

Here it is again, a heart of excitement
In the form of a girl who hates her life
As she sits alone on the floor of her bedroom
Waiting for answers, wasting time

Here it is again, the son of a soldier
Remington shotgun, rolled up sleeves
To keep Satan out of the walls of the suburbs
His last bastion of modernity
But Satan waits upstairs, watching over his daughter
She writes emo songs, she's so depressed
Her lyrics are naive but she still sings her heart out
The only way she knows how to confess

And as she gets up to shut the bedroom door behind her
He stands right beside her, she's trying to get her head on straight
With box dye hair to match her black thigh highs
And scratched nail polish, she performs femininity
She laughs so hard I watch her lose her balance
Fall over backwards to the arms of Mephistopheles
But she'll never leave her bedroom in this bedroom community

He said you'll never be okay (Okay)
If you don't come to your senses
With you everything's the end of the world
Melancholia can spread like a virus
I'm sure you got it from that stupid girl

You'll never be okay (Hey)
If you don't come to your senses
But I feel so defenseless, so alone
I thought he was right when he said that he loved me
He's still thinking of me from up there

And as they stop to look at her they won't look further
Like it's not a murder, it's an inevitable tragedy
The bloody hands of all the heartless fuckers
Who emotionally fucked her to monetize her suffering
Flipping through a spiral notebook for some
Sad hopeless words to turn into a liturgy
So she'll never leave her bedroom in this bedroom community

No, we'll never leave our bedrooms in this bedroom community

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