

Sunk Loto, 11

Sick of the fuck ups and all the shit that lingers around
On your conscience and the everyday parasites
That itch up your skin of a night
Until they scratch the pigment away
Bored of all the shit that hangs around
'Til I desensitise myself
I desensitise myself

I cannot tolerate a single moment of electricity
Stay with, stay with me...