

Home Grown, I Hate Myself

Deep down inside me, I feel I need a change.
So sick of everything, it all just seems the same.
Always unhappy, I cannot find a smile.
Wasting my life away, I guess you can call it suicide.

My life's a waste.
Nothing left for me to hate.
I hate myself. I have no friends.
I'm treading water, I'm struggling by the edge.
I'm sitting here all alone, I just can't lose myself.
My friends ignore me, they think my life's a waste.
They're now my enemies, all of which I hate.

Always unhappy, I got a gun pointed to my head.
Will someone come help me now, before I turn out dead?