

Oedipus Complex, The "30 Thousand"

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Problems
Impossible conclusions reached
Thirty thousand ways
To fuck my life up more than ever before
Making miscalculations increasingly
Thinking I had it all along
Unreasonably cocky attitude
The child is now a man
A man with no ambitions and no value

Like life itself
I'm a wreck

The road
Paved in empty beliefs
Broken bottles and wasted money
Cold emotions stored in steel
Wounds thrown apart by sick hopes
Scrapes covered in bandages laced with LSD
Going to Mexico for reasons unknown
Human trafficking market stock exchange
Sell myself for thirty thousand cents

Like life itself
I'm a wreck

Who are you to tell me I am me
Who am I to tell myself I am me

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