Fucked up in a dead end town.

Pushed away, crumbled and falling down.

They say the hardest way to live

Is living straight from the heart.

The hardest thing for me is that I'm falling apart.

The lowest lows can kill you off.

I know, I've been there too.

Broke down a wall with my fucking hand.

I've lied to me. I've lied to you.

It's not okay.

There's something going wrong in my brain.

I'm knee deep in pain.

Every passing day is a fucking shame.

What the fuck is there to prove?

There's nothing to prove