

This is all a lie reaching in the dark.
I never tried but this isn't me.
My head is killing me.
What drugs do I take to make them go away.
And if I ingest these pills, what demons will awake in me.
I won't be sticking around.
I'm high as hell I won't come down.

Visions I am having seem to be all too real.
The warmth has taken over and I am not myself.
All feelings of guilt and doubt will have left me.
My head is a mile above the earth.

I will walk backwards and end up right in front of me.
These walls will drip and part at my will.
I own the sun.
I can make my own endings.
I have seen my end.
The crown!

My own fingers will break the jewels I create.
I will kill the crown that has watched over me.
I will hold my own severed head in my fuckin' bloody hands.
This is not how I expect it to end.
I'm a fucking sell out you should have known.
Did you fucking think I would last this long?