

doomsday

Stand Atlantic

My very own doomsday
'Cause I makin' something outta nothin'
Another fuckin' mundane
Train of thought like rocks in a slingshot

I'm in the junkyard
Me and my used parts
I'm buildin' new head
And maybe I'll drop dead
Like the spiders on my ceiling
It's my very own doomsday

Got a panic room with a view
Like a tomb with windows
That show me bad news

I don't know what to say
I don't know what to say
I'm talkin' to myself on a doomsday
Satan cut the brakes
Satan cut the brakes
I'm droppin' into hell on a Tuesday
Take the hit
I might as well lose my head
Still don't know what to say
I don't know what to say
I'm talkin' to myself on a doomsday

Maybe I could tempt fate?
Doin' anything for serotonin
I tried to take the high road
But I kinda got caught in the tailspin

I'm in the car-park
Live in the dark
Just me and my remarks
Mindlessly pump darts
And be so unappealing
It's one hell of a Tuesday

Got a panic room with a view
Like a tomb with windows
That show me bad news

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Every day it looks like I'm in trouble

Like makin' a deal with the devil of low hangin' fruit of the bottle
I rot in the roots of my father
And think that I'll never get better

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