Well I hate my writin'
It's all the same
When it drips like posture
My head just hangs
And I hate myself man
But who's to blame?
I guess I'm just see through
Windowpanes

Because of this I'll wait
To take on the world would be something
Something, something

I still hate my music
It's all the same
When it drips like posture
My head just hangs
And I hate myself man
But who's to blame?
I guess I'm just fucked up
Or too insane

Because of this I'll wait
To take on the world would be something
Something, something