

Curl Up And Die, Black Out

These thoughts can't be mine.
but they're the only thoughts I have.
In this city of imitation, dying to survive.
and when night comes it's spent on.
Getting drunk and taking drugs.
or letting one thing be enough to love someone.
But then by day I'm a stomach ache that won't go away.

We set patterns that become our balance.
Taking things in secret. Keeping ourselves clean.
And we keep moving with these same mistakes.
Rearranging chemicals in our brains.
Nightmares of never remembering anything.

'Til we're not around anymore.
and there is this hum in our heads
and we're exhausted again.
Screaming sound that goes on and on and on and...
like steady medication wearing out.
The shit that we forget.

Nothing ever happens. Nothing happens here.
and nothing will ever happen. Nothing matters here.

Why do we forget the things
we thought we figured out?