

Push Me Under

Your Demise

I've seen the fucking devil, but he was staring right
back at me.
Perfect bodies and perfect people, God, I wish I was
equal.
Just a porcelain dream, washing away my regrets day after
day, if only you knew...
You see a happy boy care free with no troubles, but
really just hollow and washed out.
I don't crave attention or perfection, just a personal
mention and some happiness inside.
But I still wear this brave face with a smile - fuck it
I'm 23 with key to the fucking world,
So why am I still going back to that mirror with the
devil staring back at me?
Drag me down, push me under.