

F.E.B.N.

Trash Talk

Cant eat can't drink, my head is spinning
My stomach feasts on itself, how f**king fitting?
I scrape myself from the floor; swear I've been her before
Gut splitting, f**king quitting, I gotta even the score

Down not out
Onward upward always
Forwards ever backwards never
Down not out
Onward upward
Can't think, can't sleep, my heart is racing
Running from the past that I broke, or the future I'm racing
I'm wearing thin, I'll probably be here again
Tongue biting, and writhing, fighting my way back in

Down not out
Onward upward always
Forwards ever backwards never
Down not out
Onward upward