

Death Of Me

Royal & The Serpent

You know, the funny thing about being depressed
Is that no one really cares
Not because there's nothing to care about, but
Because everyone's so damn concerned
With their own bullshit to notice if your eyes are red
From crying or if there's food stuck in your teeth
And as sad as that sounds, I find it kinda comforting

Our dreams are dead, the internet
Killed conversation, personality and friends
We're all depressed and self-obsessed
Our lives are wasted on pornography and rent

Breathing just to die

I see a world where people hide behind machines
Don't forget to breathe
I need a heart that doesn't break and doesn't bleed (doesn't bleed)
Happiness will be the death of me

Half the people you meet won't even remember your name
So stop overthinking
Be the person you always dreamed of, dance naked
Cry in the middle of the supermarket at three in the morning
Tell them you love them
Stop caring so much 'cause nobody gives a fuck

Artificial faces
Pixelated places
Life is automated, oh
Everything's a lie

Breathing just to die

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Everything's a lie
Happiness will be the death of me
Breathing just to die
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