

Nomy, Self therapy

You lying fucking whore
I dont want you anymore
I dont need your fucking lies thats for shure
Mark my words
No matter if you cry
I dont care if you would die
so go fuck yourself you bitch cause you're the glitch
But it hurts to sing this song
and in my heart I know I'm doing wrong
Can you let go baby please stay away
everything that you said it you just fucked up my head
You made me crawl and bleed over something I dont need
SO GREETINGS antichrist
you made yourself my kryptonite
If I would like some cola you'll be cola light
Your doing is not right
you're not even worth the fight
cause honey I want cola but you're cola light
It was writting on a paper what I once felt you see
can you tear that shit and burn it up for me
I hope you find your sorrow and brake down as I did
I hope you never fall in love so god forbidd
I made this song for you but nothings true
I'm missing you But that I think you knew
Ok I made this song but its for me
self therapy self therapy