

Self Therapy

Nomy

You lying fucking whore
I don't want you anymore
I don't need your fucking lies that's for sure
(Mark my words)

No matter if you cry
I don't care if you would die
so go fuck yourself you bitch 'cause you're the glitch

But it hurts to sing this song
and in my heart I know I'm doing wrong

Can you let go baby please stay away
everything that you said it just fucked up my head
You made me crawl and bleed over something I don't need

So greetings anti-christ
you made yourself my crypt tonight
If I would like some cola you'll be cola light

Your doing is not right
you're not even worth the fight
cause honey I want cola but you're cola light

It was writing on a paper what I once felt you see
can you tear that shit and burn it up for me
I hope you find your sorrow and brake down as I did
I hope you never fall in love so god forbid

I made this song for you but nothings true
I'm missing you But that I think you knew
OK I made this song but its for me
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