

Embarrassed

Twiztid

Push me to the bridge
And I might jump off
I can't take this anger anymore
On my knees, on the floor
All of this pressure, I'm 'bout to explode

Today is the day that I'll make them all pay
Can you promise to me they'll have nothing to say?
Cause their words are like knives, and they stabbin' my heart
Always killing me, cutting me, ripping apart

I'm watching trees fly by
In the bus ride back from school
I spent the day being harrassed
Now I'm heading home for some ridicule
Sick of you calling me a punk
Don't know what she sees in him
Out of work, always tired
And drunk, but she believes in him
And I'm more in the way than anything else
The baggage for my marriage manage
Creating hell and spite of itself
And I'm on the verge of an influx
And not giving a fuck
And stabbing everyone in the face
At home repeatedly 'til the night stop
And eyes like they decieve me
Treated less than a loved one
That did nothing while they beated me
Repeatedly like a step son
Sweaty palms are clinching the weapon
No more accepting the fact
I'm embarrassed/deserve better
I'm rackin' my red face in burgundy flush
Covered in gore in
Volume of violence now is a hush
Blood on the floor and
The bodies lay with stab wounds, fifty or more
And the pain thrusting right to the handle
And straight to the core

I used to think it's all good, I'm just a kid
And making fun of everything I do is just what everybody did
And it seem the older that I get, the harder they would hit
And I'm feeling every bit like the bite me on a switch
What a frightening way to live
And I might be innocent, but I really doubt that shit
I'd say enough's enough- No really, I've had enough
But they keep keeping it up 'til finally, I erupt
Then everybody's families wondering what the fuck?
This little fuckin' punk just murdered a bunch of what?!
The news said a couple of daughters and couple of sons
And it was even done with an unregistered gun
They said by the look of my face I was having fun
But really I was just another one to succumb
The fight, I mighta won but I lost the grade of battle

Now I'm just another statistical victim to unravel

Spit anything, anything on me 'cause I'm inferior
In the shadow of their ultimate greatness is so superior
And my embarrassment is a token / a trophy
The blood of these bullies and their evil intentions
They never knew me I wouldn't be lonely
If I only joined their harrassment I'd rather say Fuck 'em get shoved
In my locker, get my ass kicked so sick of the wack shit
Gotta gun in my backpack, then lay you on your back
And pull the trigger to blackness

Some of y'all don't recognize my face
But I promise today when I'm done, that'll never be the case
By the way, I really wanted to say thanks
For making it so much easier for me to make change
And I don't give a fuck if you understand what I explained
But I can't take another day of me havin' to keep living this way
To most, it's just words regardless of what they saying
And expect consequence to be nothing more than the same
And I should have to contain all the hate and the pain?!
Saying my name in vain and I gotta take it all
Like a grain of salt and it ain't my fault
Probably fought back tears
But right now, right here, and I'm making this clear