

Gotham Road

"You Awful Me"

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Lately I've been thinking less and less about the world
The flies all die, singing songs and dead birds flying.
Nothing ever seems so wrong, I never seem to make
sense.

I am trying, I am trying.

Maybe I just laugh to instigate the things I've done and
I feel normal.

I must find the rest of pieces left behind.

Father's Daughters, seems so binding.

Domestic Violence shy and she is crying, she is crying.

You've brought me into this dark dismal blackened
place, You awful me.

Hold her hands so she can't move and make her shut
her mouth.

Make a mess of my life, restrain for control.

Kill her slow Disassemble one by one the ties that bind.

He is dying He is dying.

You've brought me into this dark dismal awful place,

You awful me!

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