

Unsubstantiated Rumors Are Good Enough for Me to Base My Life Upon Against Me!

Well do you want to talk about it?
Do you think you'd understand,
How things can get so fucked up
with such good, such good intentions
And if, if roofs turn to sky, held by the gravity of nothing
An ironic and literal making of a bed.
You can walk away, but there is a reason to stay.
They make bad bad jokes, it's okay not to laugh.
And for every push foward, you get the same fucking push back.
You had, you had nowhere to go
so you, so you found some place.
You had, you had nothing to say, you start lying.
What the fuck were you thinking?
I'm not sorry... I'd do it all again.
All the lines between hate, love, and revenge
It's just dead, it's dead, it's dead
Just dead feelings.