

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