

Drowning

Jay Brannan

It's four A.M. again
Father, forgive me this sin
Uncomfortable in this life, yeah
I can't put down this knife, yeah

I'm carving words in my arms, baby
Hey, scars are part of my charm, maybe
I need the touch of a hand
This isn't what I had planned

I need relief from this life
I wanna slip away into the night
Don't wanna see the sun again
But can't get swallowed up by this tragic whirlwind
I wish the ocean was warm
I feel like drowning

I'm losing my faith in me
I can't remember the last time I felt free
From voices inside my head
When I taste liberation, they just feed me fear instead

You say I'm out of control
At least I still have a soul
No, I don't need your advice
Some compassion would be nice

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I can't take any more of your pills
They hold my head up
But still it feels so wrong
I can't believe the price that I've paid
For this chemically-induced, perceivably ideal, take-it-with-a-glass-of-water day

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