

## 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...?