

Quiet, I'm thinking it's kind of difficult
I can't hold up the conversation
it's difficult to sympathize
my need to resuscitate intensifies
the bolt thrust sharp right between my eyes
inside I crumble, perishing, intentionally, explicitly
there's nothing I can do
there's nothing I can do
nothing I can do

4, 3, 2, 1, boom explosions
deep inside my head
it feels as if a tank just fucking tore apart my insides
sometimes I wish that I was dead
it's me who's ping ponging back and forth
across this empty space
I'd rather be slammed by two
than to take anymore
so what's the use
so what's with you?

I never said I'd take you down there
never said I'd see it through
yet shit just happens
I'll never know what fucking hell has put me through
I guess that I deserve the beating
the kind that's not intentional
why must I do only things that please me
there's definately no escape
I'm caught

In the middle
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