

Good Luck/Bad Days

Rotting Out

Chasing days is a waste of fucking time
Torturing yourself thinking what could have been done
You're spinning a web and catching new prey
Ringing in my ears are the words you said
"Don't come back and tell me that I'm right"
I knew this from the start
The time I have spent building up mistakes
Makes it easy to show my fuck ups
I have good luck - on my bad side
Which one would you like to see?
I have no god to tell me that I'm wrong
This threat is directed towards me
Good luck/Bad days
It seems like every time we fucking throw it away
It's getting harder and harder to take bad days
It seems like every time we fucking throw it away