

Wondering Why?

Twiztid

On the windows in my mind at night
There's some things going on, some of them are not right
I've been locked in this house, in this abusive home
No one is there on the couch and I'm alone
Inside of my head, things are unclear
I don't rely on the person I see in the mirror
And I don't die for the chance to be standing right here
Sometimes I'm a smart ass when being sincere

I see everything's flashing, I wish it would stop
There's just something that makes me so nervous about cops
All their pushing and shoving and macing my eyes
It will only keep burning this hate that's inside of me
Hitting me, kicking me just for the fun
And all I keep on thinking is "Go for the skull!"
To protect and to serve are the words you should heed
And if you don't, we're gonna watch you bleed

Wondering Why? (Why?)
Not giving up (No)
Nothing can break me
Wondering Why? (Why?)
Not giving up (No)
Nothing can make me
Wondering Why? (Why?)
Not giving up (No)
Nothing can save me
Wondering Why? (Why?)
Not giving up (No)
Nothing can change me

She loves me and hates me, it's all just the same
But I can hear her screaming and yelling my name
Now her face is all blue and her eyes are all red
From the drugs that she keeps on popping
Instead of me helping I'm learning and pushing away
The visions and memories of things she would say
They keep coming and flashing so I keep on laughing
Bitch, you never should've fucked my boy

I'm in touch with my fear, that's why I stay afraid
And I'll stay that way until night turns to day
And them nice words you say will slowly mutate
And become the better part of you we all love to hate
And well, speaking of fate, I'm trying to relate
To the ever growing destiny and it's amazing shape
They tell me I'm straight and then diss me all day
There's a website debate, was it all a mistake?

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Nothing can save me
Wondering Why? (Why?)
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Nothing can change me

It just keeps calling me, whispers my name
All alone I was sitting down in the darkness again
All my friends, they are dead but remain in my head
So I truly believe that they are all my enemy
Telling me why, and I'll tell the sky
That Hell is all real and that Heaven's a fantasy
Capture me mentally nothing substantially evident
Except that my head's a little fucked up

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