

# Angela Baker and My Obsession With Fire

Senses Fail

I won't forget the day that, that I came to  
And I started thinking that there's more  
Than just perfect prom queens and silver spoons

And all I ever wanted was someone to  
Knock me back to the bliss of ignorance  
'Cause I feel like running head-first into traffic

And so I'm here to say  
That thought's in bed with pain

I won't forget the day that, that I found God  
In a kitchen knife now and on my arm  
So paint the pale white floor with, with my red life  
And tell myself this pain is the pain I love

As I swallow the pills of happiness  
And you watch me fall like New York in an earthquake

And so I'm here to say  
That thought's in bed with pain

I stand outside my pretty house  
I light a match to start the fire  
I called the cops to let 'em know  
It's 22 Walther Ave

I thought I wanted this  
I thought I wanted this

I'm here to say

I said I wanted some more attention  
I thought I wanted a story ending

(I love the pain, I hate the pain)  
I just give in  
(I love the pain, I hate the pain)

I think that the truth is, I'm scared  
I think that I'm just scared to live  
I think that the truth is, I'm scared  
I think that the truth is, I'm everything that I hate