Chew me up an spit me out when There's nothing left of me My life's expectancy

Here we go again
Downward spiral
Guess I'll know it when
I don't see tomorrow

I can't seem to break outta my own head Can't seem to figure it out instead

Fallin' faster
Back to the patterns
I'll be your cadaver
Perfect disaster
Push the dagger
Twist and shatter
You pull me apart again

The wound is ever bleeding
It's nowhere close to healing
It's like I'm marked for death
And death it just don't care bout your feelings
Is there a chance to complain
Or tear me down for some fun
I'll be the butt of them jokes
Them words are bullets
In loaded guns

Fallin' faster
Back to the patterns
I'll be your cadaver
Perfect disaster
Push the dagger
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