

# My Dark Place Alone

Murderdolls

Go!

Sick, am I sick?  
And for these last five years  
I've been stuck up in here  
Inside this brain that drains into society  
Inject it in your veins

Give me hand grenades  
Give me razor blades  
Give me anything to make the pain go away  
'Cause these pills don't work  
Sometimes they make it worse  
And now I'm slowly going down the fucking drain

The lights are on  
But there's no one home  
And I sit here in my dark place alone  
Dark place alone

I, I don't mind the side effects of my so-called life  
Now I bide, bide my time  
To infect this world with my, with my fucking mind

The lights are on  
But there's no one home  
And I sit here in my dark place alone  
Dark place alone

Now I'm sick in the head, in the head, motherfucker  
Like the living dead, living dead, motherfucker  
Now I'm sick in the head, in the head, motherfucker  
Like the living dead, living dead, motherfucker

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