

Nothing Is Beautiful

Spite

The lump in my gut is a constant reminder of all the disappointment
Webs that arc over my stomach leave me a stranger in my own bed
People come and people go, feeding off of other lost vessels
I'm never all quite there

My desire to hurt myself hurts everyone else
Everything is my own fault, but I'm in love
At least I think so, I got to be in love with something
Is it the reality or the dream?
I always see one face in the black
How do I stay faithful without faith?
I am destructive, I am destruction
Picking myself apart, I'll wander forever

My future is sold (is sold), never and always want to be alone
Good intentions make loud the off beating of your heart
Skin's tight against the bone
Nothing is beautiful!
Nothing is beautiful [x8]

My future is sold
Never and always want to be alone
Good intentions make loud the off beating of your heart
Skin's tight against the bone

I'm dragged across the pavement but not bloodied by the street
The weather never makes a goddamn choice
Still not ill from the cold nor heat

Take my skin and leave me bare
Stay warm and sleep, I'll drive
A breathing ache
The ever lonely road, open and empty

The night makes the road feel endless
My fate seems to come alive
A pile to be cleaned up in the morning so that others may move on with their lives

The glowing lights peer back at me
My nails draw blood in my palms
They're ready to jump
This career was always suicide
Lesson learned
Happiness and hope end in the death
Love ends in death
Nothing is beautiful!

Let me be clear
You are entitled to nothing [x4]