Type O Negative "Gravitational Constant: $G = 6.67 \times 10-8 \text{ Cm}-3 \text{ Gm}-1 \text{ Sec}-2$ "

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Well I've got no more reason to live
And I've got no more love to give
Tonight's the night
I'll paint the town red
I'll put another whole through my head

Unjustifiable existence

Now I feel the weight of a world on my back I've seen the future The future looks black It's what I must do I have no reservations Ain't 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

I've got a problem
A problem with hate
I can't go on dragging this weight
A cold steel hand that won't 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 Who's got the key?
When I know damned well it's me

No I ain't hinting for sympathy I'm 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 I'm insane but I have no regrets One more time won't matter no question Suicide is self expression.

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