

<Coping Mechanism>

Willow

Fun fact, I'm so, so sick of myself
My mind's a breeding ground for un-health
The walls are talkin' and the voices in my head
(They're screamin' out loud)

Fun fact, some days I just cry on the couch
Put my whole life away on a shelf
I try to feel something, that's why I break everything
(I'm screamin' out loud)

Against the thought of who I'd be if you were me, and I
I just wanna die
(Ain't that a fun fact?)

I've wasted so much time hating myself for trying
Accepting that this fate is our demise
Hating myself for lying
Knew my cards were dealt
Had your eyes locked on someone else
No, you couldn't help it
Or could you?

Fun fact, I really wanna fuckin' make you cry
It just isn't right, so enticing just like you
Mastermindin' every fight
Rivers flowin' from my eyes
No emotion from your side

Fun fact, I'm the worst, it's true
Fun fact, I learned it all from you
I need a coping mechanism now
Every night

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Accepting that this fate is our demise
Hating myself for lying
Knew my cards were dealt
Had your eyes locked on someone else
No, you couldn't help it
Or could you?

You couldn't help it
No, you couldn't help it
No, you couldn't help it, no
Or could you?