

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?