

Set It Off, Punching Bag

This empty feeling sets in my chest,
And I start to worry,
Try to push it down,
Cast it out,
But I can't control it...
Hangin on by the strings that you're pulling,
So you cut me down, just to push me around..

Like I'm your punching bag,
Just another pot callin' the kettle black,
Take it out on someone who won't hit you back,
Till we're all as broken as you.

So say goodbye to your Mr. Nice Guy,
You got your wish he's rotting in hell,
I'm up all night, when you think I'm sleeping,
People pleasing's never good for your health.
So go fuck yourself.

On this episode of friend or foe,
You're throwin' stones and hope I,
Tie a rope, 'round my throat, till I start to choke.
You're a sick, persistent virus under my skin.
Rather set myself on fire, than let you win.
I could give you the world but you'd poison the seas.
I could let down my guard but then all that I'd be is just your...

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