

## Alcohol and Alter Boys

Bayside

There's a voice in my head telling me why I should hate you,  
But I hate myself instead.  
There's a pair of dead eyes in the mirror looking back at me.  
I guess its wrong to live life so lifelessly.

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees.  
I guess thats what I should get for crawling back at your feet.  
And now I'm feeling so down, that there's no God above.  
No mercy for a soul thats just way too fucked up.

There's a pain in my chest growing stronger with every heartbea  
t.  
Now there's nothing left of me,  
but empty bottles of pills and Bacardi.  
Yes, I guess its wrong to live right.

Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees.  
I guess thats what I should get for crawling back at your feet.  
And now I'm feeling so down, that there's no God above.  
No mercy for a soul thats just way too fucked up.

Leave me here to die