

Miseryhead

Ours

christ, your head. what's it become?
while the whole world's out having fun

i'm in a cloud, it's pulling me down, breaking me down

i'm in a cloud, it feels like a crowd of a hundred, it's five degrees here
nobody sees, somebody please, save me

this is the sound of my miseryhead
choke on the taste of my miseryhead
dance to the words of my miseryhead
this is the sound of my miseryhead

i'm in a cloud, it's pulling me down, breaking me down

turn around
what's that sound?
i'm in your head
i thought i heard him say, he'd rather be dead, than
live life apart...we're apart...we're apart