

A.F.I

"3 12"

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why am i this way?
tell me why?
why am i this way?
why?
open wounds in the palms of my hands,
festering through infections time.
I feel so faint as my life spills over you.
back step over glass as I repent.
I fear I cannot prevent myself
from spilling your life all over me.
go! I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Mother, say you'll pray for me.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
I'm premature in my decay.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Mother, say you'll pray for me.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Shards of glass swimming in my eyes.
A small voice in the back of my mind
that's whispering words I never want to hear.
I pray that you won't hesitate,
as you watch me degenerate, to reach
in my wounds and extract all of my fear.
yeah! I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Mother, say you'll pray for me.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
I'm premature in my decay.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Mother, say you'll pray for me.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
My suffocation, asphyxiation.
I've been choking on my own blood.
My suffocation, asphyxiation.
I've been choking on my own blood.
I'm so sick, so sick of myself.
Mother, say you'll pray for me.

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