

The impression that you gave me  
Makes me feel a part of you  
When I warned you don't look at me  
Or I'll hurt you you're scared of me  
You make me furious I've got to hate you  
In other words, it starts to burn you  
You stared at me, I had to scratch you  
Just to remind me not to offend you

Watch me seek you  
Like I can't be the one  
To wound, to kick, to cut  
To harm, to whip, to bruise  
To slap, to bite

The depression hangs all on me  
It makes me feel no use for you  
When I scorn you don't talk to me  
Or you'll get me in trouble for you