

Alana Grace, Obsession

inside my insecurities I hide my imperfections
I find my blurred reality inviting.
getting lost and being chancy and get off on rejection
[chorus]
I only feel alive
when I
cant have it
god I want it
need it
breath it
my addiction
so wrong that's why I like it, taste it, crave it
my affliction
the loving
the waiting
the thrill of going crazy
it's my next obsession
if feel these vacancies of mine with unhealthy fascinations
it's so clear I'm never satisfied
it's blinding
too late
no matter how I try
to unbreak my fixation
[chorus]
I only feel alive
when I
cant have it
god I want it
need it
breath it
my addiction
so wrong that's why I like it, taste it, crave it
my affliction
the loving
the waiting
the thrill of going crazy
it's my next obsession
suffocating in the sensation
and its irrational
ooh ooh
cant have it
I want it
I need it
I breath it
the loving
the waiting
it's driving me crazy
cant have it
god I want it
need it
breath it
my addiction
so wrong that's why I like it
taste it
crave it
my affliction
the loving
the waiting
the thrill of going crazy
it's my next
ooh-ooh
can't have it
god I want it
need it

breath it
my addiction
so wrong that's why I like it
taste it
crave it
my affliction
the loving
the waiting
the thrill of going crazy
it's my next obsession
woah-woah
yeah
the loving
the waiting
the thrill of going crazy
it's my next
obsession