

Sometimes thinking of suicide
The thought that sharpens my mind
Deep down in manic depression
I only hear my own cries

These thoughts are so twisted I can hardly
Look out from the edge of my world
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch
I tried to reach with my hands

Sometimes thinking of suicide
The thought that sharpens my mind
Sometimes life feels much cheaper
So cold, dull and grey

These thoughts are so twisted I can hardly
Look out from the edge of my world
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch
I tried to reach with my hands

Moving near the end of my dream
However I'm leaving after
I've tried to feel the way others feel
But it's just not for me