

## Untitled

Silverchair

I'm just another part of town  
Internal bleedin' round and round

And all I can think of  
Are ways to die alone  
And all I can think of  
Are ways to die alone

A portrait of my skeletal gain  
Left selfish and hungry so feed me the pain  
Escape reality with new pain  
Then let the cycle start again

And all I can think of  
Are ways to die alone  
And all I can think of  
Are ways to die alone

Dream of content  
A pain-filtered farm  
All I can say

Dreams are bad  
When all they do is leave the truth behind  
Dreams are bad  
When negativity's a state of mind

Dreams are bad  
When all they do is leave the truth behind  
Dreams are bad