

# Aesthetic Perfection, Living The Wasted Life

Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
I sense a kiss  
it's coming on  
I sense the rift between us  
my fault  
I pray for something  
a quick demise  
something to substitute a restless mind  
call the doctors  
call the gods  
you can't call anyone  
to save me now  
weak is the one who crawls  
lives life behind a wall  
the only question here is  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Is this what's left of me  
debilitated life  
look back and see  
nothing but my self wasted  
is this what's left of me  
what's left will be destroyed  
Is it ever ending my self-hatred  
Is this what's left of me  
debilitated life  
look back and see  
nothing but my self wasted  
is this what's left of me  
what's left will be destroyed  
Is it ever ending my self-hatred  
Why can't I ever feel  
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Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Your own emotions can be your greatest enemy  
I am the cancer  
I am the cause  
I am the devil  
sitting on my left shoulder  
in this regression  
I'm looking for  
just some attention  
so don't keep me waiting  
without direction  
spread the fault  
searching for something  
just a little less caustic  
for him to sing this song  
seems like for just too long  
I'll follow them and wonder  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
Why can't I ever feel  
I'm quite happy living my life this way  
too fucked up to care anymore

we've all come from one commiserating  
we just want to feel anything  
Is this what's left of me  
debilitated life  
look back and see  
nothing but my self wasted  
is this what's left of me  
what's left will be destroyed  
Is it ever ending my self-hatred  
Is this what's left of me  
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