

Bullets And Octane, Caving In

It's hard to say what's real these days
My mind can be a dangerous place
She's too naive for suicide
But god I wish that bitch would die

Give me, give me, give me, give me a reason
Why every night I'm losing sleep
God damn she's on to me again
Or maybe I had too much to drink
You see I think I figured out
I figured out as I was thinking
How to stop her piercing voice
From everything that she was stealing
Get the gun, get the gun, get the gun
Is all I'm hearing again and again you know

I used to be such a hopeless man
And she used to be such a sweet, sweet thing

She's too naive for suicide
But god I wish that bitch would die
Shot gun shells, yeah it's alright
The whiskey says, "Let's take her fuckin' life."

One thing I do remember
Is that things never get better
And I got to make the voices, make the voices for the maker
Of the maker making voices, making voices
Gotta make her, gotta, gotta make her stop
Before my head comes caving in again

You can walk this world all alone
But I can still hear her, tearing me apart