

I'm in that place again, feeling like waste again
Feeling so weak and defeated, that's when the hate begins
Don't wanna be happy for you I wanna be happy for me
My depressing heaven, can never wish it away
I'm beginning the ending, is it today
The question goes around like a cyclone in my soul
Like a cyclone in my soul, like a cyclone in my soul it goes..
Why you not me? Why is it you and not me?
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The question goes around like a cyclone in my soul
Like a cyclone in my soul, like a cyclone in my soul it goes..
I love my selfish ways and when there's hell to pay
I come with empty pockets
It's just another way to let the ugly stay
And interrupt my process
You don't deserve the praise they give you
You're just another fake they live through
They live through, they live through, they live through, they live through!
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