like that, that, that, that, that
A cold-blooded sociopath
A cold-blooded sociopath
(Maybe you're wired like that)
A cold-blooded sociopath