

Wired

Snapshot

I haven't learned to forgive and I'd like to forget
So I just go through life pissed off and live a life of regrets
I feel close to exploding and but I always beat on myself
I'm so sick of these bruises
You say that I need some help
I know I'm hard to defend and I've made my own bed
I guess I'll just have to lie but my bed is made of spikes