

Bodyjar, Futile

You must have known your future
When you took your first three steps
The emptiness surrounding you until your fatal end

The foolish chances that you took add up to your demise
The drugs you took and now it looks as though you've compromised

What's in that bottle you keep on the shelf
Losing, abusing your self - hatred (hatred)

Did you think that road would lead to sanctuary content
Security eluding you no matter where you went
You must have known, you must have seen
A vision of what you could have been
A chemical reaction blocked you out

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hatred (hatred)
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