

Feeling Left Out "World War Me"

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Let's starve down to the bone, we're looking better
boney
Who needs figure anyway?
Stay with me, stay with me,
So I can dig my nails deep in your cave

It feels better now without control, oh girl,
you look better blurry angel
Why do we need to be sanitary
when the world's so filthy anyway?

Oh poor me, oh poor you, ohhh
Oh poor me, oh poor you, ohhh
Poor unfortunate child
I can't stop running away

I'm a one life, hopeless dirty animal baby
And I bow down to my feeble brain
Aberrated, primitive
Stay with me, stay with me

No food for weeks I've never felt better
We look better famished girl
Hightail to our lush escape,
And leave our filthy world away

Oh poor me, oh poor you, ohhh
Oh poor me, oh poor you, ohhh
Poor unfortunate child
I can't stop running away

I'm on the verge of self destruction
Suffering because of my selfish vices
I'm on the verge of self destruction
Suffering because I gave up on myself and everyone

Oh poor me, oh poor you, ohhh
Oh poor me, oh poor you, ohhh
Poor unfortunate child,
I can't stop running away
Poor unfortunate child,
I can't stop running away

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