

Painting over portraits again, I pretend
This isn't how I knew it would end.
Cause there are no more pages in my book
And there is too much ink in my pen

So now I'm wishing that the cycle would end, so then
I'd learn to be somebody's man
Cause there is too much history for the history books
And I'd like to start them again

I hate me, so unoriginal
No other feeling could feel so traditional
Cause every year I end up here
I end up here

So now you hate me?
Oh, how original
Well I'm used to it
Lone, individual
Another year and I'm still here
And I'm still here

Looking in the mirror, I'm sure I'm sure
And I didn't do those things from before
Cause there is no more time left on the clock
And you are walking out the front door

So now I'm learning to be wrong even more, the whore
The emptiness I try to ignore
Cause there are no more bullets in my gun
And I am trying to prepare for a war

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And you say,
"I'll take it out on myself, I'll take it out on my
friends."
And you say,
"I've got this knife to my throat, and there's this
blood on my hands."

(And if you pick me up...)
Is it selfish?
Well if so fine,
I've always been selfish
And that's just one of the many problems I will never
be able to fix

I believe I am making everyone's lives around me worse
Increasingly worse
I am a disease to my friends and family
Please leave me alone

We're still young
It's over
I'm so dumb (...pick me up)
I love her
I'm sorry (if you...)
I hate me
It was fine (...pick me up)
Til lately

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