

Fiction Family, Mostly

This is the darkest day I've seen
I can't find an opening
I've never felt this rage in me
I've never known this anger

I'm feeling like a curse
I feel like I'm getting worse
I'm bored with war in songs
I've been bitter far too long
Come on, prove me wrong

(CHORUS)

And tell me I'm no loner
And tell me I'm not crazy
Or maybe just a little bit
Maybe just a little bit crazy
But mostly prove me wrong

They're up to something in my head
I can hear them taunting me
Thanks for nothing imagined friends
I can hear you laughing

I'm feeling like a hearse
Like I'm carrying dead hurt
I'm tired of being right
I'm retiring from that fight
Hey come on, prove me wrong

Chorus (x1)

I'm feeling like a bomb
Like I'm screwing up my song
It's like I don't belong
With no point in going on

Hah, come on prove me wrong
And tell me I'm not crazy
Or maybe just a little bit
Maybe just a little bit crazy
But mostly prove me wrong