

I thought I was a god, thought I'd never die
Snort a bump and lose a night faking friends and losing my sanity
Stuck my fingers down her throat and held her hair back
Now I'm just another fuck you killed a 12 pack with
We're gods, we're kings, we're substance fiends
Who really cares who it hurts when we fill our needs
We're gods, we're kings and I'm lifeless
Guess that's what I get for living with my vices
You say you think you can help

So just break me
Make me the way you want me
Break me
Until I owe you nothing

Don't get too close, I've been known to manipulate
I've got this drip in my throat that would devastate
God I'm afraid that my friends might hate me
Getting clean's like an insult lately
We'd stop but I've got this craving
I'm stuck in here

So just break me
Make me the way you want me
Break me
Until I owe you nothing

Bet it makes you sick to see me faded out
Sleeping in my own puke, aren't you proud?
You're all better off when I'm not around
I promise you
Can't eat, can't sleep, can't fuck, can't dream
It's a powdered trap and I can't get clean
Maybe I'm just like them
And I'm just a fiend and I can't get clean

Break me
Make me the way you want me
Break me
Until I owe you nothing

Get clean you filth
It's like a ringing in my ears
They beg and they plead
Get clean, get clean, get clean, you fiend, you fiend
Get clean, get clean, get clean, you fiend, you fiend

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