

Bayside, Alcohol And Altar Boys

There's a voice in my head telling me why I should hate you,
But I hate myself instead.

There's a pair of dead eyes in the mirror looking back at me.
I guess its wrong to live life so lifelessly.

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees.
I guess thats what I should get for crawling back at your feet.
And now I'm feeling so down, that there's no God above.
No mercy for a soul thats just way too fucked up.

There's a pain in my chest growing stronger with every heartbeat.
Now there's nothing left of me,
but empty bottles of pills and Bacardi.
Yes, I guess its wrong to live right.

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees.
I guess thats what I should get for crawling back at your feet.
And now I'm feeling so down, that there's no God above.
No mercy for a soul thats just way too fucked up.

Leave me here to die