

Failure, Dipped In Anger

I'm sick with the guilt and I'm dipped in the anger
And sex is the thing that has brought me disease
I want to hurt people, especially ones I know
I'm so fucking scared I just wish I could go
But go to the store or the park or the mountains
I'll still be sick there as the anger spews from me like fountains
Like fountains

I can break things, things plastic but things I'll remember I broke it's
the the gnawing, the clawing,
The scraper inside wants to clean out all that's inside so there's only without
A numb hard shell is how they'll find me let me show you my best
I won't be that easy to find
I will fit in with the rest
I will fit in with the rest

The past is still with me, it follows not stopping
Stalking me down to show me that nothing is left in my life
To say that I have changed
I'm still here obsessing and thinking of nothing
Can't even be honest with myself
I don't want to fit in with the rest
I don't want to fit in with the rest