Type O Negative "Gravitational Constant: $G = 6.67 \times 10-8$ % hellip"

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Well Ive got no more reason to live
And Ive got no more love to give
Tonights the night
Ill paint the town red
Ill put another whole through my head

Unjustifiable existence

Now I feel the weight of a world on my back Ive seen the future The future looks black Its what I must do I have no reservations Aint talk bout self preservation

Unjustifiable existence

Gravity crushing me Gravity crushing me

Yeah I feel something pulling me down Forcing me between myself and the ground Of all the nightmares that ever came true I think that gravity (gravity-gravity) is you

Unjustifiable existence

Gravity crushing me Gravity crushing me

Ive got a problem
A problem with hate
I can't go on dragging this weight
A cold steel hand that wont let go
Acid-filled thoughts out of control

I built myself a nice little cage
With bars of anger and a lock of rage
I can't help asking whos got the key?
When I know damned well it's me

No I aint hinting for sympathy Im used to dealing with apathy The scars on my wrists may seem like a crime Just wish me better luck next time

So what if I died a thousand deaths You think Im insane but I have no regrets One more time wont matter no question Suicide is self expression.

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