

## Painkiller

98 Mute

Insecurity- this time it's got the best of me.  
Apathy- this time I think it's killing me.  
Try to scream- but I can't make any noise.  
Try to breathe- but the breath has lost my voice.  
There has got to be a better way.  
Some way to get rid of this fucking pain.  
Is my future in a razor blade?  
Sometimes suicide isn't so insane.  
Bad memories- so I drink to forget.  
But you see- all I lose is self respect.  
No control- no more goals and no more aim.  
Blackened soul- everyday it feels the same.  
Can't face the boredom that everyday brings.  
I'm feeling guilty for an uncommitted crime.  
Left dangling from a puppeteer's strings.  
My body's free but my mind is doing time.  
Suicide- everyday a soul is lost.  
Justified- I think I'll carry my own cross.  
Bedside note- sorry mother if you cry.  
But life's a joke- so I think today, I'll just lay down and die  
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