

98 Mute "Painkiller"

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Insecurity- this time it's got the best of me.
Apathy- this time I think it's killing me.
Try to scream- but I can't make any noise.
Try to breathe- but the breath has lost my voice.
There has got to be a better way.
Some way to get rid of this fucking pain.
Is my future in a razor blade?
Sometimes suicide isn't so insane.
Bad memories- so I drink to forget.
But you see- all I lose is self respect.
No control- no more goals and no more aim.
Blackened soul- everyday it feels the same.
Can't face the boredom that everyday brings.
I'm feeling guilty for an uncommitted crime.
Left dangling from a puppeteer's strings.
My body's free but my mind is doing time.
Suicide- everyday a soul is lost.
Justified- I think I'll carry my own cross.
Bedside note- sorry mother if you cry.
But life's a joke- so I think today, I'll just lay down and die.

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