

Luckdown, Simply Useless

this is all simply useless,
it's all in vain.
i'm not what you want now,
our feelings are not,
they're not the same.
this feeling's been burning inside me.
and i thought it was in you,
but i was wrong.

take my life,
take this blade
and drag it against my wrist,
i'm dragging on.

this is not just another
ode to suicide.
my feelings were real,
you "would not be fake to me",
she said- you're full of lies.
i'll sign this yours truly,
and say my goodbyes.

take my life,
take this blade
and drag it against my wrist,
i'm dragging on.
i'll write this song for her,
it wouldn't do the least for me.
i'm dragging on...

i know that you can't help
the feelings that you have;
ignore the words on this page.
don't let this get to you
like these feelings get to me.
don't let this get you now,
cause it's too late.