

Curl Up And Die

"I Hate Almost Every Person I Come In..."

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I have bottomed out and my future doesn't fit into my schedule.
All booked up on depression and self-loathing.
Buried deep in sleep from passing out, no time to plan ahead.
Someone please tell me, why do i think this way?
Someone please tell me that this isn't the end of everything.

A chemical imbalance? No. The smell of my own vomit lost in my last tears.
No more kissing clocks or throwing coins into wishing wells to try and fix the way I fucked myself.

When it's finally here, it's never enough and when it's finally gone, it's never coming back.
Somehow I fooled myself into believing that this would work out, that I wouldn't end up hurt.

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