

Something More

Outta Pocket

Faced with a loaded gun, unending
My time has come
I've been through, this all before
All I want, is something more

Reminding, me everyday I wake
This life is yours to fucking take
I feel nothing before hurt and regret
This pain these bonds - I must accept

I need to find my reason to live
Cursed with an unholy end
Self hatred has took control of me
I just need to find a reason to stay

Faced with a loaded gun, unending
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I've been through, this all before
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They say it gets better in the end
But I don't know how long I can fucking pretend
Empty prayers as I spit my last breath
I've wasted my days I have nothing left