

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