

Meaningless

Pain Of Salvation

I still smell of sweat
still the scent of my giving in
tried to feel regret
but I wanted to stay on my skin.
I still fantasize
Close my eyes to the wrong again
still those "fuck me" eyes
as I'm licking the palm of my hand.

How the hell am I supposed to keep myself
when you are so damn far away
and everything feels meaningless and I am not mine.

How the hell am I supposed to keep myself
when you are so damn far away
and everything feels meaningless and I am not mine.

I still smell of sex
still her taste on my fingertips
Try to feel remorse
But it's hard with her wet on my lips.

How the hell am I supposed to keep myself
when you are so damn far away
and everything feels meaningless and I am not mine.

How the hell am I supposed to keep myself
when you are so damn far away
and everything feels meaningless and I am not mine.

I need something of my own
something with a locked door
A room just for me alone
something that I can control.

I need something of my own
I need something cutting to the bone
I need something that is mine
If that must be guilt then fine.

I wanted something nice and fine
this guilt is a hole but it's mine.
I wanted something nice
this guilt is a hole but it's mine.