

The Distillers, Hate Me

I cant be this now
Its not me anymore
I really tried Ive tried
Attempted suicide
Fucking convulsing and
Constantly denied
Subcountaing me somewhere
Inside

Scratching the walls of my glass coffin
Scraping raping
My nails on the glass on the bottom
Is there an end where does this end
If i was you id fucking hate me too