

Dead Inside

Cobra Skulls

My friends call me up to get me to go out on Friday night
But I just felt dead inside, like I had to hide
From small talk and boozed-up disapproving socialites

So many times I've tried by my brain is fried
My friends all try to tell me it's good to be alive
But they don't understand
That I'm already dead inside

I smoke myself stupid and I drink myself to sleep
I would step outside but I've admitted all defeat
I used to have a thirst for life but now I think I'm cursed

And I can't decide when I lost my pride
They say these are supposed to be the best years of my life
But they don't understand
That I'm already dead inside

I don't know who I am
I'm just a shell of a man
And don't bother asking
Why am I...?