

Left 4 Dead

Papercut Massacre

Seeing you here
I'm sure that there's, things left on your chest
I know I haven't been that much of anything
You should know that you raised me well
I can't pretend to have any friends they all feel the same as you do

How can I make you, make you, proud of me

All that you gave me, was meant to save me from
The sickness that's inside my head
How can I blame you, I'm not ashamed to
I'm better off left here for dead

You sent me away to a terrible place
Perhaps it's where I belong
I can't even lie, It's no big surprise
That you don't even want me there

How can I make you, make you, proud of me

All that you gave me, was meant to save me from the sickness that's inside my head
How can I blame you, I'm not ashamed to
Better off left here for dead