

Ventana

"Coming Apart"

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I'm a little tea-pot short and stout
Smash me apart and f**king spill me out
I'm a piece of shit
I'm a f**king mess
I'm a little wounded bird
I fell out of my mess

I been busy tearing out my f**king mind
Don't wanna kill myself
Want to rip out my f**king eyes

To all the noices that live here
And the answers in my brain
To all the t.v. cameras
And the innocence they play
To the f**king cults
To the pop star teens
To the crooked politicians and the ones who believe.

I been busy tearing out my f**king mind
Don't wanna hurt myself
Want to rip out my f**king eyes

No other mother f**ker gonna take me down now
When I am perfectly capable of destroying myself

Don't you f**king look at me
Your pity driven stare
I'm f**king flesh and blood
I'm just a man without a care

There's nothing to see here
So pass the f**k on by
You're so obsessed with money
But you can't take it when you die

Cuz' in the end we're all the same
You're nothing better than me
We all get thrown into a hole
SIX FEET DEEP

I been busy tearing out my f**king mind
Don't wanna shoot myself
Want to rip out my f**king eyes

No other mother f**ker gonna take me down now
When I am perfectly capable of destroying myself

My eyes are sore
From all the shit I can't ignore
I feel I'm losing my vision
Don't let me hurt myself anymore

Cuz' when I'm gone, you're world is dead
I am god, you are shit
I am god, the world is dead
I am god, you are shit

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