

Society's Finest, Following The Robertsons

I wonder if you care.

You graze your skin across another needle
As the concern for the strength of your veins
Stretches across your mind
Your thoughts tell you no one cares

No one will listen, They all hate you

You take off your clothes again,
Trying to find "the right one"
But you're only forcing yourself to drag the needle again
Because "no one cares for someone who gives themselves up so quickly."

I can only pray that you will see past your own thoughts again.
Can't you see that you have no friends.
They've all used you and left you for dead,
I drag another dead body through your blood.

"But why can't I have more?"
There is something more.