

Haze

Tessa Violet

I used to be
Overwhelmed by every little thing
Torn apart, unraveled at the seams
I think it rooted in the way I breathe

And I get drunk
On a boy who asks me if I'm up
Tells me he can't understand his luck
To know me
To love me
To hold me
Show up

I'll be your empathetic savior
Call me up, I'll meet you later
You can praise me for the way
I always know just what to say
I'll carve into your ribs and
Leave you crying for a kiss
Just for kicks

Cause nothing satiates me
And I don't think that I hate me
But bad or good
Seems nothing could
Take away this tasteless haze
And nothing overtakes me
And I think I'm going crazy
But bad or good
Seems nothing could
Take away this tasteless haze of mine

I met a boy
Who never knew the taste of haze
To him the whole world is a stage
While I am fifty shades of beige

Sometimes I think
Is this the way I'm supposed to be
Was I just built differently
Or is there something wrong with me

Cause there's a circuit in my chest
Unconnected from the rest
Of my mind and its the spot
Where my words are getting caught
And i try to walk it off
But my brain is filled with fog
Disconnecting my mouth from my thoughts

Nothing satiates me
And I don't think that I hate me
But bad or good
Seems nothing could
Take away this tasteless haze, oh
Nothing overtakes me
And I think I'm going crazy

But bad or good
Seems nothing could
Take away this tasteless haze of mine

Nothing satiates me
And I don't think that I hate me
But bad or good
Seems nothing could
Take away this tasteless haze
And nothing overtakes me
And I think I'm going crazy
But bad or good
Seems nothing could
Take away this tasteless haze of mine