

Six Ball

"Rightous Breakdown"

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Every single day
when I wake up
all I do is stay there
feeling like I'm dead
then I have nothing to say.
It's late in the morning
and all I can breathe
is the comfortness of my bed,
the ecstasies in the dust
and I'm looking lost
in a shattered line,
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST DIE???
Life ain't getting any simpler
that empty and mundane world
I better lock myself up
away from that fool's paradise.
I'm staring like a brick-brain
to that boring old wall.
Its plentiness of ideas
make me starve of nothing
Laying down in my melancholia
is all I do every single fuckin' day
I care no more of this mental state
if someone cries out at the phone...
No one's home...
I'm dying at every glance
I don't need your infamous aggressions
Go away with your foolish conclusions
YOU'LL NEVER EVER GET A SINGLE FUCKIN' PRAYER
FROM ME!!!
I have lots of mistakes
I don't care about anymore
and you should be one of them
but I didn't create you
and the best thing you've ever done
is ripping my anxiety apart.
Sometimes I think I'm already gone
It's nothing now...
NOTHING
Life ain't getting any simpler
that empty and mundane world
Life ain't getting any simpler

that empty and mundane world
I better lock myself up
away from that fool's paradise.

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