

## Bad Habit

Carousel Kings

I keep repeating the creases and leaving my pieces home  
This war is so tragic and you're such a bad habit  
Busting up my forehead, wish that I could forget  
Everything we said  
Everything we did  
It doesn't make sense  
How are you such a bad habit?  
I'm busting up my forehead  
Wish that I could forget

I try to make believe I'm over this  
I try to tell myself that I don't care  
But the truth is my emptiness is the only thing that I still feel  
What's real? What's wrong? What makes you so cold?  
I try my best to wrap my head around it  
I still can't figure out where I went wrong  
You keep on feeding the demons and keeping the secrets sewn  
I really can't stand it  
You're such a B-B-Bad habit  
Busting up my forehead  
Wish that I could forget

I heard you say you like it this way  
What's real? What's wrong? What makes you so cold?  
I try to wrap my head around it  
I try to wrap my head around it