

Face down, I woke up on the floor, again.
Spit it out-- the words I'll never say again.
How can one create the mess I'm in?
Easy. Happily invite it in.

I feel the sky is closing in.
My chest-- it hurts. I can not breathe.
It's blinding me. I can not see.

You make me... You make me sick.
You make me... You make me sick.
(I think I'm getting better)

Explode! Hand grenade without a pin.
Broken, you're better than you've ever been.
Just think: I'm nothing, and I never win,
because you're part of me, my only friend.

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