

Bottomed Out

The Suicide Machines

How we love, we love to hurt ourselves.
How we live, we live to hurt each other.
And how it feels when it's you who hates yourself.
It's hard to care when it seems no one else does.
And I know how it feels when all the pressure is too real,
With all these bad thoughts in my head,
I try, but I can't quite get rid of them.

I've hit the bottom,
I'm at the bottom again.
Can someone lend a helping hand?
I've hit the bottom,
I'm at the bottom again.

They're just scars, and everyone has got them, yeah
just scars, we all try to hide them so that no one else can see
.

Your scars are beautiful to me.
I know that love can break your back,
Especially when your soul is black.
Just know that you destroy me,
I wonder are you finally free?
Dirty dishes in the sink,
He sang, he sang while his world, it sank.

He's at the bottom,
He's hit the bottom again.
There was no one there to lend a hand.
He's at the bottom,
He's hit the bottom again,
At depression's bitter end.

It's been a long hard day,
You free me from my pain,
But I hold onto hope
It's all I've ever known,
You free me from my pain.
Free me.