

Post Mortem Depression

Teenage Bottlerocket

All my friends are flies, I've got a pair of milky eyes
And I can't seem to get the stink out of my skin
I've got a limp now when I walk, lost the ability to talk
It's getting hard to fight the urge of giving in

And I've been feeling blue
But someday I might pull through

I'm suffering from post mortem depression
'Cause I've been dead inside since I lost you
I'm suffering from post mortem depression
I've lost all hope and don't know what to do
Yeah

All the people that I see, they scream and run away from me
It's hard to keep my self-esteem and not get pissed
And I don't mean to complain, I'm getting sick of eating brains
I always thought when I was dead that I'd be missed

And I've been feeling blue
But someday I might pull through

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