

Curl Up And Die

"I hate almost every person i come into contact wit"

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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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