

Anterrabae

"Nevertheless She Was A Mess"

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Paranoia seeks it's victims. This is bad news, for I've lost my head again. Even the faint at heart are babbling catch phrases. Oh god, someone deafen me for interest has been exploited. We are saturated in soap opera stricken prose. Beware! I have a disease where borderline intolerance fucks lethargy in rhythmic fashion. You will find me knee deep in regret with a bottle and a bruise reciting tired quotes (oh babe, you've got a lot to lose) and tragic tales. We're not dead enough to matter, yet not alive enough to care. I've lost my head again. I should have seen this one coming. I'm having a hard time believing these are the best years of my life. This is a revolution of lethargy (and pre-determined anxiety attacks.) Awkward fingers push tired pens through desperate acts of terminal illness. This is bad news, for I've lost my head again.

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