

## **American Diary "Heart Attack Pact"**

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Sleep in, call out, we go to class but not to pass, wake up to make up lines that etch their words to every seam, you see the thing your missing is, Im so strung out, Im so god damn addicted, that I panic to get these words out

Swing the mic around, youll feel me in the crowd. Oh my god lets make a point to tear this place down. You cant help, we cant help, we cant help, but get caught up in this madhouse.

Ive stayed up half a year to compose every breathe and every line, Im just killing time to tell a story of sleeping rare nights, moonlit street fights, locked in my bedroom with prescriptions to musicians that no doctor recommends. Ill die before I try to live a life thats the slightest bit different

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