

You want honesty it's all I got.
I've been bleeding to death, why can't I stop.
As I grew older, I grew angry.
I got memoirs filled of shitty stories.
Now sometimes I don't know myself.
If this is an act, was an act I forgot my fucking part.
I spend my nights typing away
So maybe some day I'll get over not knowing me.
These are my gut's, these are my insides,
My exaggerations of wanting to die.
It's not always a joke, but I never lie.
Take what you will when you read between these lines.
Now sometimes I don't know myself.
If this is an act, was an act I forgot my fucking part.
I spend my nights, typing away,
So maybe some day I'll get over not knowing me,
You don't know me, I don't know me.
This is the place you go when you don't hate yourself enough
To beat your head against a wall.
We are but songs and throat scraping melodies,
But still a far cry from any real tragedy.