

Curl Up And Die, Nuclear Waste? Bring That Shit

This isn't what it used to be.
Like folded corners of worn pages trying to hold their place,
Because no one fucking cares anymore,
I'm peeling back finger nails to hold you.
Tearing out hearts trying to forgive you.
Nothing seems to matter anymore. No, it's all gone.

The sadness never leaves but only grows.
And it keeps you caged. And it keeps you locked up,
And it keeps you afraid.
Nothing seems to matter anymore. No, it's fucking gone.

But maybe I'm the one to blame. So bring on the sleep, take my name.

Come on. We're waving the white flag. Come on. We're calling in sick.
I don't want to be a part of anything that ever feels like this.