

Rabbit Junk, Demons

I'm scared to death
Of myself

I can't feel anything
I can't feel anything
I have become the pain
I have become my own demons

I'm tired of being a punk
yeah, like I ever was
I'm tired of being myself
yeah, like I ever am

like a quarter dug out of a homeless man's pocket
like a finger torn out from the socket
I tried it and I knock it
I'm just mad, 'cause nobody wants to steal my soul

I'm tired of being made up
yeah, like I ever am
I'm tired of being tied down
yeah, like I ever was

Turn the radio on
to the techno station
keep it a few points off, so it sounds all ruff
Then it matches my head
all static with the meters in the red
I'm feeling half dead

feel the demons rise
let the mercury rise
I can't close my eyes