

Painting over portraits again, I pretend  
This isn't how I knew it would end.  
Cause there are no more pages in my book  
And there is too much ink in my pen

So now I'm wishing that the cycle would end, so then  
I'd learn to be somebody's man  
Cause there is too much history for the history books  
And I'd like to start them again

I hate me, so unoriginal  
No other feeling could feel so traditional  
Cause every year I end up here  
I end up here

So now you hate me?  
Oh, how original  
Well I'm used to it  
Lone, individual  
Another year and I'm still here  
And I'm still here

Looking in the mirror, I'm sure I'm sure  
And I didn't do those things from before  
Cause there is no more time left on the clock  
And you are walking out the front door

So now I'm learning to be wrong even more, the whore  
The emptiness I try to ignore  
Cause there are no more bullets in my gun  
And I am trying to prepare for a war

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And you say,  
"I'll take it out on myself, I'll take it out on my  
friends."  
And you say,  
"I've got this knife to my throat, and there's this  
blood on my hands."

(And if you pick me up...)  
Is it selfish?  
Well if so fine,  
I've always been selfish  
And that's just one of the many problems I will never  
be able to fix

I believe I am making everyone's lives around me worse  
Increasingly worse  
I am a disease to my friends and family  
Please leave me alone

We're still young  
It's over  
I'm so dumb (...pick me up)  
I love her  
I'm sorry (if you...)  
I hate me  
It was fine (...pick me up)  
Til lately

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