

Amazing Transparent Man, If I Could Only Breathe

These waves wash over me.
It cannot be the undertow is me.
Call me, call me Mr. Pain.
As I go insane, the barbed wire cuts my veins.

People say that sadness sells.
Well, if that's the case then my mind
Should've gone triple-platinum by now.

What'll happen next?
It's kind of hard to tell.
So fucking lonely, even myself.

I'm basking in my lonely paradise.
Put my heart on ice, helps me feel alive.
I'm waiting by the telephone.
My only link to home.
So alone.

So tell me
What you think my mind would look like
Painted on your bedroom wall.
Don't worry.
I won't make a mess.
You know I'm not smart anyways.

Trapped in a world stuck in a fucking shell.

Please, world, I bet of you:
Associate with this.