

Why do I feel like I'm
Always gonna get it right next time,
When every time I open my eyes
I repeat the same shit that makes me lose at everything I do.
Every time I try to do good I'm made a fool,
A fucking cesspool of lies,
But in my head I think they're true.

I think it's time I clear my mind,
And fess up for every time I've lied.
But not tonight, there's not enough time.
I'd rather just get high and write down
All the times I've been this low,
And all the shit I've put you through.
You'll never know
I'm a selfish imbecile.
You don't love me,
You love what I say to you.

I fucking hate myself, I hate my friends.
I hate my job, I hate everything but you.

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This is why I cannot tell you what you deserve to know.
If you leave I swear I'll end it all right here.
Do you really want me to?
I just don't know what the fuck else I should do.